TORONTO
THOMAS NELSON AND SONS.
AND
JAMES CAMPBELL AND SON

THE LIBRARY

UNIVERSITY OF
WESTERN ONTARIO

THE J. D. BARNETT
TEXT-BOOK COLLECTION

University of Western Ontario
LIBRARY
LONDON - CANADA

Class LT 1001

.425 R8 no.5

PLEASE
DO NOT REMOVE THIS
CARD FROM BOOK POCKET

LIBRARIES

THE UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN ONTARIO

LONDON CANADA

LS-60135

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2009 with funding from
Ontario Council of University Libraries

http://www.archive.org/details/c2fifthbookofrea00toro

QUEBEC

From the Platform looking down upon the City and Harbor.

By

H.R.H.

PRINCESS LOUISE,

Marchioness of Lorne.

The Royal Readers.

Special Canadian Series.

FIFTH BOOK.

OF

READING LESSONS.

With Illustrations from Giacomelli and Other Eminent Artists.

Synoptical Table of Authors

Represented in the Third, Fourth, and Fifth Books of this Series; with Literary and Biographical Memoranda of Living Authors.

Toronto:

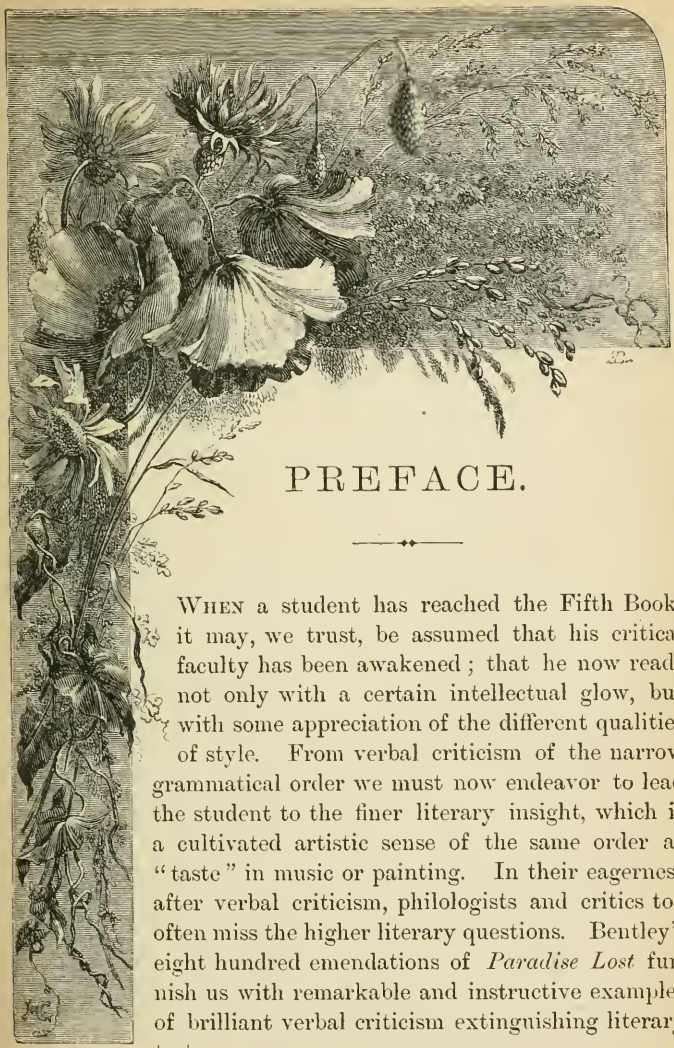
THOMAS NELSON AND SONS,

AND

JAMES CAMPBELL AND SON.

Entered, according to Act of Parliament, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture, in the year of our Lord 1882, by THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, and JAMES CAMPBELL AND SON, Toronto.

T132



PREFACE.

When a student has reached the Fifth Book, it may, we trust, be assumed that his critical faculty has been awakened; that he now reads not only with a certain intellectual glow, but with some appreciation of the different qualities of style. From verbal criticism of the narrow grammatical order we must now endeavor to lead the student to the finer literary insight, which is a cultivated artistic sense of the same order as "taste" in music or painting. In their eagerness after verbal criticism, philologists and critics too often miss the higher literary questions. Bentley's eight hundred emendations of *Paradise Lost* furnish us with remarkable and instructive examples of brilliant verbal criticism extinguishing literary taste.

Literary analysis has now passed into the hands of writers who by their own achievements have fairly won the right to

review the work of others. When, for example, Freeman, the historian of the Norman Conquest, critically examines the style of Macaulay, and analyzes its effect upon his own style, we all give respectful attention to a critic who writes some of the purest English of our time. This high order of literary criticism will here be found as fully represented as the limitations of a school-book will admit.

This is an age of varied activities. Marvellous scientific discoveries have almost overshadowed the greatest literary achievements. Scientific researches do not readily lend themselves to quotation; but, fortunately, the most profound thinkers of our day have cultivated the art of expression, and the scientific style is now remarkable for grace as well as for vigor and directness. We are thus enabled to reprint in the language of the investigators themselves the results of some of the most recent researches.

Among the narratives of geographical exploration, we have included a valuable monograph on the discovery and exploration of the Pelly (Yukon) River, which has been contributed by the discoverer, Robert Campbell, Esq. This vast river, which is navigable for nearly two thousand miles, drains the far northwest of the Dominion. Hitherto the story of its exploration has been strangely overlooked.

Occupying a delightful middle ground between literature and science are those antiquarian researches by which the lost ages have been won back for history. Dr. Schliemann, after recovering Troy, has followed the mighty Agamemnon home to Mycenæ, has disinterred the civilization of that wonderful city, and has shown us the last sleeping-place, if not indeed the mortal remains, of Agamemnon himself; Mr. Wood has recovered the long-lost Temple of the Ephesian Diana; General Cesnola has restored the ancient civilization of Cyprus; the great kings of Egypt have been identified, and their history has been recovered; the Library of Sardanapalus has disclosed its marvellous monuments of Assyrian civilization.

TORONTO, *January, 1883.*

CONTENTS.

Verse is indicated by Italics.

Sunrise in the Latmian Forest, ...	*John Keats,*	13
A Dream of the Unknown, ...	*P. B. Shelley,*	15
To the Cuckoo, ...	*William Wordsworth,* ...	16
Characteristics of Poetic Diction, ...	*F. H. Myers,*	17
Prose and Verse, ...	*David Masson,*	20
Sing on, Sweet Thrush, ...	*Robert Burns,*	22
From the "Essay on Criticism,"	*Alexander Pope,*	23
Pope's "Essay on Criticism,"	*Leslie Stephen,*	24
Lessons on Speech:	*R. Grant White,*	27
1. The Bones of Speech, ...	... ...	27
2. How Shakspeare Spoke, ...	... ...	28
3. How Mr. Tennyson Reads, ...	... ...	29
4. Poor Reading, ...	... ...	30
Eight Hundredth Anniversary of Westminster Abbey, ...	*Dean Stanley,*	31
On the Death of Dean Stanley, ...	*Matthew Arnold,*	35
Readings in Wordsworth:	*William Wordsworth,* ...	36
1. "*Michael,*"	... ...	36
2. "*The Fountain,*"	... ...	37
3. "*The Highland Reaper,*"	... ...	38
The Power of Short Words, ...	*J. Addison Alexander,* ...	39
The Descent of the Congo (Livingstone) River, ...	*H. M. Stanley,*	40
Sonnets on the Nile, ...	*Shelley, Hunt, Keats,* ...	42, 43
Tiber, Nile, and Thames, ...	*D. G. Rossetti,*	44

Ozymandias, ...	*P. B. Shelley*, ...	44
The Ancient Kings of Egypt, ...	*Miss A. B. Edwards*, ...	45
Cleopatra's Progress down the Cydnus, ...	*Shakspeare*, ...	48
Egypt: Its Literature, etc., ...	*Prof. George Rawlinson, M.A.*,	49
The Style of J. S. Mill: A Criticism, ...	*Alexander Bain, LL.D.*, ...	54
Process of Composition, ...	*Charles (Tennyson) Turner*, ...	57
A Reverie in the Coliseum, ...	*Emilio Castelar*, ...	58
The Coliseum (from "Childe Harold"),	*Lord Byron*, ...	64
Manfred's Soliloquy, ...	*Lord Byron*, ...	66
The Catacombs of Rome, ...	*Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D.*, ...	67
The Destruction of Pompeii, ...	*"Illustrated Magazine of Art,"*	70
Condition of Prehistoric Man, ...	*Sir John Lubbock*, ...	76
The Alhambra, ...	*Washington Irving*, ...	81
The Flight of the Hours, ...	*P. B. Shelley*, ...	86
Capture of Montezuma, ...	*Sir Arthur Helps*, ...	87
Man the Great Destroyer, ...	*John Ruskin*, ...	90
The Origin of the English Sonnet, ...	*J. A. Symonds*, ...	91
A Cluster of Sonnet-Gems:	... ...	93
1. *The Sonnet's Voice*, ...	*Theodore Watts*, ...	93
2, 3. *The Sonnet*, ...	*W. Wordsworth*, ...	93, 94
4. *To Vaucluse*.	*Thomas Russell*, ...	94
5. *A Match with the Moon*, ...	*D. G. Rossetti*, ...	95
6. *Weary*, ...	*Mrs. Fanny Kemble*, ...	96
7. *President Garfield*, ...	*H. W. Longfellow*, ...	96
8. *Antiphonic Sonnet*, ...	*E. W. Gosse*, ...	97
9. *Affliction*, ...	*Aubrey de Vere*, ...	97
Discoveries of Charles Darwin, ...	*Sir John Lubbock*, ...	98
The Birds of the North-West, ...	*Prof. John Macoun, M.A., F.L.S.*,	101
The Swallows, ...	*Charles Sangster*, ...	102
Physiology of the Crayfish, ...	*T. H. Huxley*, ...	103
The Test of a Truly Great Man, ...	*John Ruskin*, ...	106
Our Fathers, ...	*Hon. Joseph Howe*, ...	107
Abandonment of the Loyalists, ...	*W. E. H. Lecky*, ...	108
Song: Blow, Blow, thou Winter Wind, ...	*Shakspeare*, ...	110
Orillia Memories, ...	*Rev. Henry Scadding, D.D.*, ...	111
Studies in Shakspeare—King John and Henry VIII., ...	*A. C. Swinburne*, ...	114
Two Scenes from Shakspeare's Henry VIII.,	... ...	118
Shakspeare's Word-Mastery, ...	*John Ruskin*, ...	121
North-West Papers (I.):	... ...	123
1. An Audible Aurora (1771), ...	*Samuel Hearne*, ...	123
2. Dying Swans, ...	*Samuel Hearne*, ...	124
3. A Glimpse of the Peace River (1793),	*Sir Alex. Mackenzie*, ...	125
4. Lacrosse among the Crees (1820), ...	*Sir John Franklin*, ...	125
5. The Glories of the Prairie, ...	*Archbishop Taché*, ...	126
6. *The Prairies*, ...	*W. C. Bryant*, ...	127
7. From Kildonan to Kildonan, ...	*Rev. Principal Bryce*, ...	131

Enoch Arden Watching for a Sail, ...	*Alfred Tennyson,*	133
"*Locksley Hall,*"	*Alfred Tennyson,*	134
The Heart of the Dominion, ...	*The Marquis of Lorne,* ...	137
"*October*" *in* "*The Earthly Paradise,*"	*William Morris,*	138
A Study of Matthew Arnold's Poetry,	*R. H. Hutton,*	139
Mary Stuart's Return to Scotland, ...	*J. A. Froude,*	143
Buchanan's Idylls of Inverburn, ...	*G. Barnett Smith,*	145
Motion of the Mists, ...	*Robert Buchanan,*	148
The Dying Christian to his Soul, ...	*Alexander Pope,*	148
The Habits of Ants, ...	*Sir John Lubbock,*	149
Sonnet LX. (*with Analysis*), ...	*Shakspeare,*	152
The Labor Movement, ...	*Goldwin Smith,*	153
The Day is Done, ...	*H. W. Longfellow,*	156
Old Age, ...	*Waller,*	158
Flowers without Fruit, ...	*J. H.* (*Cardinal*) *Newman,* ...	158
To the Humble Bee, ...	*R. W. Emerson,*	159
The Rhodōra, ...	*R. W. Emerson,*	161
Agricultural Schools of Sweden, ...	*Paul du Chaillu,*	161
Dryden's "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day,"	"*Athenæum,*"	164
The Making of England:	*John Richard Green,*	165
1. Death of Bæda, ...	... ...	165
2. England Made, ...	... ...	166
By the North Sea, ...	*A. C. Swinburne,*	167
The Continental Homestead, ...	*Brother Azarias,*	168
Napoleon, ...	*Thomas Carlyle,*	170
Coleridge's *Ode on France,*	"*Athenæum,*"	172
The Harrying of the North, ...	*E. A. Freeman,*	173
"*How Strange the Sculptures,*"	*Longfellow: Divina Commedia,*	176
Sight-seeing with Uncle Tom Macaulay,	*G. O. Trevelyan,*	177
Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound,*	*Principal Shairp,*	180
Kubla Khan, ...	*S. T. Coleridge,*	182
How Southey Worked, ...	*Edward Dowden,*	184
The Evening Rainbow, ...	*Southey,*	187
To Mary Unwin, ...	*William Cowper,*	188
The Census Paper (1881), ...	*W. M. Rossetti,*	189
Discoveries at Mycenæ, ...	*H. Schliemann, Ph.D.,* ...	189
Greek Poetry Illustrating Recent Discoveries at Mycenæ:	... ...	193
1. *From the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus,*	*J. S. Blackie,*	193
2. *Ulysses' Interview with Agamemnon's Shade,*	*Chapman,*	194
On First Looking into Chapman's "Homer,"	*J. Keats,*	195
The Odyssey, ...	*Andrew Lang,*	195
The Growth of Keats's Style, ...	*David Masson,*	196
Whither the Wind their Course Directs,	*A. H. Clough,*	201
In a Gondola, ...	*A. H. Clough,*	202
Literature: "Creative and Sentimental,"	*John Ruskin,*	203

Growth and Decay of Language, ...	*F. Max Müller,*	205
Hymns from Chatterton:	*Daniel Wilson, LL.D.,* ...	208
1. *Almighty Framer of the Skies,* ...	... ...	208
2. *Resignation,*	... ...	209
Letter written during the Siege of Quebec (1759), ...	*Montcalm,*	210
Death of Montcalm, ...	*J. M. Lemoine,*	212
Scene from "Saul,"	*Charles Heavysege,*	213
"The Trout in Yonder Wimpling Burn,"	*Robert Burns,*	215
Scenes in the Hebrides, ...	*William Black,*	216
Possibilities, ...	*H. W. Longfellow,* ...	218
Studies in *Lady of the Lake* and *Marmion,*	*R. H. Hutton,*	219
Achievements of the *Vega:*	*A. E. Nordenskiöld,*	224
1. At North-East Cape, ...	... ...	224
2. The North-East Passage Achieved,	... ...	225
Apostrophe to his Deceased Wife, ...	*Robert Browning,*	226
Fame, ...	*Robert Browning,*	227
The Father of History, ...	*Lord Macaulay,*	228
Greece, ...	*Lord Byron,*	231
Death of Perikles, ...	*George Grote,*	233
Evangeline: A Tale of Acadie, ...	*H. W. Longfellow,*	235
Tide-Wave in the Bay of Fundy, ...	*Principal Dawson, F.R.S.,* ...	241
How Coal is Made, ...	*Rev. Charles Kingsley,* ...	244
Exploits of Drake, ...	*J. L. Motley,*	246
Death of Raleigh, ...	*S. R. Gardiner,*	249
"O Thou who Driest the Mourner's Tear!"	*Thomas Moore,*	251
Hymn Before Sunrise, ...	*S. T. Coleridge,*	252
Gibbon's Power as an Historian, ...	*J. C. Morrison,*	254
Balder's Funeral Ship, ...	*Matthew Arnold,*	261
Byron's Place in English Literature, ...	*John Nichol,*	263
Lake of Geneva (from "Childe Harold"),	*Lord Byron,*	266
Ancient and Modern Empires, ...	*J. H. (Cardinal) Newman,* ...	267
Discovery of the Temple of Ephesian Diana,	*J. T. Wood,*	269
Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon," ...	*E. C. Stedman,*	272
Choruses in "Atalanta in Calydon," ...	*A. C. Swinburne,*	274
The Weaver's Flowers, ...	*Robert Buchanan,*	276
The English Nation, ...	*John Milton,*	276
Liberty of the Press, ...	*T. P. Taswell-Langmead,* ...	277
Misuse of Parliamentary Privilege, ...	*Spencer Walpole,*	279
Macaulay, ...	*Rev. W. Morley Punshon, D.D.,*	280
On "The Lays of Ancient Rome," ...	*W. S. Landor,*	286
Mr. Pickwick's Speech at the Club, ...	*Charles Dickens,*	287
To Charles Dickens, ...	*Thos. Noon Talfourd,*	289
Dickens in Camp, ...	*F. Bret Harte,*	290
Legend of the Yosemite Valley, ...	*Rev. John Todd, D.D.,* ...	291
Burns's *Poetical Epistles,*	*J. Wilson ("Christopher North"),"*	295

A Study in "Johnsonese,"	*Leslie Stephen,*	297
Goldsmith's "Good-natured Man," ...	*William Black,*	301
The Last Three from Trafalgar, ...	*D. G. Rossetti,*	304
Magna Carta, ...	*Rev. Professor Stubbs,*	305
Joan of Arc, ...	*Thomas de Quincey,*	308
Summer Storm in Pyrenees (*from "Lucile"*),	*Robert, Lord Lytton,*	311
Paris Electrical Exhibition (1881), ...	*The "Athenæum,"*	315
End of the War of the Roses, ...	*James Gairdner,*	315
Cobden and the Corn Laws, ...	*John Morley,*	319
Sonnet on Chillon, ...	*Lord Byron,*	321
Autumnal Sonnet, ...	*William Allingham,*	323
The Work and Habits of Earth-Worms,	*Charles Darwin,*	323
A Study of George Eliot, ...	*Edward Dowden,*	325
A Half-hour with Burns, ...	*Principal Shairp,*	328
Autumn Ode, ...	*Charles Sangster,*	333
The Harvest Moon, ...	*Charles* (Tennyson) *Turner,* ...	334
Sonnet from the Portuguese, ...	*E. B. Browning,*	334
Studies in Dryden, ...	*George Saintsbury,*	335
The English Historians of Our Own Day,	*Justin M'Carthy,*	340
In the Library of Sardanapalus, ...	*George Smith,*	345
Pope at his Best, ...	*Leslie Stephen,*	347
A Voyage with Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner,*	*Mrs. Oliphant,*	349
Cesnola's Discoveries in Cyprus, ...	*L. P. di Cesnola,*	359
Chimes, ...	*H. W. Longfellow,*	361
North-West Papers (II.):	... ...	362
1. A Man from Red River, ...	*Earl of Southesk,*	362
2. The Wolverine, ...	*Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle,*	363
3. A Dog Train, ...	*Lieut.-Col. W. F. Butler,* ...	365
4. Fort Chipewyan, ...	*Lieut.-Col. W. F. Butler,* ...	366
5. The Winter Mail, ...	*J. J. Hargrave,*	367
6. The Last Days of "The Company,"	*Alex. Begg,*	368
7. *From the Song of Hiawatha,* ...	*H. W. Longfellow,*	370
8. In the Winnipeg Market, ...	*Fraser Rae* (*London "Times"*),	372
9. Bells of Lake Manitoba, ...	*Correspondence of Toronto "Mail,"*	373
10. A First Glimpse of the Rocky Mountains, ...	*W. H. Williams* (*special correspondent of Toronto "Globe,"*	373
11. At the Head of Lake Superior, ...	*Rev. Principal Grant, D.D.,* ...	374
12. The True North-West Passage, ...	*Charles Marshall,*	377
A Study of Shakspeare's Richard II., ...	*S. T. Coleridge,*	377
In the Gulf of St. Lawrence, ...	*Thomas Moore,*	384
The British Constitutional System, ...	*Hon. T. D. M'Gee,*	385
Cowper Contrasted with Thomson and with Pope, ...	*Goldwin Smith, D.C.L., LL.D.,*	387
Cowper's Grave, ...	*Elizabeth Barrett Browning,* ...	391
Landscapes from "The Light of Asia," ...	*Edwin Arnold,*	393
Trial of Warren Hastings, ...	*Lord Macaulay,*	396
Lord Macaulay's Style, ...	*Edward A. Freeman,*	400

Edmund Burke: An Estimate, ...	*W. E. H. Lecky,*	401
Milton's "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," and "Lycidas,"	*Mark Pattison,*	403
Passages from "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," and "Lycidas,"	... ...	407
Grasses, ...	*John Ruskin,*	413
Autumn Days, ...	*Will Carleton,*	415
St. Martin's Summer, ...	*John Greenleaf Whittier,* ...	416
To Autumn, ...	*John Keats,*	417
Wordsworth in his Indian Summer, ...	*F. H. Myers,*	418
Place de la Bastille, Paris, ...	*D. G. Rossetti,*	420
The Trial and Execution of Marie Antoinette, ...	*Thomas Carlyle,*	420
The Deaths of Thomas Carlyle and George Eliot, ...	*A. C. Swinburne,*	423
De Quincey's "Three Ladies of Sorrow,"	*Professor Masson,*	424
The Best of Thackeray's Novels, ...	*Anthony Trollope,*	428
From "Henry Esmond,"	*W. M. Thackeray,*	431
The Germ Theory of Disease, ...	*John Tyndall, LL.D.,*	433
Discovery and Exploration of the Pelly (Yukon) River. (Contributed by the Discoverer), ...	*Robert Campbell,*	435
The Turning Point at the Alma, ...	*A. W. Kinglake,*	444
Passages from the Speeches of John Bright, ...		448
Two Studies in Shelley, ...	*J. A. Symonds,*	451
Empedocles on Ætna, ...	*Matthew Arnold,*	454
Electrical Discoveries (1831–1881), ...	*Sir John Lubbock,*	456
The "Pentameron" of Walter Savage Landor,	*Sidney Colvin,*	458
Ode on Intimations of Immortality, ...	*W. Wordsworth,*	462
Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," ...	*E. C. Stedman,*	467
The Passing of Arthur, ...	*Alfred Tennyson,*	470

Synoptical Table of Authors, ...	472
Literary and Biographical Memoranda of Living Authors, ...	481

FIFTH BOOK OF READING LESSONS.

SUNRISE IN THE LATMIAN FOREST.

JOHN KEATS (1795–1821).

[Mount Latmos was in Caria, the south-west division of ancient Asia Minor. There, in a glade of the forest, and under the loving gaze of the moon, slumbered the beauteous Endymion (pr. *Endym'ion*), on whom Jove had bestowed the boon of perpetual youth, but coupled with perpetual sleep.]

Upon the sides of Latmos was outspread
A mighty forest; for the moist earth fed
So plenteously all weed-hidden roots
Into o'erhanging boughs and precious fruits.
And it had gloomy shades, sequestered deep,
Where no man went; and if from shepherd's keep

A lamb strayed far a-down those inmost glens,
Never again saw he the happy pens
Whither his brethren, bleating with content,
Over the hills at every nightfall went.
Among the shepherds 'twas believëd ever
That not one fleecy lamb which thus did sever
From the white flock, but passed unworried
By any wolf, or pard* with prying head,
Until it came to some unfooted plains
Where fed the herds of Pan: ay, great his gains
Who thus one lamb did lose. Paths there were many,
Winding through palmy fern, and rushes fenny,
And ivy banks; all leading pleasantly
To a wide lawn, whence one could only see
Stems thronging all around between the swell
Of tuft and slanting branches: who could tell
The freshness of the space of heaven above,
Edged round with dark tree-tops? through which a dove
Would often beat its wings, and often too
A little cloud would move across the blue.

Full in the middle of this pleasantness
There stood a marble altar, with a tress
Of flowers budded newly; and the dew
Had taken fairy fantasies to strew
Daisies upon the sacred sward last eve,
And so the dawnëd light in pomp receive.
For 'twas the morn: Apollo's upward fire
Made every eastern cloud a silvery pyre
Of brightness so unsullied that therein
A melancholy spirit well might win
Oblivion, and melt out his essence fine
Into the winds: rain-scented eglantine
Gave temperate sweets to that well-wooing sun;
The lark was lost in him: cold springs had run
To warm their chilliest bubbles in the grass;
Man's voice was on the mountains; and the mass
Of nature's lives and wonders pulsed tenfold,
To feel this sunrise and its glories old.

Now while the silent workings of the dawn
Were busiest, into that selfsame lawn

* Used in older English (Spenser, Shakspeare, Dryden) for any spotted beast of prey—leopard, panther, etc. "The models upon which Keats formed himself in the *Endymion*, the earliest and by much the most considerable of his poems, are obviously *The Faithful Shepherdess* of Fletcher, and *The Sad Shepherd* of Ben Jonson."—LORD JEFFREY: *Edinburgh Review* (1820). But the influence was rather that of Spenser, to whom Keats, in common with Fletcher and Jonson, was largely indebted. See (p. 196) Professor Masson's remarks on the growth of Keats' diction.

All suddenly, with joyful cries, there sped
A troop of little children garlanded;
Who gathering round the altar, seemed to pry
Earnestly round as wishing to espy
Some folk of holiday: nor had they waited
For many moments, ere their ears were sated
With a faint breath of music, which even then
Filled out its voice, and died away again.
Within a little space again it gave
Its airy swellings, with a gentle wave,
To light-hung leaves, in smoothest echoes breaking
Through copse-clad valleys,—ere their death, o'ertaking
The surgy murmurs of the lonely sea.

Endymion (1818).

A DREAM OF THE UNKNOWN.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792–1822).

[Remarking on the line, "And wild roses, and ivy serpentine," F. T. Palgrave says, "Our language has no line modulated with more subtle sweetness. A good poet *might* have written, *And roses wild;* yet this slight change would disenchant the verse of its peculiar beauty."]

I dreamed that as I wandered by the way
Bare winter suddenly was changed to spring,
And gentle odors led my steps astray,
Mixed with a sound of waters murmuring
Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay
Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling
Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,
But kissed it and then fled, as thou mightest in dream.

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,
Daisies, those pearled Arctūri* of the earth,
The constellated flower that never sets;
Faint oxlips; tender blue-bells, at whose birth
The sod scarce heaved; and that tall flower that wets
Its mother's face with heaven-collected tears,
When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.

And in the warm hedge grew lush† eglantine,
Green cow-bind and the moonlight-colored May,
And cherry-blossoms, and white cups, whose wine
Was the bright dew yet drained not by the day;
And wild roses, and ivy serpentine,
With its dark buds and leaves, wandering astray;
And flowers azure, black, and streaked with gold,
Fairer than any weakened eyes behold.

* Pole-stars. † Juicy.

TO THE CUCKOO.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770–1850).

["This poem has an exaltation and a glory, joined with an exquisiteness of expression, which place it in the highest rank among the many masterpieces of its illustrious author."—F. T. PALGRAVE.]

O blithe new-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.
O cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear;
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near.

Though babbling only to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird—but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery;

The same that in my schoolboy days
I listened to; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush and tree and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love—
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessëd bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, fairy place,
That is fit home for thee!

CHARACTERISTICS OF POETIC DICTION.

F. H. MYERS.—"Wordsworth" in *English Men of Letters.*

Poetry, like all the arts, is essentially a "mystery." Its charm depends upon qualities which we can neither define accurately, nor reduce to rule, nor create again at pleasure. Mankind, however, are unwilling to admit this; and they endeavor from time to time to persuade themselves that they have discovered the rules which will enable them to produce the desired effect. And so much of the effect *can* thus be reproduced, that it is often possible to believe for a time that the problem has been solved. Pope, to take the instance which was prominent in Wordsworth's mind, was by general admission a poet. But his success seemed to depend on imitable peculiarities; and Pope's imitators were so like Pope that it was hard to draw a line and say where they ceased to be poets. At last, however, this imitative school began to prove too much. If all the insipid verses which they wrote were poetry, what was the use of writing poetry at all? A reaction succeeded which asserted that poetry depends on emotion, and not on polish; that it consists precisely in those things which frigid imitators lack. Cowper, Burns, and Crabbe (especially in his *Sir Eustace Grey*) had preceded Wordsworth as leaders of this reaction. But they had acted half unconsciously, or had even at times themselves attempted to copy the very style which they were superseding.

Wordsworth, too, began with a tendency to imitate Pope, but only in the school exercises which he wrote as a boy. Poetry soon became to him the expression of his own deep and simple feelings; and then he rebelled against rhetoric and unreality, and found for himself a directer and truer voice. "I have proposed to myself to imitate and, as far as is possible, to adopt the very language of men.....I have taken as much pains to avoid what is usually called poetic diction as others ordinarily take to produce it." And he erected this practice into a general principle in the following passage:—

"I do not doubt that it may be safely affirmed that there neither is, nor can be, any essential difference between the language of prose and metrical composition. We are fond of tracing the resemblance between poetry and painting, and accordingly we call them sisters; but where shall we find bonds

of connection sufficiently strict to typify the affinity between metrical and prose composition? If it be affirmed that rhyme and metrical arrangement of themselves constitute a distinction which overturns what I have been saying on the strict affinity of metrical language with that of prose, and paves the way for other artificial distinctions which the mind voluntarily admits; I answer, that the language of such poetry as I am recommending is, as far as possible, a selection of the language really spoken by men; that this selection, wherever it is made with true taste and feeling, will of itself form a distinction far greater than would at first be imagined, and will entirely separate the composition from the vulgarity and meanness of ordinary life; and if metre be superadded thereto, I believe that a dissimilitude will be produced altogether sufficient for the gratification of a rational mind. What other distinction would we have? whence is it to come? and where is it to exist?"

There is a definiteness and simplicity about this description of poetry which may well make us wonder why this precious thing (producible, apparently, as easily as Pope's imitators supposed, although by means different from theirs) is not offered to us by more persons, and of better quality. And it will not be hard to show that a good poetical style must possess certain characteristics which, although something like them must exist in a good prose style, are carried in poetry to a pitch so much higher as virtually to need a specific faculty for their successful production.

To illustrate the inadequacy of Wordsworth's theory to explain the merits of his own poetry, I select a stanza from one of his simplest and most characteristic poems, *The Affliction of Margaret:*—

> "Perhaps some dungeon hears thee groan,
> Maimed, mangled by inhuman men,
> Or thou upon a desert thrown
> Inheritest the lion's den;
> Or hast been summoned to the deep,
> Thou, thou and all thy mates, to keep
> An incommunicable sleep."

These lines, supposed to be uttered by "a poor widow at Penrith," afford a fair illustration of what Wordsworth calls "the language really spoken by men," with "metre superadded." "What other distinction from prose," he asks, "would we

have?" We may answer that we would have what he has actually given us—namely, an appropriate and attractive music, lying both on the rhythm and in the actual sound of the words used—a music whose complexity may be indicated here by drawing out some of its elements in detail, at the risk of appearing pedantic and technical. We observe, then, (*a*) that the general movement of the lines is unusually slow. They contain a very large proportion of strong accents and long vowels, to suit the tone of deep and despairing sorrow. In six places only out of twenty-eight is the accent weak where it might be expected to be strong (in the second syllable—namely, of the iambic foot); and in each of these cases the omission of a possible accent throws greater weight on the next succeeding accent—on the accents, that is to say, contained in the words "inhuman," "desert," "lion," "summoned," "deep," and "sleep." (*b*) The first four lines contain subtle alliterations of the letters, d, h, m, and th. In this connection it should be remembered that when consonants are thus repeated at the beginning of syllables, those syllables need not be at the beginning of words; and further, that repetitions scarcely more numerous than chance alone would have occasioned may be so placed by the poet as to produce a strongly-felt effect. If any one doubts the effectiveness of the unobvious alliterations here insisted on, let him read (1) "jungle" for "desert," (2) "maybe" for "perhaps," (3) "tortured" for "mangled," (4) "blown" for "thrown," and he will become sensible of the lack of the metrical support which the existing consonants give one another. The three last lines contain one or two similar alliterations, on which I need not dwell. (*c*) The words *inheritest* and *summoned* are by no means such as "a poor widow," even at Penrith, would employ: they are used to intensify the imagined relation which connects the missing man with (1) the wild beasts which surround him, and (2) the invisible Power who leads; so that something mysterious and awful is added to his fate. (*d*) This impression is heightened by the use of the word *incommunicable* in an unusual sense, "incapable of being communicated *with*," instead of "incapable of being communicated;" while (*e*) the expression "to keep an incommunicable sleep" for "to lie dead," gives dignity to the occasion by carrying the mind back along a train of literary associations of which the well-known phrase of Moschus* may be taken as the type.

* A pastoral poet of Syracuse, about B.C. 250.

PROSE AND VERSE.

David Masson (b. 1822).

(Professor of English Literature in the University of Edinburgh, formerly Professor in University College, London.)

By the established custom of all languages, there is a great interval between the mental state accounted proper in prose writing and that allowed and even required in verse. A man, for the most part, would be ashamed of permitting himself in prose the same freedom of intellectual whimsy, the same arbitrariness of combination, the same riot of imagery, the same care for the exquisite in sound and form, perhaps even the same depth and fervor of feeling, that he would exhibit unabashed in verse. There is an idea that, if the matter lying in the mind waiting for expression is of a very select and rare kind, or if the mood is peculiarly fine and elevated, a writer must quit the platform of prose, and ascend into the region of metre. To use a homely figure, the feeling is that in such circumstances one must not remain in the plainly-furnished apartment on the ground floor where ordinary business is transacted, but must step upstairs to the place of elegance and leisure. Take, for example, the following passage from *Comus:*—

"Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting,
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
Listen for dear honor's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake—
Listen and save."—*Comus*, 859–866.

If any man, having preconceived exactly the tissue of meaning involved in this passage, had tried to express it in prose, he would have had a sense of shame in doing so, and would have run the risk of being regarded as a coxcomb. Only in verse will men consent, in general, to receive such specimens of the intellectually exquisite; but offer them never so tiny a thing of the kind in verse, and they are not only satisfied, but charmed. Nor is it only with regard to the peculiarly exquisite, or the peculiarly luscious in meaning, that this is true: it is true also, to a certain extent, of the peculiarly sublime or the peculiarly magnificent. Thus Samson, soliloquizing on his blindness:—

"The vilest here excel me;
They creep, yet see: I, dark, in light exposed
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong;
Within doors, or without, still as a fool
In power of others, never in my own;
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.—
O dark, dark, dark; amid the blaze of noon
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,
Without all hope of day!
O first-created beam, and thou great Word,
Let there be light, and light was over all;
Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree?*
The sun to me is dark
And silent as the moon,
When she deserts the night,
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave."—*Samson Agonistes.*

In prose something equivalent to this might have been permitted by reason of the severe impressiveness of the theme; but to render the entire mass of thoughts and images acceptable precisely as they are, without retrenchment or toning down, one almost requires to see the golden cincture of the enclasping verse. Take a passage where, this cincture having been purposely removed in the process of translation, the sheer meaning may be seen by itself in a prose heap. The following is a description from Æschylus,† literally translated:—

"So Tydeus, raving and greedy for the fight, wars like a serpent in its hissings beneath the noon-tide heat, and he smites the sage seer, son of Oïcleus, with a taunt, saying that he is crouching to death and battle out of cowardice. Shouting out such words as these, he shakes his shadowy crest, the hairy honors of his helm, while beneath his buckler bells cast in brass are shrilly pealing terror. On his buckler too he has this arrogant device—a gleaming sky tricked out with stars, and in the centre a brilliant full moon conspicuous, most august of the heavenly bodies, the eye of night. Chafing thus in his vaunting harness, he wars beside the bank of the river, enamored of conflict, like a steed champing his bit with rage, that rushes forth when he hears the voice of the trumpet."

Knowing that this is translated from verse, we admire it; but if it were presented to us as an original effort of description in prose, we should, though still admiring it, feel that it went

* The first decree, "Let there be light" (Gen. i. 3).

† Æs'chylus (*ch* as *k*), the celebrated Greek tragic poet, born B.C. 525.

beyond bounds. What we should feel would be, not that such a description ought not to be given, but that prose is not good enough to have the honor of containing it. And so, generally, when a man launches forth in a grand strain, or when he begins to put forth matter more than usually rich and luscious, our disposition is to interrupt him and persuade him to exchange the style for that of metre. "Had we not better step upstairs?" is virtually what we say on such occasions; and this not ironically, but with a view to hear out what has to be said with greater pleasure. In short, we allow all ordinary business of a literary kind—plain statement, equable narrative, profound investigation, strong, direct appeal—to be transacted in prose; we even permit a moderate amount of beauty, of enthusiasm, and of imaginative play to intermingle with the current of prose composition: but there is a point, marked either by the unusual fineness of the matter of thought, its unusual arbitrariness and luxuriance, its unusual grandeur, or its unusual impassioned character, at which, by a law of custom, a man must either consent to be silent or must lift himself into verse. On such occasions it is as when a speaker is expected to leave his ordinary place in the body of the house and mount the tribune.

On "De Quincey" in *British Quarterly Review*, July 1854.

SONNET.

ROBERT BURNS (1759–1796).

[On hearing a thrush sing in a morning walk. Written January 25, 1793, the birthday of the author.]

Sing on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough;
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain:
See, aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blithe carol clears his furrowed brow.

So in lone Poverty's dominion drear,
Sits meek Content with light unanxious heart,
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
Nor asks if they bring aught to hope or fear.

I thank Thee, Author of this opening day!
Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon orient skies!
Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,
What wealth could never give nor take away!

Yet come, thou child of poverty and care,
The mite high Heaven bestowed, that mite with thee I'll share.

FROM THE "ESSAY ON CRITICISM."

ALEXANDER POPE (1688–1744).

["To Dr. Johnson this production appeared 'to display such extent of comprehension, such nicety of distinction, such acquaintance with mankind, and such knowledge both of ancient and modern learning as are not often attained by the matured age and the longest experience.' This verdict of Johnson may be cited to show the great advance which criticism has made in England in the course of a century. We should now say that the precepts of Pope's *Essay* are conventional truisms, the ordinary rules of composition which may be found in all school manuals, and which are taught to boys as part of their prosody."—MARK PATTISON.]

But most by numbers judge a poet's song,
And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong.
In the bright Muse, though thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;*
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes.
Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
In the next line it "whispers through the trees;"
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threatened (not in vain) with "sleep;"
Then at the last and only couplet, fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.†
Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly smooth or languishingly slow;
And praise the easy vigor of a line,
Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join.
True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows:

* Observe that Pope furnishes, as he proceeds, illustrations of "open vowels," "expletives," etc.

† An instance of an Alexandrine or six-iambic line.

But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar:
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labors, and the words move slow;
Not so, when swift Camilla* scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main.
Hear how Timotheus'† varied lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise!
While at each change the son of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor stood subdued by sound!
The power of music all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.

POPE'S "ESSAY ON CRITICISM."

LESLIE STEPHEN.

Dryden had set the example of looking upon the French critics as authoritative lawgivers in poetry. Boileau's *Art of Poetry* was carefully studied, and bits of it were judiciously appropriated by Pope. Another authority was the great Bossu, who wrote in 1675 a treatise on epic poetry; and the modern reader may best judge of the doctrines characteristic of the school by the naïve pedantry with which Addison, the typical man of taste of his time, invokes the authority of Bossu and Aristotle, in his exposition of *Paradise Lost*. English writers were treading in the steps of Boileau and Horace. Roscommon selected for a poem the lively topic of "translated verse;" and Sheffield had written with Dryden an *Essay upon Satire*, and afterwards a more elaborate essay upon poetry. To these masterpieces, said Addison, another masterpiece was now added by Pope's *Essay upon Criticism*. Written apparently in 1709, it was published in 1711. This was as short a time, said Pope to Spence, as he ever let anything of his lie by

* Camilla, one of the swift-footed attendants of Diana, the goddess of the chase.

† Timotheüs (four syllables), a famous flute-player of Thebes, who, in performing a hymn to Athena, so powerfully affected Alexander the Great ("son of Libyan Jove") that the monarch started from his seat and seized the musician by the arms. Pope here refers to Dryden's great ode "Alexander's Feast," of which the skill of Timotheus forms the theme.

him; he no doubt employed it, according to his custom, in correcting and revising; and he had prepared himself by carefully digesting the whole in prose. It is, however, written without any elaborate logical plan, though it is quite sufficiently coherent for its purpose. The maxims on which Pope chiefly dwells are, for the most part, the obvious rules which have been the common property of all generations of critics. One would scarcely ask for originality in such a case, any more than one would desire a writer on ethics to invent new laws of morality. We require neither Pope nor Aristotle to tell us that critics should not be pert nor prejudiced; that fancy should be regulated by judgment; that apparent facility comes by long training; that the sound should have some conformity to the meaning; that genius is often envied; and that dulness is frequently beyond the reach of reproof. We might even guess, without the authority of Pope backed by Bacon, that there are some beauties which cannot be taught by method, but must be reached "by a kind of felicity." It is not the less interesting to notice Pope's skill in polishing these rather rusty sayings into the appearance of novelty. In a familiar line Pope gives us the view which he would himself apply in such cases:—

> "True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
> What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed."

The only fair question, in short, is whether Pope has managed to give a lasting form to some of the floating commonplaces which have more or less suggested themselves to every writer. If we apply this test, we must admit that if the essay upon criticism does not show deep thought, it shows singular skill in putting old truths. Pope undeniably succeeded in hitting off many phrases of marked felicity. He already showed the power, in which he was probably unequalled, of coining aphorisms out of commonplace. Few people read the *Essay* now, but everybody is aware that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread," and has heard the warning—

> "A little learning is a dangerous thing:
> Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian* spring:"

maxims which may not commend themselves as strictly accurate to a scientific reasoner, but which have as much truth as one

* Pieria, a district of Macedonia sacred to the Muses.

can demand from an epigram. And besides many sayings which share in some degree their merit, there are occasional passages which rise at least to the height of graceful rhetoric, if they are scarcely to be called poetical. One simile was long famous, and was called by Johnson the best in the language. It is that in which the sanguine youth, overwhelmed by a growing perception of the boundlessness of possible attainments, is compared to the traveller crossing the mountains and seeing—

"Hills peep o'er hills and Alps on Alps arise."

The poor simile is pretty well forgotten, but is really a good specimen of Pope's brilliant declamation.

The *Essay*, however, is not uniformly polished. Between the happier passages we have to cross stretches of flat prose twisted into rhyme. Pope seems to have intentionally pitched his style at a prosaic level, as fitter for didactic purposes; but besides this we here and there come upon phrases which are not only elliptical and slovenly, but defy all grammatical construction. This was a blemish to which Pope was always strangely liable. It was perhaps due in part to over-correction, when the context was forgotten and the subject had lost its freshness. Critics, again, have remarked upon the poverty of the rhymes, and observed that he makes ten rhymes to "wit" and twelve to "sense." The frequent recurrence of the words is the more awkward because they are curiously ambiguous. "Wit" was beginning to receive its modern meaning; but Pope uses it vaguely as sometimes equivalent to intelligence in general, sometimes to the poetic faculty, and sometimes to the erratic fancy, which the true poet restrains by sense. Pope would have been still more puzzled if asked to define precisely what he meant by the antithesis between nature and art. They are somehow opposed, yet art turns out to be only "nature methodized." We have, indeed, a clue for our guidance:—to study nature, we are told, is the same thing as to study Homer, and Homer should be read day and night, with Virgil for a comment and Aristotle for an expositor. Nature, good sense, Homer, Virgil, and the Stagyrite* all, it seems, come to much the same thing.

It would be very easy to pick holes in this very loose theory.

* "The Stagȳrite" (three syllables), the Greek philosopher Aristotle, who was born at Stagirus or Stagīra in Macedonia. The more correct spelling is Stagīrite.

But it is better to try to understand the point of view indicated; for, in truth, Pope is really stating the assumptions which guided his whole career. No one will accept his position at the present time; but any one who is incapable of at least a provisional sympathy may as well throw Pope aside at once, and with Pope most contemporary literature.

LESSONS IN SPEECH.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

1. *The Bones of Speech.*

[Mr. Grant White's clever and suggestive papers appeared, some in the *Galaxy Magazine* 1873–76, others in the *New York Times* 1877–78. They were republished (1881) in one volume under the title *Every-day English.*]

Consonants are the bones of speech. By means of consonants we articulate our words; that is, give them joints. We sometimes find orthoëpists and phonologists speaking of the articulation of vowels—an expression which is not correct. We utter vowels, we articulate with consonants. If we utter a single vowel sound, and interrupt it by a consonant, we get an articulation. Thus if in uttering the sound *ah*, we momentarily interrupt it by a consonant, we get an articulation, and have *apa.* If in addition to this interruption we intercept the vowel sound before its emission by *p* we have *papa.* It is to be remarked that we utter no sound but that of *ah.* All else that we do is to prevent and to intercept that sound by bringing the lips firmly together and opening them again; we articulate and make our two-syllable word by that solution of vowel continuity.

There is a story of a dialogue between two Lowland Scotchmen, a farmer and a tradesman, which illustrates our subject. The farmer takes up a fabric, and these questions and answers follow:—

"Oo?"
"Ay, oo."
"A' oo?"
"Ay, a' oo."
"A' ae oo?"
"Ay, a' ae oo."

That is: "Wool?" "Yes, wool."—"All wool?" "Yes, all

wool."—"All one wool?" "Yes, all one wool."—Those men had boned their words just as thoroughly as a cook ever boned a turkey to be served up in a soft, oval, and limbless shape upon a supper table. But in the strict sense of the word, this did not affect their articulation, because the words which they used were all monosyllables, and so had no joints. But the form and character of their words were seriously affected. For a consonant coming at the end, or at the beginning, or at both the end and beginning, of a monosyllable gives it strength and also clearness of outline.

Consonants thus not only give speech its articulations or joints, but they help words to stand and have form, just as the skeleton keeps the animal from falling into a shapeless mass of flesh. Therefore consonants are the bones of speech; and as the bones of animals have no active strength in themselves, but furnish the supports and the levers to which the organs of action, the muscles, are attached, so true consonants have no power of utterance in themselves, but merely serve as assistants or as modifiers of vowel utterance. *Every-day English*, chap. iii.

2. *How Shakspeare Spoke.*

How great the difference is between the sound of Elizabethan English and that of the court of Victoria may be seen by comparing a passage from *Hamlet* as it is spoken now with the same passage as it was spoken in the year 1600:—

"Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That from her working all his visage warmed;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit; and all for nothing?"

Expressed as it best may be in the spelling of our day, it was then spoken thus:—

"*Ees eet* not mon*stroos thot thees* player *hare*,
Boot een a *feec-sy-on*, *een a dhrame* of *pass-y-on*,
Coold force *hees sowl* so to *hees* own *consate*,
Thot from her working all *hees veesage* warmed;
Tares een hees ayes; deesthraction een 's aspect,
A broken voice, and *hees* whole *foonction shooting*
Weet forms to *hees consate;* and all for *noting?*"

To many readers, to most, it will seem impossible that these can be the spoken words that Shakspeare wrote, and they will regard this pronunciation as ridiculous. A Hamlet that spoke the soliloquy thus would now be received with shrieks of laughter, if he had not before been driven from the stage when he broke in upon the ghost with, "O *mee* prophetic *sowl, meen ooncle!*" But I am as sure as I can be of anything that I do not know of my personal knowledge, that Shakspeare so spoke those words, if he ever spoke them, and that Burbage so spoke them on the stage.

This I said nearly twenty years ago. As to the ridiculousness of the pronunciation, nothing in pronunciation is *essentially* ridiculous. We laugh merely at that to which we are unaccustomed. We may be sure that Shakspeare would have laughed as much at our pronunciation as we do at his. And from laughing at *Hamlet*, we are saved only by the fact that it is preserved to us, not in a phonographic, but in a conventional orthography. *Every-day English*, chap. v.

3. *How Mr. Tennyson Reads.*

It is said that Mr. Tennyson insists strongly that his poetry can be understood and enjoyed only by being read in a certain way, and that generally the effect of rhythm and rhythmic emphasis that he had in mind when writing is destroyed even by the best of readers. And if the reports of his own style of reading, when he undertakes to show what is the hidden music of his verse, be true, then must the world at large be entirely deaf and dumb to the Tennysonese poetical language. Hearers of intelligence and culture, who are accustomed to the best English speech and to the best reading, can hardly listen with decorously sober faces as the laureate reads his own verses. His accent is so forced, his inflections are so grotesque, and even his pronunciation becomes so strange, that to most of his hearers (of whom there have not been many) all the charm of his poetry disappears.

In the case of Tennyson this effect is owing to some peculiar notion that he has adopted — some elocutionary theory or crotchet. That he is wrong is a matter of course, eminent as he is among the poets of the day, and sure as we may be that he thoroughly understands what he reads. This is made certain by the mere fact that his reading has such an effect upon in-

telligent hearers, an effect so injurious to his poetry. For, having this effect, it fails in the one single purpose of reading aloud, which is to convey, by clear enunciation and natural inflections of voice, the meaning of what is read to an intelligent, or even to a not very intelligent, hearer. Intelligence, learning, literary skill, singly or united, do not give the ability to do this.

Every-day English, chap. vii.

4. *Poor Reading.*

It will always be found that poor reading is the result of the efforts of awkward self-consciousness; mental dulness and natural impediments or imperfections being, of course, left out of consideration. Take, for instance, this passage:—

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul."*

How often it is read! how rarely read well! and simply because so few read it just as if they were speaking it of themselves to some one else. Usually we hear it with a dropping of the voice on "real" and "earnest" in the first line; a monotone on the second line until the "goal" is reached, and then another dropping; in the third line the same dropping of the voice at "art"; and in the fourth a monotone again, with a strong emphasis on "not" and "soul," and a dropping of the voice on the last word. Now no person would speak that sentence so. The voice would rise upon "real" and "earnest"; in the second line "grave" would have an emphasis, and be prolonged with a falling inflection, while "not" would be emphasized with a rising inflection; the third line would fall like an inclined plane, from beginning to end; which descent would continue gently into the fourth line to the very last word, when "soul" would receive a marked emphasis by an upward, sharp, rising inflection. This would be simple nature; but the passage, read in this way, has all the meaning that is in it brought clearly out and made impressive.

Every-day English, chap. vii.

* Quoted from Longfellow's *Psalm of Life*.

THE EIGHT HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D.D., late Dean of Westminster (1815–1881).

[The selection is from a sermon preached in Westminster Abbey on December 28 (Innocents' Day), 1865, being the eight hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the Abbey by King Edward the Confessor.
Dean Stanley has himself been added to the roll of the illustrious dead who sleep beneath the pavement of Westminster Abbey.]

We need on this day only go back in thought to that Innocents' Day, eight centuries ago, when the act was completed which fixed the destiny of this building and of this spot for all future time.

There is something in the simple words of the Saxon Chronicle describing this event which almost seems like a faint echo of the words of the text: "At midwinter King Edward came to Westminster, and had the minster there consecrated which he had himself built to the honor of God, and St. Peter, and all God's saints." It was at Christmas-time—when, as usual in that age, the court assembled in the adjoining palace of Westminster—that the long-desired dedication was to be accomplished. The king had been for years possessed with the thought. Like David in the psalm of this morning's service, he "could not suffer his eyes to sleep nor the temples of his head to take any rest, until he had found out a place" for the great sanctuary which was henceforth to be the centre of his kingdom.

On Christmas-day, according to custom, he appeared in state wearing his royal crown; but on Christmas-night his strength, prematurely exhausted, gave way. The mortal illness, long expected, set in. He struggled through the next three days, and though, when the festival of the Holy Innocents arrived, he was already too weak to take any active part in the ceremony, yet he roused himself on that day to sign the charter of the foundation; and at his orders, the queen, with all the magnates of the kingdom, gathered within the walls now venerable from age, then fresh from the workmen's tools, to give to them the first consecration, the first which, according to the belief of that time, the spot had ever received from mortal hands. By that effort the enfeebled frame and overstrained spirit of the king was worn out. On the evening of Innocents' Day he sank into a deadly stupor. One sudden and startling rally took place on

HENRY SEVENTH'S CHAPEL, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

the eighth day of his illness, on the 5th of January. The recollections of the teachers of his youth, the dim forebodings of approaching disaster and change, found vent in a few strange,

hardly coherent, sentences that burst from his lips. Then followed a calm, during which, with words, very variously reported, respecting the queen, the succession, and the hope that he was passing "from a land of death to a land of life," in the chamber which long afterwards bore his name in the Palace of Westminster, he breathed his last.

A horror, it is described, as of great darkness, filled the whole island; with him it seemed as if the happiness, the liberty, the strength of the English people had vanished away. So dark were the forebodings, so urgent the dangers which appeared to press, that on the very next day, while Duke Harold was crowned in the old cathedral of St. Paul's, the dead king was buried within the newly-finished abbey—the first of the hundreds who have been since laid there round his own honored grave. Not only, as I have just said, have eight centuries rolled by, each bringing its accumulated stores of thought, and wealth, and experience to our country, but the very event of which we are now celebrating the anniversary was itself the beginning of a new order of things which has continued ever since.

The year in which the abbey was dedicated was not only the last year of King Edward the Confessor, but it was the eve of the Conquest, the year preceding the greatest change which, with one exception, this Church and nation have witnessed since the days when this spot was first reclaimed from its thorny thickets, in the dim and distant age of our earliest conversion to the Christian faith. Christmas-day 1065 was the last which ever saw an Anglo-Saxon king wearing the English crown. The first coronation which these halls witnessed was that by which, on Christmas-day 1066, the Norman Conqueror effected his stormy seizure of the throne and realm of England. And of this vast change the simple-hearted founder of the abbey was, consciously or unconsciously, himself the chief inaugurator. Saxon as he was by birth, yet by education he was a Norman. Almost at the moment of his death he wavered between a Saxon and a Norman successor. He had imbibed the first elements of that Norman, Southern, French, Italian civilization, which was to quicken the dull and stagnant blood of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors.

This abbey, the great work of his life, the last relic which the royal house of Cerdic bequeathed to England, was itself the shadow cast before of the coming event, a portent of the mighty future. Few changes have ever been so sudden and so significant

as that by which, in the place of the humble wooden or wattled churches of the Anglo-Saxon period, arose the massive buildings of the Norman style. The solid pillars, the rounded arches, the lofty roof, the cruciform shape—all these were new and strange to a degree which we can now hardly conceive; and of this new style and shape and dimensions, the abbey of the Confessor was the first signal example. When Harold stood by the side of his brother Gurth and his sister Edith, on the day of the dedication, and signed his name with theirs as witness to the charter of the abbey, he might have seen that he was signing his own doom, and preparing for his own destruction. The ponderous arches in yonder cloisters, under which the Saxon nobles passed with awe-struck wonder, to the huge edifice that, with its triple towers and sculptured stones and storied windows, overtopped all the homely tenements far and near, might have told them that the days of their power were numbered, and that the avenging, the civilizing, the stimulating hand of another and a mightier race had been there at work, which would change the whole face of their language, their manners, their church, and their commonwealth.

And yet more: the abbey itself was, as it were, a new centre for a new political and religious world. The "Old Minster," as the Cathedral of Winchester was called, in which the Saxon kings had for centuries been crowned and buried, was now to be exchanged for this "New Minster," depending for its fame on the future generations which were to be gathered within it. It was, we may say, founded not only in faith, but in hope—in the hope that England had yet a glorious career to run; that the line of her sovereigns would not be dried up even when the race of Alfred had ceased to reign; that the troubles which the king, as it was believed, saw in prophetic visions darkening the whole horizon of Europe would pass away, and that a brighter day was yet in store than he or any living man in the gloom of that disastrous winter, in the rudeness of that boisterous age, could venture to anticipate. We have seen how that hope has been more than fulfilled; how the abbey has been renovated, enlarged, glorified, by dynasty after dynasty; how, even if at times disfigured and neglected, it has kept its hold, with a tenacity unequalled by any other building, on the reverence of the whole English people; how its precincts have witnessed not only the solemn inauguration of each successive stage of the English monarchy, but the parallel rise and growth of English

constitutional liberty; how it has been the refuge, both in life and death, of princes who had no other place to lay their heads.

We know how its pavement and its walls embrace memorials from every rank and profession and opinion;—trophies of chivalry, ancient and modern; of poetic invention, sublime or tender, grave or gay; of science in its loftiest speculations or its homeliest applications; of those who have wrought immortal deeds, and those who have recorded them in immortal words; of those who have relieved the sufferings, or upheld the hopes, or purified the stains of our common humanity. We know how in "this temple of silence and reconciliation" are found in a strange but instructive union many renowned in their own day and forgotten in ours, with others once neglected but by a late justice receiving their meed of honour; sovereigns and statesmen, divided in all but in death and in hope of a common resurrection; the ornaments of other communions, Roman, Puritan, Nonconformist, beside the uncompromising prelates of our own; the doubting sceptic hard by the enthusiastic believer; the smoking flax beside the blazing lamp, the bruised reed beside the sturdy tree.

ON THE DEATH OF DEAN STANLEY.

MATTHEW ARNOLD (b. 1822).

And, truly, he who here
Hath run his bright career,
And served men nobly, and acceptance found,
And borne to light and right his witness high,
What can he better crave than then to die,
And wait the issue, sleeping under ground?
Why should he pray to range
Down the long age of truth that ripens slow,
And break his heart with all the baffling change
And all the tedious tossing to and fro?

For this and that way swings
The flux of mortal things,
Though moving inly to one far-off goal.
What had our Arthur gained, to stop and see,
After light's term, a term of cecity,*
A Church once large and then grown strait in soul?

* *Cecity*, blindness (from Lat. *cæcitas*, through Fr. *cecité*). *Cecity* is used by Sir Thomas Browne in his *Pseudodoxia Epidemica* (1646), and was probably of his coinage.

READINGS IN WORDSWORTH.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770–1850).

[Mr. Matthew Arnold observes: "The *Excursion* and the *Prelude*, his poems of greatest bulk, are by no means Wordsworth's best work. His best work is in his shorter pieces, and many, indeed, are there of these which are of first-rate excellence. Wordsworth composed verses during a space of some sixty years; and it is not much of an exaggeration to say that within one single decade of those years, between 1798 and 1808, almost all his really first-rate work was produced. Wherever we meet with the successful balance, in Wordsworth, of profound truth of subject with profound truth of execution, he is unique. His best poems are those which most perfectly exhibit this balance. I have a warm admiration for *Laodameia* and for the great *Ode*;* but if I am to tell the very truth, I find *Laodameia* not wholly free from something artificial, and the great *Ode* not wholly free from something declamatory. If I had to pick out poems of a kind most perfectly to show Wordsworth's unique power, I should rather choose poems such as *Michael, The Fountain, The Highland Reaper.*"—*Selected Poems of Wordsworth.*

Then, as to his diction, hear Wordsworth himself: "I have proposed to myself to imitate, and as far as is possible to adopt, the very language of men.....I have taken as much pains to avoid what is usually called poetic diction as others ordinarily take to produce it."]

1. *From "Michael."*

Upon the forest-side in Grasmere Vale
There dwelt a shepherd, Michael was his name;
An old man, stout of heart and strong of limb.
His bodily frame had been from youth to age
Of an unusual strength: his mind was keen,
Intense, and frugal, apt for all affairs,
And in his shepherd's calling he was prompt
And watchful more than ordinary men.
Hence had he learned the meaning of all winds,
Of blasts of every tone; and oftentimes,
When others heeded not, he heard the south
Make subterraneous music, like the noise
Of bagpipers on distant Highland hills.
The shepherd, at such warning, of his flock
Bethought him; and he to himself would say,
"The winds are now devising work for me!"
And, truly, at all times, the storm—that drives
The traveller to a shelter—summoned him
Up to the mountains: he had been alone
Amid the heart of many thousand mists,
That came to him and left him on the heights.
So lived he till his eightieth year was past.

* *On Intimations of Immortality,* given on p. 467.

And grossly that man errs who should suppose
That the green valleys, and the streams and rocks,
Were things indifferent to the shepherd's thoughts.
Fields where with cheerful spirits he had breathed
The common air; the hills which he so oft
Had climbed with vigorous steps, which had impressed
So many incidents upon his mind
Of hardship, skill or courage, joy or fear;
Which, like a book, preserved the memory
Of the dumb animals whom he had saved,
Had fed or sheltered, linking to such acts
The certainty of honorable gain—
Those fields, those hills (what could they less?) had laid
Strong hold on his affections; were to him
A pleasurable feeling of blind love,
The pleasure which there is in life itself.

2. *From "The Fountain."*

[Matthew, the village teacher, speaks:—]

"Down to the vale this water steers,
How merrily it goes!
'Twill murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows.

"And here, on this delightful day,
I cannot choose but think
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay
Beside this fountain's brink.

"My eyes are dim with childish tears,*
My heart is idly stirred;
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard.

"Thus fares it still in our decay;
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away
Than what it leaves behind.

"The blackbird in the summer trees,
The lark upon the hill,
Let loose their carols when they please,
Are quiet when they will.

* Sir Walter Scott in the *Antiquary* (chap. x.) makes Mr. Oldbuck quote in terms of strong admiration the eight lines beginning, "My eyes are dim," etc.

"With nature never do *they* wage
A foolish strife: they see
A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free;

"But we are pressed by heavy laws,
And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy because
We have been glad of yore."

3. *The Highland Reaper.*

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland lass,
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
Oh, listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant
So sweetly to reposing bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In springtime from the cuckoo-bird,

Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending.
I listened till I had my fill;
And when I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.

MONOSYLLABIC SONNET—THE POWER OF SHORT WORDS.

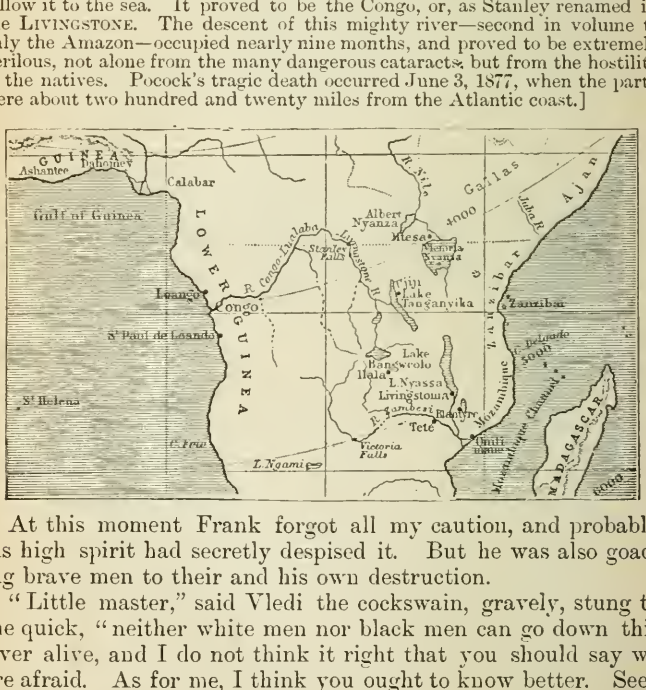
JOSEPH ADDISON ALEXANDER (1809–1860).

Think not that strength lies in the big round word,
Or that the brief and plain must needs be weak.
To whom can this be true, who once has heard
The cry for help, the tongue that all men speak
When want or woe or fear is in the throat,
So that each word gasped out is like a shriek
Pressed from the sore heart, or a strange wild note
Sung by some fay or fiend! There is a strength
Which dies if stretched too far or spun too fine,
Which has more height than breadth, more depth than length.
Let but this force of thought and speech be mine,
And he that will may take the sleek fat phrase,
Which glows but burns not, though it beam and shine;—
Light, but no heat; a flash, but not a blaze.

THE DESCENT OF THE CONGO.

HENRY M. STANLEY (b. near Denbigh, Wales, in 1840).

[Stanley's success in the Livingstone Search Expedition induced the proprietors of the London *Telegraph* and the New York *Herald* to send him again to Africa, "to complete the discoveries of Speke, Burton, and Livingstone." This commission implied a comprehensive exploration of the great river-fountains of Equatorial Africa, from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic. Stanley reached Zanzibar September 21, 1874. His course was first directed to Lake Victoria Nyanza, which he circumnavigated, and of which he found the area to be twenty-one thousand square miles: thence westward to Lake Albert Nyanza, which he ascertained to be unconnected with Lake Tanganyika. He explored the south half of this latter lake, and then struck away to Nyangwe, on the great river discovered by Livingstone, and by him named the Lualaba, and believed to be the Upper Nile. Accompanied by Frank Pocock, a young English boatman, and by about one hundred and fifty natives, Stanley embarked on this mysterious river, and determined to follow it to the sea. It proved to be the Congo, or, as Stanley renamed it, the LIVINGSTONE. The descent of this mighty river—second in volume to only the Amazon—occupied nearly nine months, and proved to be extremely perilous, not alone from the many dangerous cataracts, but from the hostility of the natives. Pocock's tragic death occurred June 3, 1877, when the party were about two hundred and twenty miles from the Atlantic coast.]



At this moment Frank forgot all my caution, and probably his high spirit had secretly despised it. But he was also goading brave men to their and his own destruction.

"Little master," said Vledi the cockswain, gravely, stung to the quick, "neither white men nor black men can go down this river alive, and I do not think it right that you should say we are afraid. As for me, I think you ought to know better. See! I hold out both hands, and all my fingers will not count the

number of lives I have saved on this river. How, then, can you say, master, I show fear?"

"Well, if you do not, the others do," retorted Frank.

"Neither are they or am I afraid. We believe the river to be impassable in a canoe. I have only to beckon to my men, and they will follow me to death; and it is death to go down this cataract. We are now ready to hear you command us to go; and we want your promise that if anything happens, and our master asks, 'Why did you do it?' you will bear the blame."

"No, I will not order you. I will have nothing to do with it. You are the chief in this canoe. If you like to go, go, and I will say you are men, and not afraid of the water. If not, stay, and I shall know it is because you are afraid. It appears to me easy enough, and I can advise you. I don't see what could happen."

Thus challenging the people to show their mettle, poor Frank steadily hastened his fate.

Vledi then turned to the crew, and said, "Boys, our little master is saying that we are afraid of death. I know there is death in the cataract; but come, let us show him that black men fear death as little as white men. What do you say?"

"A man can die but once," "Who can contend with his fate?" "Our fate is in the hands of God!" were the various answers he received.

"Enough; take your seats," Vledi said.

"You are men!" cried Frank, delighted at the idea of soon reaching camp.

"Bismillah" (in the name of God), "let go the rocks, and shove off," cried the cockswain.

"Bismillah!" echoed the crew, and they pushed away from the friendly cove.

In a few seconds they had entered the river, and, in obedience to Frank, Vledi steered his craft for the left side of the river. But it soon became clear that they could not reach it. There was a greasy slipperiness about the water that was delusive, and it was irresistibly bearing them broadside over the falls. And observing this, Vledi turned the prow, and boldly bore down for the centre. Roused from his seat by the increasing thunder of the fearful waters, Frank rose to his feet, and looked over the heads of those in front; and now the full danger of his situation seemed to burst on him. But too late! They had reached the fall, and plunged headlong amid the waves and spray.

The angry waters rose and leaped into their vessel, spun them round as though on a pivot; and so down over the curling, dancing, leaping crests they were borne, to the whirlpools which yawned below. Ah! then came the moment of anguish, regret, and terror.

"Hold on to the canoe, my men! seize a rope, each one!" said he, while tearing his flannel shirt away. Before he could prepare himself, the canoe was drawn down into the abyss, and the whirling, flying waters closed over all. When the vacuum was filled, a great body of water was belched upwards, and the canoe was disgorged into the bright sunlight, with several gasping men clinging to it. When they had drifted a little distance away from the scene, and had collected their faculties, they found there were only eight of them alive! and, alas for us who were left to bewail his sudden doom! there was no white face among them. But presently, close to them, another commotion, another heave and belching of waters, and out of them the insensible form of the "little master" appeared; and they heard a loud moan from him. Then Vledi, forgetting his late escape from the whirling pit, flung out his arms and struck gallantly towards him; but another pool sucked them both in, and the waves closed over them before he could reach him; and for the second time the brave cockswain emerged, faint and weary, but Frank Pocock was seen no more.

"My brave, honest, kindly-natured Frank, have you left me so? Oh, my long-tried friend, what fatal rashness!—Ah, Vledi, had you but saved him, I should have made you a rich man!"

"Our fate is in the hands of God, master," replied he, sadly and wearily. *Through the Dark Continent* (1878).

THREE SONNETS ON THE NILE.

SHELLEY: HUNT: KEATS.

["The Wednesday before last, Shelley, Hunt, and I, wrote each a sonnet on the river Nile. Some day you shall read them all."—JOHN KEATS, letter to his brother, February 16, 1818.

Shelley's sonnet above referred to was identified only in 1876, when it was discovered by Mr. Townshend Mayer among Shelley's manuscripts.—*St. James's Magazine*, March and April 1876.

This trial of strength between the three poets added to English literature a most interesting group of sonnets, which are particularly valuable to the student, for purposes of analysis and comparison. Shelley, however, is not at his best in sonnets, nor is this the best of Shelley's sonnets. His greatest achievement in this field is *Ozymandias*, which is here added for the purpose of comparative study.]

1. *To the Nile.*

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792–1822).

Month after month the gathered rains descend,
  Drenching yon secret Æthiopian dells;
  And from the desert's ice-girt pinnacles,
Where frost and heat in strange embraces blend
On Atlas, fields of moist snow half depend.
  Girt there with blasts and meteors, Tempest dwells
  By Nile's aërial urn, with rapid spells
Urging those waters to their mighty end.
  O'er Egypt's land of memory floods are level,
And they are thine, O Nile; and well thou knowest
  That soul-sustaining airs and blasts of evil,
And fruits and poisons spring where'er thou flowest.
  Beware, O man—for knowledge must to thee
  Like the great flood to Egypt ever be.

2. *The Nile.*

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT (1784–1859).

It flows through old hushed Egypt and its sands,
  Like some grave, mighty thought threading a dream;
  And times and things, as in that vision, seem
Keeping along it their eternal stands,—
Caves, pillars, pyramids, the shepherd bands
  That roamed through the young world, the glory extreme
  Of high Sesostris, and that southern beam,
The laughing queen that caught the world's great hands.
Then comes a mightier silence, stern and strong,
As of a world left empty of its throng.
  And the void weighs on us; and then we wake,
And hear the fruitful stream lapsing along
  'Twixt villages, and think how we shall take
  Our own calm journey on for human sake.

Foliage (1818).

3. *To the Nile.*

JOHN KEATS (1796–1821).

Son of the old Moon Mountains African!
  Stream of the pyramid and crocodile!
  We call thee fruitful, and that very while
A desert fills our seeing's inward span:
Nurse of swart nations since the world began,
  Art thou so fruitful? or dost thou beguile
  Those men to honour thee, who, worn with toil,
Rest them a space 'twixt Cairo and Decan?

O may dark fancies err! They surely do;
'Tis ignorance that makes a barren waste
Of all beyond itself. Thou dost bedew
Green rushes like our rivers, and dost taste
The pleasant sunrise. Green isles hast thou too,
And to the sea as happily dost haste.

TIBER, NILE, AND THAMES.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI (1828–1882).

[This sonnet was evidently suggested by the erection on the Thames Embankment of "Cleopatra's Needle," one of two obelisks that were transferred by the Romans from Heliopolis to Alexandria. The remaining obelisk has been removed to New York, and set up in Central Park.]

The head and hands of murdered Cicero
Above his seat high in the Forum hung,
Drew jeers and burning tears; when on the tongue
Of a swift-mounted ladder, all aglow,
Fulvia, Mark Antony's shameless wife, with show
Of foot firm-poised and gleaming arm upflung,
Bade her sharp needle pierce that god-like tongue
Whose speech fed Rome even as the Tiber's flow.

And thou, Cleopatra's Needle, that hadst thrid
Great skirts of Time ere she and Antony hid
Dead hope!—hast thou too reached, surviving death,
A city of sweet speech scorned—on whose chill stone
Keats withered, Coleridge pined, and Chatterton,
Breadless, with poison froze the God-fired breath?

OZYMANDIAS.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792–1822).

I met a traveller from an antique land,
Who said, Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal these words appear:
"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings.
Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!"
Nothing besides remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away. (1817.)

THE ANCIENT KINGS OF EGYPT.

Miss Amelia B. Edwards (b. 1831).

[For ten years, in spite of legal penalties, Egyptian antiquities of the greatest value and interest had been reaching Europe from some mysterious source. Professor Maspero, of the Cairo Museum, traced, in 1881, these thefts to an Arab guide and dealer. After two months' imprisonment, and after his brother had disclosed his secret, this Arab led the way to Dayr-el-Baharee, on a desolate mountain-side that overlooks the valley of Thebes. Herr Emil Brugsch, acting for Professor Maspero, made the exploration (July 6, 1881), the results of which are so vividly described below.

Miss Edwards' rank as a graceful writer rested, until 1875, on her novels and her contributions to periodical literature. She then published an important book of travel,—"Untrodden Peaks and Unfrequented Valleys." Soon afterwards Miss Edwards undertook excavations in Egypt, the place chosen being Aboo-Simbel, forty miles below the second cataract of the Nile; and in 1877 appeared the results of her remarkable discoveries in the illustrated work entitled, "A Thousand Miles up the Nile."]

In the central hall of the Museum of Egyptian Antiquities at Boolak,* ranged side by side, shoulder to shoulder, lies a solemn company of kings, queens, princes, and priests of royal blood, who died and were made imperishable flesh by the embalmer's art between three and four thousand years ago. These royal personages are of different dynasties and widely separate periods. Between the earliest and the latest there intervenes a space of time which may be roughly estimated at seven centuries and a half. This space of time (about equivalent to that which divides the Norman Conquest from the accession of George III.) covers the rise and fall of the eighteenth, nineteenth, twentieth, and twenty-first dynasties.† During these four dynasties occurred the expulsion of the Hyksos invaders, the Asiatic conquests of Thothmes III., of Seti I., of Ramses II., the oppression and exodus of the Hebrews, and the defeat of the allied Mediterranean fleets by Ramses III. To the same period belong the great temples of Thebes, the sepulchres in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings, the obelisks of Hatasu, the rock-cut temples of Aboo-Simbel, and the Colossi of the Plain. In a word, all the military glory and nearly all the architectural splendor of ancient Egypt are comprised within the limits thus indicated.

* A suburb of Cairo.

† Seventeenth dynasty, about B.C. 1750–1703; eighteenth, B.C. 1703–1462; nineteenth, B.C. 1462–1288; twentieth, B.C. 1288–1110; twenty-first, succeeded about B.C. 1140.

The discovery of the Cyprus treasure by General Di Cesnola,* romantic as it was, bears no comparison in point of dramatic interest with the revelation which awaited the Boolak officials at Dayr-el-Baharee. Slowly and with difficulty the one burrowed onward from chamber to chamber, entering gradually into possession of successive hoards of bronze and silver and gold. The others, threading their way among desecrated tombs, and under the shadow of stupendous precipices, followed their trembling guide to a spot unparalleled even in the desert for gaunt solemnity. Here, behind a huge fragment of fallen rock, perhaps dislodged for that purpose from the cliffs overhead, they were shown the entrance to a pit so ingeniously hidden that, to use their own words, "one might have passed it twenty times without observing it."

Into this pit they were lowered by means of a rope. The shaft, which was two metres square by eleven and a half metres in depth, ended in a narrow subterraneous passage trending westward. This passage, after pursuing a straight direction for a distance of rather more than seven metres, turned off abruptly to the right, and stretched away northward into endless night.

Now stooping where the roof was low, now stumbling where the floor was uneven, now descending a flight of roughly-hewn stairs, and with every step penetrating deeper and further into the heart of the mountain, the intruders groped their way, each with his flickering candle in his hand. Pieces of broken mummy-cases and fragments of linen bandages strewed the floor. Against the walls were piled boxes filled with porcelain statuettes, libation jars of bronze and terra cotta, and canopic vases of precious Lycopolitan alabaster. In the corner to the left, where the long passage branched northward, flung carelessly down in a tumbled heap, perhaps by the hand of the last officiating priest, lay the funeral canopy of Queen Isi-em-Kheb.

Then came several huge sarcophagi of painted wood; and further on still, some standing upright, some laid at length, a crowd of mummy-cases fashioned in human form, with folded hands and solemn faces and ever-wakeful eyes, each emblazoned with the name and titles of its occupant. Here lay Queen Hathor Honttauï, wife of Pinotem I.; yonder stood Seti I.;

* Pr. *Dee Chesnōla.* An account of his discoveries will be given further on.

then came Amenhotep I. and Thothmes II.; and further still, Ahmes I., and Sekenen-Ra, and Thothmes III., and Queen Ahmes Nofretari, and Ramses, surnamed the Great.

The men of to-day, brought face to face with the greatest kings of Pharaonic Egypt, stood bewildered, and asked each other if they were dreaming. They had come hither expecting at most to find the mummies of a few petty princes of the comparatively recent Her-Hor line. They found themselves confronted by the mortal remains of heroes who, till this moment, had survived only as names far echoed down the corridors of Time.

A few yards further still, and they stood on the threshold of a sepulchral chamber, literally piled to the roof with sarcophagi of enormous size. Brilliant with gilding and color, and as highly varnished as if but yesterday turned out from the workshops of the Memnonium, the decorations of these coffins showed them to belong to the period of the Pinotems and Piankhis.*

To enumerate all the treasures found in this chamber would be to write a supplement to the catalogue of the Boolak Museum. Enough that each member of the Amenide family was buried with the ordinary mortuary outfit, consisting of vases, libation jars, funereal statuettes, etc. Richer in these other-world goods than any of the rest was Queen Isi-em-Kheb. Besides statuettes, libation jars, and the like, she was provided with a sumptuous funereal repast, consisting of gazelle haunches, trussed geese, calves' heads, dried grapes, dates, dôm-palm nuts, and the like, the meats being mummified and bandaged, and the whole packed in a large rush hamper, sealed with her husband's unbroken seal. Nor was her sepulchral toilet forgotten. With her were found her ointment bottles, a set of alabaster cups, some goblets of exquisite variegated glass, and a marvellous collection of huge full-dress wigs, curled and frizzed, and enclosed each in a separate basket. As the food was entombed with her for her refreshment, so were these things deposited in the grave for her use and adornment at that supreme hour of bodily resurrection when the justified dead, clothed, fed, perfumed, and anointed, should go forth from the sepulchre into everlasting day.

And now a startling incident, or series of incidents, took place. Carried from lip to lip, from boat to boat, news flies

* These antiquities would thus be nearly three thousand years old.

fast in Egypt. Already it was known far and wide that these kings and queens of ancient time were being conveyed to Cairo, and for more than fifty miles below Thebes the villagers turned out *en masse*, not merely to stare at the piled decks as the steamers went by, but to show respect to the illustrious dead. Women with dishevelled hair running along the banks and shrieking the death-wail, men ranged in solemn silence, and firing their guns in the air, greeted the Pharaohs as they passed. Never, assuredly, did history repeat itself more strangely than when Ramses and his peers, after more than three thousand years of sepulture, were borne along the Nile with funeral honors.

Contributed to "Harper's Magazine," 1882.

CLEOPATRA'S PROGRESS DOWN THE CYDNUS.

The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
Burnt on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were silver;
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggared all description: she did lie
In her pavilion (cloth of gold, of tissue),
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature: on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colored fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.....
Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings: at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers: the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthroned in the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

SHAKSPEARE: *Antony and Cleopatra*, act ii., scene 2.

THE LITERATURE AND THE MECHANICAL ACHIEVEMENTS OF ANCIENT EGYPT.

Rev. George Rawlinson, M.A. (b. 1815).

(Camden Professor of Ancient History in the University of Oxford, Canon of Canterbury, etc., etc.)

1. *Literature of Ancient Egypt.*

Intellectually, the Egyptians must take rank among the foremost nations of remote antiquity, but cannot compare with the great European races, whose rise was later, the Greeks and Romans. Their minds possessed much subtlety and acuteness; they were fond of composition, and made considerable advances in many of the sciences; they were intelligent, ingenious, speculative. It is astonishing what an extensive literature they possessed at a very early date—books on religion, on morals, law, rhetoric, arithmetic, mensuration, geometry, medicine, books of travels, and, above all, novels! But the merit of the works is slight. The novels are vapid, the medical treatises interlarded with charms and exorcisms, the travels devoid of interest, the general style of all the books forced and stilted. Egypt may in some particulars have stimulated Greek thought, directing it into new lines, and giving it a basis to work upon; but otherwise it cannot be said that the world owes much of its intellectual progress to this people, about whose literary productions there is always something that is weak and childish.

Another defect in the Egyptian character was softness and inclination to luxurious living. Drunkenness was a common vice among the young; and among the upper class generally sensual pleasure and amusement were made ordinarily the ends of existence. False hair was worn; dyes and cosmetics were used to produce an artificial beauty; great banquets were frequent; games and sports of a thousand different kinds were in vogue; dress was magnificent; equipages were splendid; life was passed in feasting, sport, and a constant succession of enjoyments. It is true that some seem not to have been spoiled by their self-indulgence, or at any rate to have retained in old age a theoretic knowledge of what was right; but the general effect of such a life cannot but have been hurtful to the character; and the result is seen in the gradual decline of the Egyptian power, and the successive subjections of the country by hardier

and stronger races, Ethiopians, Assyrians, Persians, and Macedonian Greeks.

A general feature of Egyptian writing, in its more ambitious flights, is a frequent and abrupt change from the first or second to the third person, with as sudden a return from the third to the first or second, and an equally abrupt change of tense. It is supposed that these startling transitions, for which there is no discernible reason and no discoverable, or, at any rate, no discovered law, were viewed as elegances of style under the Egyptian standard of taste, and were thus especially affected by those who aspired to be considered "fine writers."

Example of Egyptian Lyrical Poetry.

From the "Song of the Harper" (written between 1703 and 1462 B.C.).

"Take thy pleasure to-day;
Mind thee of joy and delight!
Soon life's pilgrimage ends,
And we pass to silence and night.
Patriarch, perfect and pure,
Neserhotep, blessed one, thou
Didst finish thy course upon earth,
And art with the blessed ones now.
Men pass to the Silent Shore,
And their place doth know them no more.

"They are as they never had been
Since the sun went forth upon high;
They sit on the banks of the stream
That floweth in stillness by.
Thy soul is among them; thou
Dost drink of the sacred tide,
Having the wish of thy heart—
At peace ever since thou hast died.
Give bread to the man who is poor,
And thy name shall be blest evermore."

The Egyptian novels or romances have attracted more attention than any other portion of their literature. They are full of most improbable adventure, and deal largely in the supernatural. The doctrine of metempsychosis is a common feature in them; and the death of the hero or heroine, or both, causes no interruption of the narrative. Animals address men in speech, and are readily understood by them. Even trees have the same power. The dead constantly come to life again; and

not only so, but mummies converse together in their catacombs, and occasionally leave their coffins, return to the society of the living, and then, after a brief sojourn, once more re-enter the tomb.

2. *The Pyramids.*

The first pyramid of Ghizeh—the "Great Pyramid," as it is commonly called—the largest and loftiest building which the world contains, is situated almost due north-east of the second pyramid at the distance of about two hundred yards. It was placed on a lower level than that occupied by the second pyramid, and did not reach to as great an elevation above the plain. In height from the base, however, it exceeded that pyramid by twenty-six feet six inches, in the length of the base-line by fifty-six feet, and in the extent of area by one acre, three roods, and twenty-four poles. Its original perpendicular height is variously estimated at four hundred and eighty, four hundred and eighty-four, and four hundred and eighty-five feet. The length of its side was seven hundred and sixty-four feet, and its area thirteen acres, one rood, and twenty-two poles. It has been familiarly described as a building "more elevated than the cathedral of St. Paul, on an area about that of Lincoln's Inn Fields." The solid masonry which it contains is estimated at more than eighty-nine million cubic feet, and the weight of the mass at six million eight hundred and forty-eight thousand tons. The basement stones are many of them thirty feet in length and nearly five feet high. Altogether, the edifice is the largest and most massive building in the world; and not only so, but *by far* the largest and most massive—the building which approaches it the nearest being the second pyramid, which contains seventeen million cubic feet less, and is very much inferior in the method of its construction.

Many speculations have been indulged in, and various most ingenious theories have been framed, as to the object or objects for which the pyramids were constructed, and as to their perfect

THE SPHINX AND THE PYRAMID OF CHEPHRENES.

adaptation to their ends. It has been supposed that the Great Pyramid embodied revelations as to the Earth's diameter and circumference, the true length of an arc of the meridian, and the proper universal unit of measure. It has been conjectured that it was an observatory, and that its sides and its various passages had their inclinations determined by the position of certain stars at certain seasons. But the fact seems to be, as remarked by the first of living English Egyptologers, that "these ideas do not appear to have entered into the minds of the constructers of the pyramids,"* who employed the measures known to them for their symmetrical construction, but had no theories as to measure itself, and sloped their passages at such angles as were most convenient, without any thought of the part of the heavens whereto they would happen to point. The most sound and sober view seems to be that the pyramids were intended simply to be tombs. The Egyptians had a profound belief in the reality of the life beyond the grave, and a conviction that that life was somehow or other connected with the continuance of the body. They embalmed the bodies of the dead in a most scientific way; and having thus, so far as was possible, secured them against the results of natural decay, they desired to secure them also against accidents and against the malice of enemies. With this view they placed them in chambers, rock-cut or constructed of huge blocks of stone, and then piled over these chambers a mass that would, they thought, make it almost impossible that they should be violated. The leading idea which governed the forms of their construction was that of durability; and the pyramid appearing to them to be, as it is, the most durable of architectural forms, they accordingly adopted it. The passages with which the pyramids are penetrated were required by the circumstance that kings built their sepulchres for themselves instead of trusting to the piety of a successor, and thus it was necessary to leave a way of access to the sepulchral chamber. Huge portcullises—great masses of granite or other hard stone—were placed across them, and these so effectually obstructed the ways that moderns have in several instances had to leave them where they were put by the builders, and to quarry a path round them. The entrances to the passages were undoubtedly "intended to be concealed," and were, we may be sure, concealed in every case, excepting the rare one of the accession, before the tomb was finished, of a new

* Birch's "Egypt from the Earliest Times."

and hostile dynasty. As for the angles of the passages, whereof so much has been said, they were determined by the engineering consideration at what slope a heavy body like a sarcophagus could be lowered or raised to most advantage, resting without slipping when required to rest, and moving readily when required to move. The ventilating passages of the Great Pyramid were simply intended to run in the line of shortest distance between the central chamber and the external air. This line they did not exactly attain, the northern passage reaching the surface of the pyramid about fifteen feet lower, and the southern one about the same distance higher than it ought, results arising probably from slight errors in the calculations of the builders. *History of Ancient Egypt* (1882).

THE STYLE OF JOHN STUART MILL: A CRITICISM.

ALEXANDER BAIN, LL.D. (b. 1818).

(Emeritus Professor of Logic in the University of Aberdeen.)

[John Stuart Mill (1806-1873), a distinguished English metaphysician and political economist, has, in the words of Taine, "exercised a deep influence on the thought of the present day." His most extensive works are the "System of Logic" (1843), and the "Principles of Political Economy" (1848).]

My next topic in the delineation of Mill's character is his STYLE. He is allowed to be not only a great thinker, but a good writer. His lucidity, in particular, is regarded as pre-eminent. Exceptions are taken by the more fastidious critics; he is said by Mr. Pattison to be wanting in classical grace and literary polish.

I have already expressed the opinion that the language faculty in him was merely ordinary. Great cultivation had given him a good command of expression for all his purposes, but nothing could have made him a Macaulay. To begin with his vocabulary—including in that, not simply the words of the English dictionary, but the stock of phrases coined by our literary predecessors for expressing single ideas—we cannot say that in this he was more than a good average among men of intelligence and culture. He was greatly inferior to Bentham* in the copiousness, the variety of his primary stock of language elements. He was surpassed, if I mistake not, by both the Austins,† by

* Jeremy Bentham, writer on political and social subjects (1748-1832).

† Alfred Austin, poet, novelist, and journalist (London *Standard*), b. 1834. John Austin (1797-1860), writer on jurisprudence,

Grote,* and by Roebuck.† Had he been required to express the same idea in ten different forms, all good, he would have come to a standstill sooner than any of those.

His grammar is oftener defective than we should expect in any one so carefully disciplined as he was from the first. In some of the points that would be deemed objectionable he probably had theories of his own. His placing of the troublesome words "only" and "not only" is, in my judgment, often wholly indefensible. Scores of examples of such constructions as the following may be produced from his writings: "Astræa must *not only* have returned to earth, but the heart of the worst man must have become her temple." "He lived to see almost all the great principles which he had advocated, *not merely* recognized, but a commencement made in carrying them into practice." "It is *not* the uncontrolled ascendency of popular power, *but* of any power that is to be dreaded." "We can *only* know a substance through its qualities, but also we can *only* know qualities as inhering in a substance. Substance and attribute are correlative, and can *only* be thought together: the knowledge of each, therefore, is relative to the other; but need not be, and indeed is not, relative to us. For we know attributes as they are in themselves, and our knowledge of them is *only* relative inasmuch as attributes have *only* a relative existence. It is relative knowledge in a sense not contradictory to absolute. It is an absolute knowledge, though of things which *only* exist in a necessary relation to another thing called a substance." "And in these days of discussion and generally awakened interest in improvement, what formerly was the work of centuries, often requires *only* years." "Men as well as women do not need political rights in order that they may govern, but in order that they may not be misgoverned;" this should be, "Men as well as women need political rights, *not* in order that they may govern, etc."

Critically examined, his style is wanting in delicate attention to the placing of qualifying words generally. He had apparently never thought of this matter further than to satisfy himself that his sentences were intelligible.

Another peculiarity of grammar, tending to make his style not unfrequently heavy, and sometimes a little obscure, was the excess of relatives, and especially of the heavy relatives

* George Grote (1794–1871), historian ("History of Greece").
† John Arthur Roebuck, parliamentarian and publicist (1802–1879).

"which" and "who." He never entered into the distinction of meaning between those two and "that" as a relative. Like many other writers, he used "that" only as a relief after too many "whiches." Here is an example: "Inasmuch as any, even unintentional, deviation from truth does that much towards weakening the trustworthiness of human assertion, *which* is not only the principal support of all present social well-being, but the insufficiency *of which* does more than anything *that* can be named to keep back civilization, virtue—everything *on which* human happiness on the largest scale depends." Early familiarity with French is apt to produce an insensibility to the clogging effect of a great number of "whiches," and a consequent inattention to the many easy devices for keeping clear of the excess.

In the use of the pronoun "it," he did not display the care usually taken by good writers of the present day, to avoid uncertainty and ambiguity of reference.

His father's weakness for the "I know not" form is occasionally seen in him also.

Instances of looseness not falling under any special type are frequent enough. The following might possibly have been corrected if he had lived to superintend the printing of the work where it occurs:—"The patience of all the founders of the society was at last exhausted, except me and Roebuck."

Of arts of the rhetorical kind in the structure of his sentences he was by no means wanting. He could be short and pithy, which goes a great way. He had likewise caught up, probably in a good measure from the French writers, his peculiar epigrammatic smartness, which he practised also in conversation. He would often express himself thus:—"It is one thing to tell the rich that they ought to take care of the poor; and another thing to tell the poor that the rich ought to take care of them." A historian, he says, must possess gifts of imagination; "and what is rarer still, he must forbear to abuse them." "With the genius for producing a great historical romance, he must have the virtue to add nothing to what can be proved to be true." To the attacks made upon the French historians for superficiality and want of research, he replies with a piquancy that is more than mere style:—"Voltaire gave false views of history in many respects, but not falser than Hume's; Thiers* is inaccurate, but not less so than Sir Walter Scott."

* Pr. *Te-air.* Louis Adolphe Thiers (1797-1877), French historian and statesman.

He was not deficient in the power of illustration by metaphor and allusion, although he could not in this respect compare with men whose strength consists mainly in the power of expression. Moreover, as expository style requires that illustrations should be apposite, their employment is limited with precise writers.

As a whole, I should say that Mill was wanting in strength, energy, or momentum. His happiest strokes were of the nature of a coruscation—a lightning flash, rather than effects of impetus or mass in motion. His sentences and paragraphs are apt to be diffuse; not because of unnecessary circumstances, but from a want of steady endeavor after emphasis by good collocation and condensation. Every now and then, one of his pithy sentences comes across us with inexpressible welcome. He is himself conscious when he is becoming too involved, and usually endeavors to relieve us by a terse summary at the close of the paragraph.

What I mean by not studying emphasis, may be exemplified by a quotation. The following shows his brief and epigrammatic style, in a fair average. The concluding sentence is what I chiefly call attention to. The passage is directed against the philanthropic theory of the protection of the poor by the rich:—

"Mankind are often cautioned by divines and moralists against unreasonableness in their expectations. We attach greater value to the more limited warning against inconsistency in them. The state of society which this picture represents is a conceivable one. We shall not at present inquire if it is of all others the most eligible one, even as an Utopia. We only ask if its promoters are willing to accept this state of society together with its inevitable accompaniments."

What I should wish to see strengthened here is the emphasis on the concluding circumstance *inevitable accompaniments*, wherein lies the whole stress of the matter. A very little change would improve it: "We only ask if the advocates of this state of society *are willing to accept its inevitable accompaniments.*"

John Stuart Mill: A Criticism with Personal Recollections (1882).

THE PROCESS OF COMPOSITION.

(*An Illustration.*)

Charles (Tennyson) Turner (1808-1879).

Oft in our fancy an uncertain thought
Hangs colorless, like dew on bents of grass,

Before the morning o'er the field doth pass:
But soon it grows and brightens; all unsought
A sudden glory flashes through the dream,
Our purpose deepens and our wit grows brave,
The thronging hints a richer utterance crave,
And tongues of fire approach the new-won theme.
A subtler process now begins—a claim
Is urged for order, a well-balanced scheme
Of words and numbers, a consistent aim;
The dew dissolves before the warming beam;
But that fair thought consolidates its flame,
And keeps its colors, hardening to a gem.

A REVERIE IN THE COLISEUM.

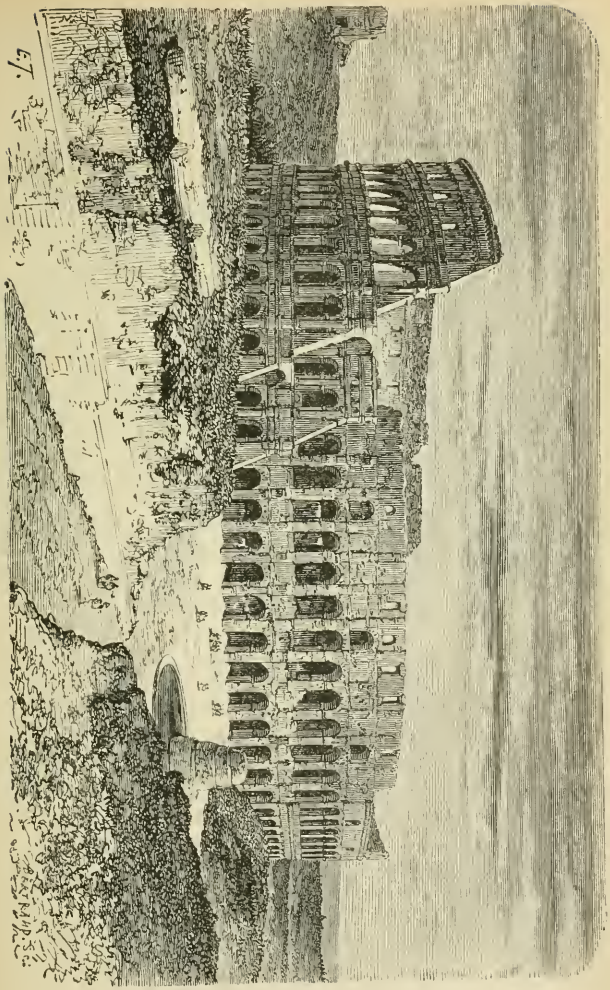
EMILIO CASTELAR (b. 1832 at Cadiz).

[Colisēum is "a bad spelling of Colossēum" (SKEAT). The original name was the *Flavian Amphitheatre*, for it was begun by Vespasian, A.D. 72, and opened by his son Titus, A.D. 82,—both members of the Flavian Clan. Its vast height (one hundred and sixty-four feet) probably suggested the later name, which was derived from the gigantic bronze Colossus that once stood by the harbor-side of Rhodes as a tribute to the sun-god. The Coliseum formed an ellipse covering nearly five acres, the two diameters being six hundred and fifteen and five hundred and ten feet. It continued to be used for gladiatorial combats until the invasion of the Goths, A.D. 410.

Emilio Castelar is one of the most brilliant orators and men of letters of contemporary Spain. He occupied for some years the Chair of History and Philosophy in the University of Madrid. He has played a leading part in the troubled Spanish politics of our day. After the abdication of King Amadeo, Castelar, as leader of the Opposition in the Cortes, became Minister of Foreign Affairs, and subsequently he became first (and last) President of the short-lived Spanish Republic, 1873-74. Shortly before taking office he wrote the volume in which he records his impressions of Italy. The original is written in Castilian; the translation is by Mrs. Arthur Arnold.]

I was so much absorbed, that evening came upon me imperceptibly. The city bells announced the hour for vespers; the owls and other birds of the night began their first cries; I heard the hoarse and monotonous croak of the toad and frog in the distant lagunes, and the chant of a procession entering the neighboring church: spiritual voices mingled with those of nature, which made my meditations still more profound and silent, as if the soul had escaped from the body to attach itself after the manner of parasitic plants to the dust of imperishable ruins.

The full moon rose in the serene and tranquil horizon, and lent with her melancholy rays fresh poetic touches to the arches,



THE COLISEUM.

to the columns, to the vaults, to the scattered stones, to the desolation of the place; to the cross reared in its centre as an eternal vengeance taken by the gladiators, obliging the most

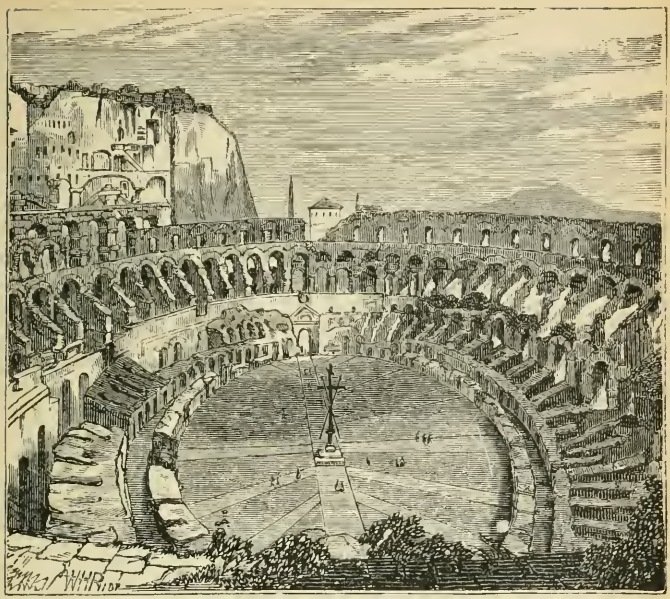
abject of the Roman people to bless and adore the once infamous gibbet of slaves, now transformed into the standard of modern civilization!

In imagination I beheld a festival in the Amphitheatre. This enormous pile was not now a skeleton. Here stood a statue, there a trophy; opposite, a monolith brought from Asia or Egypt. The people entered, after having washed and perfumed themselves in the public baths, mounting to the top to disperse over the places previously assigned to them. At one side was the gate of life, through which passed the combatants; at the other the gate of death, through which were dragged the corpses. The shouts of the multitude, the sharp sound of the trumpets, mingle with the howling and roaring of wild animals. While the senators and the emperor arrive, attendants of inferior municipal rank scatter parched peas among the people, which they carry in wicker baskets like those of our traders at fairs. The ground is brilliant with gold powder, with carmine and minium, to hide the blood, while the light is tempered by great awnings of Oriental purple, which tinges the spectators with its glowing reflection.

The senators occupy the lowest steps. Behind them are placed the cavaliers. Above are those fathers of families who have given a certain number of children to the empire. Beyond these are the people. And on the top, crowning the whole, are the Roman matrons, clothed in light gauzes, and loaded with costly jewels, perfuming the air with aromatics carried in golden apples, and kindling all hearts by their soft words and tender glances.

While the spectators look to the emperor to give the signal for the commencement of the festival, conversation is carried on in a loud murmur:—Look at that glutton—he is so rich that he knows not half of his possessions! Lolia Paulīna* is wearing emeralds worth sixty million sesterces*—a small sum compared with the enormous robberies of her grandfather in the oppressed provinces. He who accompanies Cæsar stole at a supper of Claudius a golden cup. These reckless madcaps salute the orator Regulus,* for they fear the venom distilled from his viperous tongue. He is honored, while generals who have conquered barbarian hordes, and died in defence of Rome, have been ten years unburied. The doctor Eudemus* arrives, and

* Pr. Eudēmus; Paulīna; Reg'ūlus; ses'terce (dissyllable), a silver coin worth, in the time of Augustus, a little more than four cents.



INTERIOR OF THE COLISEUM.

his pupils in corruption and debauchery are not behind. That child of eight years is already depraved. That lady, who belongs to one of the most noble Roman families, has quitted the list of matrons and become degraded.

Cæsar is received by the people with loud acclamations; he is always welcome at festivals and especially at massacres. The priests and vestals offer sacrifices to the protecting gods of Rome. Blood flows; the entrails of the victims are quickly consumed in the sacred fire; the music sounds, the multitude vociferates, and at an imperial signal come forth the gladiators, who salute the crowd with a smile on their lips, as if a delicious feast awaited them, instead of a cruel and relentless death.

These unfortunates are divided into several categories. Some guide cars, painted green; others shelter themselves behind round bucklers of iron, on the outside of which sharp knives are fixed. They throw their tridents in the air and catch them again with much dexterity. Their costume is a red tunic,

azure buskins, a gilded helmet surmounted by a shining fish. The equestrians conduct their horses with great agility in the circus. The light is reflected on the steel breastplates, collars, and bracelets. Their robes are many-colored, and bring to mind Oriental dresses. Last come the duellists, a body all handsome, all unclothed, all imitating, in their artistic attitudes, the positions of classic sculptures. They are saluted frantically by the people, for they are the strongest, the most exposed, and the most valiant.

They were born on the mountains, in the desert, among the caresses of nature, breathing the pure air of the fields and a sacred liberty. War and war only has torn them from their country: Rome has fed them for the sake of their blood,—blood to be offered in sacrifice to the majesty of the Roman people. Some of them now about to wound and murder each other have contracted close friendships. Perhaps some are brothers by nature, brothers by sentiment, obliged thus to endanger and immolate themselves, when, united by the same sentiments, they wish to bury their swords in the heart of Cæsar, and to avenge their race and country.

Already they lie in ambush, they search, they threaten, they entice, and persist in this boisterous and bloody strife. If any one, moved by terror for himself or compassion for his opponent, draws back, or seems to shrink, the master of the circus tortures him with a red-hot iron button applied on his naked shoulder. The crimson blood flows and smokes in the circus. One man has slipped and fallen. The people shout, believing him dead, and hiss when he rises. He loses heart after vain and desperate efforts to keep on foot. This one falls, pierced by a single wound given through his buckler; that one writhes in insupportable anguish, which looks like an epileptic spasm; two are mortally wounded, but in falling fling away their swords and embrace each other as a support and help in the death agony. Mutilated limbs, torn intestines, groans of anguish, the death-rattle of the expiring, faces contracted and fixed, last sighs mingled with lamentations, cries of rage and desperation;—all this is a grand spectacle for the Roman people, who shout, clap their hands, become intoxicated, infuriated; following the combat with nervous anxiety, straining their eyes from the sockets to see more of the slaughter, opening their lungs and nostrils to inhale the bloody vapors.

Anger seems to float as the master passion over all this feast

of blood. Antique sculpture, generally of an Olympian severity, has left us the lively image of this anger in the statue of the Fighting Gladiator. Over his dilated eyes hang his dark and knitted eyebrows. His robust frame is subject to a wonderful tension. His head is advanced, and makes an inclination over his breast in order to aim his thrust aright. His body is in the act of rushing forward to the combat, supported only on the right foot. His left arm threatens at the moment his right wrist, strongly contracted, prepares to give a mortal blow. That statue is the image of hatred; and hatred has engendered in Rome a thick cloud of anger, of curses that found a terrible satisfaction in the Apocalyptic night of eternal vengeance—in the night of the victories of Alaric,* of the orgies of barbarians, the *sons* of slaves and gladiators!

Who, who can turn aside Rome's punishment? All her power, all her majesty, all her greatness have been destroyed, for an idea. There, in the Catacombs, hide obscure sectarians, who oppose spiritual light to ancient sensuality—to the pagan and imperial religion, dogmas which Rome cannot admit without perishing. These sectarians fly the light of day, and bury themselves fearfully in the Catacombs. There they paint the Good Shepherd who guides them to eternity; the Dove which announced the termination of the great deluge of tears in which our life is overwhelmed. There they intone hymns to an obscure tribune, poor and feeble: who did not die as a conqueror, but humbly and ignominiously on a cross. From hence have come forth those confessors of the new faith, to seal it with their blood on the arena of this circus. The old man, the youth, the tender maiden, have heard without trembling the cries of the Asiatic tiger, the roar of the lion of Africa. Hungry beasts of prey have come from the dens still visible in the foundations of the circus and fixed their teeth and claws in the defenceless bodies of the martyrs. While panthers, hyenas, tigers, and lions divide the palpitating remains; while they drink the blood of these Christians with insatiable fury, the Romans give thanks to Cæsar, believing that a superstition has been destroyed with the lives of the unbelievers, and that with the blood the beasts have devoured a heresy!

Old Rome and New Italy (1873).

* Sack of Rome by Alaric, king of the Visigoths, August 24, 410 A.D.

THE COLISEUM.

LORD BYRON (1788-1824).

["Byron has so made himself master of the glories and the wrecks of Rome, that almost everything else that has been said of them seems superfluous. Hawthorne in his *Marble Faun* comes nearest to him; but Byron's *Gladiator and Apollo*, if not his *Laocoön*, are unequalled. 'The voice of Marius,' says Scott, 'could not sound more deep and solemn among the ruins of Carthage than the strains of the pilgrim among the broken shrines and fallen statues of her subduer.'"—JOHN NICHOL.]

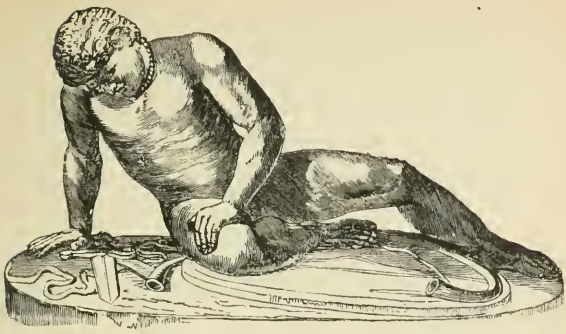
And here the buzz of eager nations ran,
In murmured pity, or loud-roared applause,
As man was slaughtered by his fellow-man.
And wherefore slaughtered? wherefore, but because
Such were the bloody Circus' genial laws,
And the imperial pleasure. Wherefore not?
What matters where we fall to fill the maws
Of worms—on battle-plains or listed* spot?
Both are but theatres where the chief actors rot.

I see before me the Gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low:
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away:
He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize;
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday—
All this rushed with his blood.—Shall he expire,
And unavenged?—Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire!

But here, where Murder breathed her bloody steam;
And here, where buzzing nations choked the ways,
And roared or murmured like a mountain stream
Dashing or winding as its torrent strays;

* "Listed spot," space devoted to contests and enclosed as a list or tilt-yard.



THE DYING GLADIATOR.

Here, where the Roman million's blame or praise
Was death or life, the playthings of a crowd,
My voice sounds much—and fall the stars' faint rays
On the arena void—seats crushed—walls bowed—
And galleries, where my steps seem echoes strangely loud.

A ruin—yet what ruin! from its mass
Walls, palaces,* half cities, have been reared;
Yet, oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,
And marvel where the spoil could have appeared.
Hath it indeed been plundered, or but cleared?
Alas! developed, opens† the decay,
When the colossal fabric's form is neared:
It will not bear the brightness of the day,
Which streams too much on all years, man, have reft away.

But when the rising moon begins to climb
Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there;
When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,
And the low night-breeze waves along the air
The garland forest which the gray walls wear,
Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head;‡—
When the light shines serene but doth not glare,
Then in this magic circle raise the dead:
Heroes have trod this spot—'tis on their dust ye tread.

* Michael Angelo is accused of having built a palace for a Roman noble out of spoils of the Coliseum.

† "Opens the decay," the decay opens, is revealed.

‡ Suetonius tells us that Julius Cæsar was much gratified by the decree of the Senate which allowed him a perpetual wreath; for this enabled him to conceal his baldness!

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls—the World."* From our own land
Thus spake the pilgrims o'er this mighty wall
In Saxon times, which we are wont to call
Ancient; and these three mortal things are still
On their foundations, and unaltered all:
Rome and her ruin past Redemption's skill;
The World, the same wide den—of thieves, or what you will.

Childe Harold, canto iv., stanzas 139–145.

MANFRED'S SOLILOQUY.

I do remember me, that in my youth,
When I was wandering,—upon such a night
I stood within the Coliseum's wall,
'Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome.
The trees which grew along the broken arches
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar
The watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber; and
More near from out the Cæsars' palace came
The owl's long cry; and, interruptedly,
Of distant sentinels the fitful song
Began and died upon the gentle wind.
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach
Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
Within a bowshot. Where the Cæsars dwelt,
And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
The grove which springs through levelled battlements,
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth;—
But the gladiators' bloody Circus stands,
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection!
While Cæsar's chambers, and the Augustan halls,
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.—
And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which softened down the hoar austerity
Of rugged Desolation, and filled up,
As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries;
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, till the place

* The Venerable Bede is said to have visited Rome and to have recorded his impressions of the Coliseum in Latin words, which are here translated *verbatim* by Byron.

Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old!
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.

Manfred, act iii., scene 4.

THE CATACOMBS OF ROME.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, M.A.

[At Rome, subterranean burial-vaults have been discovered that date back beyond the Rome of Romulus and Remus; but it is to the tombs of the early Christians that the chief interest belongs. The Catacombs of Rome lie mostly within a radius of three miles from the walls, the farthest being six miles distant. The galleries or tunnels are three to five feet broad and eight feet high, both sides being excavated into tiers of cells. The entire length of the tunnels is taken at five hundred and eighty-seven geographical miles, and the enclosed remains are variously estimated at from four to seven millions! After the sack of Rome by Alaric (A.D. 410), the Catacombs fell into disuse, and their very existence gradually faded out of all recollection, until, on May 31, 1578, they were discovered by some laborers digging for Roman cement.]

"When I was a boy," says Jerome,* "being educated at Rome, I used every Sunday, in company with others of my own age and tastes, to visit the sepulchres of the apostles and martyrs, and to go into the crypts dug in the heart of the earth. The walls on either side are lined with the bodies of the dead, and so intense is the darkness as to seemingly fulfil the words of the prophet, 'They go down alive to Hades.' Here and there is light let in to mitigate the gloom. As we advance, the words† of the poet are brought to mind, 'Horror on all sides; the very silence fills the soul with dread.'"

We know that for at least three hundred years or for ten generations the entire Christian population of Rome was buried here. And that population was, even at an early period, of considerable size. In the time of persecution, too, the Christians were hurried to the tomb in crowds. In this silent city of the dead we are surrounded by a "mighty cloud of witnesses," "a multitude which no man can number," whose names, unrecorded on earth, are written in the Book of Life. For every one who walks the streets of Rome to-day are hundreds of its former

* St. Jerome (Hieronymus), A.D. 346–420. This interesting reminiscence is found in Jerome's Commentary on Ezekiel, b. xx. c. 40.

† Quoted from Virgil's *Æneid*, ii. 755.

inhabitants, calmly sleeping in this vast encampment of Death around its walls, "each in his narrow cell for ever laid." Till the archangel awake them they slumber. "It is scarcely known," says Prudentius,* "how full Rome is of buried saints—how richly her soil abounds in holy sepulchres."

As the pilgrim to this shrine of the primitive faith visits these chambers of silence and gloom, accompanied by a serge-clad, sandalled monk, he seems like the Tuscan poet wandering through the realms of darkness with his shadowy guide.

> "And now through narrow, gloomy paths we go,
> 'Tween walls of earth and tombs."—*Inferno.*

His footsteps echo strangely down the distant passages and hollow vaults, dying gradually away in the solemn stillness of this valley of the shadow of death. The graves yawn weirdly as he passes, torch in hand. The flame struggles feebly with the thickening darkness, vaguely revealing the unfleshed skeletons on either side, till its redness fades to sickly white, like that pale light by which Dante† saw the crowding ghosts upon the shores of Acheron.‡ Deep, mysterious shadows, crouch around; and the dim perspective, lined with the sepulchral niches of the silent community of the dead, stretch on in an apparently unending vista. The very air seems oppressive and stifling, and laden with the dry dust of death. The vast extent and population of this great necropolis overwhelm the imagination, and bring to mind Petrarch's melancholy line,—

> "Full of the dead this far-extending field."

Almost appalling in its awe and solemnity is the sudden transition from the busy city of the living to the silent city of the dead; from the golden glory of the Italian sunlight to the funereal gloom of these sombre vaults. The sacred influence of the place subdues the soul to tender emotions. The fading pictures on the walls and the pious epitaphs of the departed breathe on every side an atmosphere of faith and hope, and awaken a sense of spiritual kinship that overleaps the intervening centuries. We speak with bated breath and in whispered tones, and thought is busy with the past. It is impossible not to feel strangely

* Aurelius Clemens Prudentius, Roman Christian poet (A.D. 348–408).

† Dante (dan'tay), Italian poet (A.D. 1265–1321).

‡ Ach'eron (*ch* as *k*), a gloomy river of ancient Greece, which Dante, imitating Greek and Roman poets, connects with the lower world.

moved while gazing on the crumbling relics of mortality committed ages ago, with pious care and many tears, to their last long rest.

"It seems as if we had the sleepers known."

We see the mother, the while her heart is wrung with anguish, laying on its stony bed—rude couch for such a tender thing—the little form that she had cherished in her warm embrace. We behold the persecuted flock following, it may be, the mangled remains of the faithful pastor and valiant martyr for the truth, which at the risk of their lives they have stealthily gathered at dead of night. With holy hymns, broken by their sobs, they commit his mutilated body to the grave, where, after life's long toil, he sleepeth well. We hear the Christian chant, the funeral plaint, the pleading tones of prayer, and the words of holy consolation and of lofty hope with which the dead in Christ are laid to rest. A moment, and—the spell is broken, the past has vanished, and stern reality becomes again a presence. Ruin and desolation and decay are all around.....

Affecting memorials of domestic affection are found in the toys and trinkets of little children enclosed in their graves or affixed to the plaster without. The dolls strikingly resemble those with which children amuse themselves to-day. They are made of ivory, and some are furnished with wires by which the joints can be worked after the manner of the modern marionettes. Among the children's toys were found a terra-cotta vase with a narrow slit for receiving money, like the common children's savings-banks; an ivory ring; small bronze bells forming part of a child's rattle; and in the Catacomb of St. Sebastian was found a terra-cotta horse of rude design, dappled with colored spots.

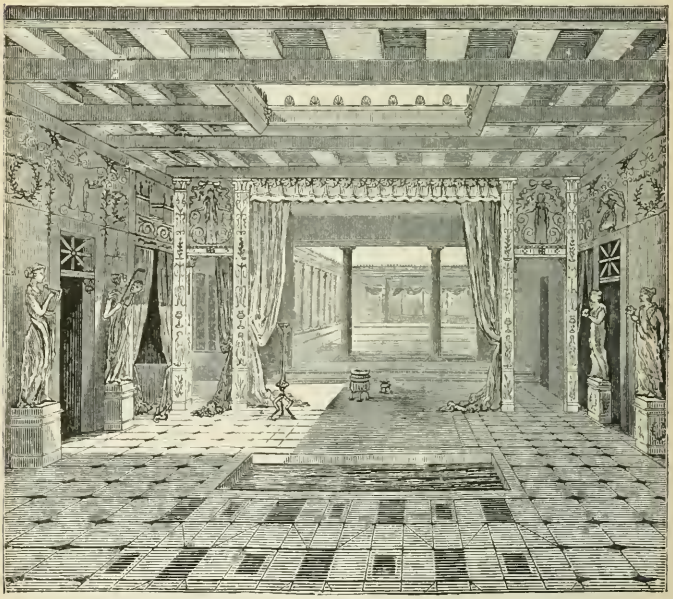
The human affections are the same in every age. These simple objects speak more directly to the heart than "storied urn or animated bust." As we gaze upon these childish toys in the Vatican Museum, the centuries vanish, and busy fancy pictures the weeping Roman mother placing these cherished relics of her dead babe in its waxen hands or by its side, as it is laid from her loving arms in the cold embrace of the rocky grave; and then, with tear-dimmed eyes, taking a last, long, lingering farewell of the loved form about to be closed from her sight for ever.

The Catacombs of Rome (1874).

THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII.

Once there stood a town in Italy, at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, which was to Rome what Brighton or Hastings is to London—a fashionable watering-place. There, Roman gentlemen and members of the Senate built villas, to which they were in the habit of retiring from the fatigues of business or the broils of politics.

The outsides of all the houses were adorned with frescoes,*



ATRIUM OF A HOUSE IN POMPEII.

and every shop glittered with all the colors of the rainbow. At the end of each street there was a charming fountain, and any one who sat down beside it to cool himself had a delightful view of the Mediterranean, then as beautiful, as blue and sunny as it is now.

* Frescoes, paintings made upon the walls themselves. In fresco-painting, the colors are laid upon the lime while it is still soft and wet.

On a fine day, crowds might have been seen lounging here; some sauntering up and down in gala dresses of purple, while slaves passed to and fro bearing on their heads splendid vases; others sat on marble benches, shaded from the sun by awnings, and having before them tables covered with wine and fruit and flowers. Every house in that town was a little palace, and every palace was like a temple or one of our great public buildings.

Any one who thinks a mansion in Belgravia* the height of splendor would have been astonished, had he lived in those days, to find how completely the abodes of those Roman lords outshone "the stately homes of England." On entering the former, the visitor passed through a vestibule decorated with rows of pillars, and then found himself in the *atrium*,† in which the household gods kept guard over the owner's treasure, which was placed in a safe or strong-box secured with brass or iron bands. In this apartment guests were received with imposing ceremony; and there the patron heard the complaints, supplications, and adulations of his great band of clients or dependants, who lived on his smiles and bounty, but chiefly on the latter. Issuing thence, the visitor found himself in the *tablīnum*,‡ an apartment paved with mosaic and decorated with paintings, in which were kept the family papers and archives. The house contained also dining and supper rooms, and a number of sleeping-rooms hung with the softest of Syrian cloths; cabinets filled with rare jewels and antiquities, and sometimes a fine collection of paintings; and last of all, a pillared *peristyle*,§ opening out upon the garden. There the finest fruit hung temptingly in the rich light of a golden sky; and fountains, which flung their waters aloft in every imaginable form and device, cooled the air and discoursed sweet music to the ear. From behind each shrub there peeped

* Belgravia, a south-western district of London, built between 1826 and 1852, on land belonging to the Marquis of Westminster, one of whose titles is Viscount Belgrave; hence the name. Being full of splendid mansions, it is taken as the type of fashionable London.

† *Atrium*, the principal public apartment or reception-room in a Roman house. There was an opening in the centre of the roof, towards which the other roofs sloped so as to throw down the rain into an open cistern in the middle of the floor, called the *impluvium* (Lat. *pluvia*, rain).

‡ *Tablīnum*, a recess or room at the farther end of the *atrium*, of which it formed a part.

§ *Peristyle* (three syllables), an open court, larger than the *atrium*, in the back part of the house. It was surrounded by columns, with garden in the centre. From the columns it received its name—*peristyle* being a Greek word meaning a range of columns around a building.

a statue or the bust of some great man, carved from the purest white marble, and placed in charming contrast with bouquets of rare flowers springing from stone vases. On the gate or in mosaic on the pavement within there was often the image of a dog, and beneath it the inscription, *Cave canem* —that is, "Beware of the dog!"

"BEWARE OF THE DOG!"

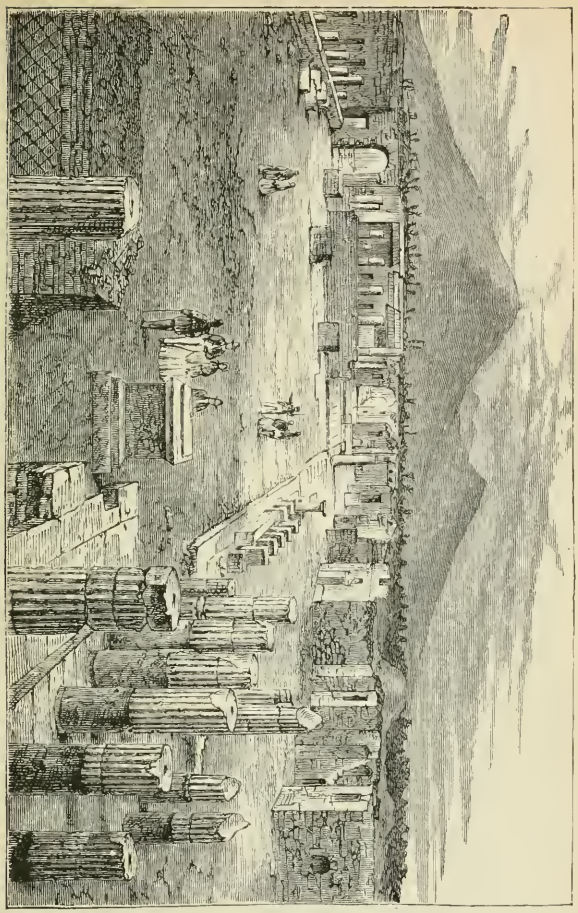
The frescoes on the walls represented scenes in the Greek legends, such as "The Seizure of Europa," "The Battle of the Amazons," etc.; many of which are still to be seen in the museum at Naples. The pillars in the peristyle, of which we have just spoken, were encircled with garlands of flowers, which were renewed every morning. The tables of citron-wood were inlaid with silver arabesques;* the couches were of bronze, gilt and jewelled, and were furnished with thick cushions and tapestry embroidered with marvellous skill.

When the master gave a dinner party, the guests reclined upon these cushions, washed their hands in silver basins, and dried them with napkins fringed with purple; and having made a libation on the altar of Bacchus,† ate oysters brought from the shores of Britain, kids which were carved to the sound of music, and fruits served up on ice in the hottest days of summer. While the cup-bearers filled their golden cups with the rarest and most delicate wines in the world, other attendants crowned them with flowers wet with dew, and dancers executed the most graceful movements, and singers accompanied by the lyre poured forth an ode of Horace or of Anacreon.

After the banquet, a shower of scented water, thrown from invisible pipes, spread perfume over the apartment: and everything around, even the oil, and the lamps, and the jets of the

* Arabesque, a style of decoration in which the Arabians excelled, in which fruit, flowers, and other devices were interwoven with carved lines.

† "Libation on the altar of Bacchus," wine poured out in honor of the god of wine.



THE FORUM OF POMPEII.

fountain, shed forth the most grateful odor; and suddenly from the mosaic of the floor tables of rich dainties, of which we have at the present day no idea, arose, as if by magic, to stimulate the palled appetites of the revellers into fresh activity. When these had disappeared, other tables succeeded them, upon which senators, and consuls, and proconsuls gambled away prov-

inces and empires by the throw of dice; and last of all, the tapestry was suddenly raised, and young girls, lightly attired, wreathed with flowers, and bearing lyres in their hands, issued forth, and charmed sight and hearing by the graceful mazes of the dance.

One day, when festivities such as these were in full activity, Vesuvius sent up a tall and very black column of smoke, something like a pine-tree; and suddenly, in broad noonday, darkness black as pitch came over the scene! There was a frightful din of cries, groans, and imprecations, mingled confusedly together. The brother lost his sister, the husband his wife, the mother her child; for the darkness became so dense that nothing could be seen but the flashes which every now and then darted forth from the summit of the neighboring mountain. The earth trembled, the houses shook and began to fall, and the sea rolled back from the land as if terrified; the air became thick with dust; and then, amidst tremendous and awful noise, a shower of stones, scoriæ, and pumice* fell upon the town, and blotted it out for ever!

The inhabitants died just as the catastrophe found them—guests in their banquet-halls, brides in their chambers, soldiers at their post, prisoners in their dungeons, thieves in their theft, maidens at the mirror, slaves at the fountain, traders in their shops, students at their books. Some attempted flight, guided by blind people, who had walked so long in darkness that no thicker shadows could ever come upon them; but of these many were struck down on the way. When, a few days afterwards, people came from the surrounding country to the place, they found nought but a black, level, smoking plain, sloping to the sea, and covered thickly with ashes! Down, down beneath, thousands and thousands were sleeping "the sleep that knows no waking," with all their little pomps, and vanities, and frivolities, and pleasures, and luxuries, buried with them.

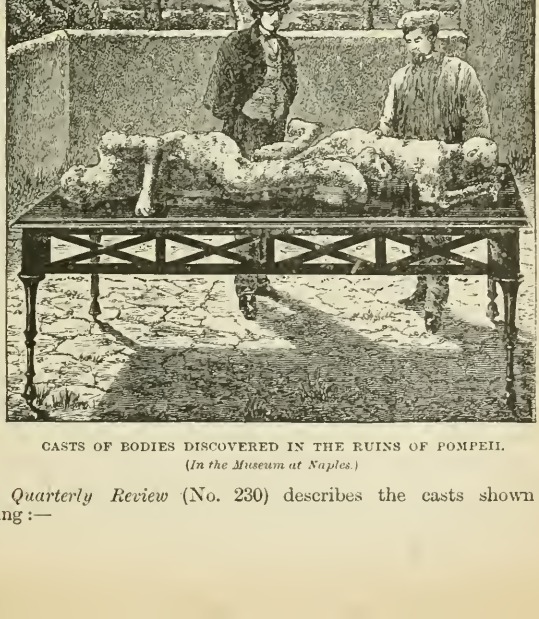
This took place on the 23rd of August, 79 A.D.; and the name of the town thus suddenly overwhelmed was POMPEII (*Pompā'ee*). Sixteen hundred and seventeen years afterwards, curious persons began to dig and excavate on the spot, and lo! they found the city very much as it was when overwhelmed. The houses were standing, the paintings were fresh, and the

* Scoriæ, the slaggy, vitreous lava sent forth by volcanoes. Pumice is a light, porous substance, like stony froth, found in all volcanic regions. It is used for polishing ivory, marble, glass, and metals.

skeletons stood in the very positions and the very places in which death had overtaken their owners so long ago!

The marks left by the cups of the tipplers still remained on the counters; the prisoners still wore their fetters, the belles their chains and bracelets; the miser held his hand on his hoarded coin; and the priests were lurking in the hollow images of their gods, from which they had uttered responses and deceived the worshippers. There were the altars, with the blood dry and crusted upon them; the stables in which the victims of the sacrifice were kept; and the hall of mysteries, in which were symbolic paintings.

The researches are still going on, new wonders are every day coming to light, and we soon shall have almost as perfect an idea of a Roman town in the first century of the Christian era as if we had walked the streets and gossiped with the idle loungers at the fountains. Pompeii is the ghost of an extinct civilization rising up before us. *Illustrated Magazine of Art.*



CASTS OF BODIES DISCOVERED IN THE RUINS OF POMPEII.
(In the Museum at Naples.)

[The *Quarterly Review* (No. 230) describes the casts shown in the engraving:—

"The most interesting of the casts is that of two women, probably mother and daughter, lying feet to feet. They appear from their garb to have been people of poor condition. The elder seems to lie tranquilly on her side. Overcome by the noxious gases, she probably fell and died without a struggle. Her limbs are extended, and her left arm drops loosely; on one finger is still seen her coarse iron ring. Her child was a girl of fifteen; she seems, poor thing, to have struggled hard for life. Her legs are drawn up convulsively; her little hands are clenched in agony. In one she holds her veil, or a part of her dress, with which she had covered her head, burying her face in her arm, to shield herself from the falling ashes and from the foul sulphurous smoke. The form of her head is perfectly preserved. The texture of her coarse linen garments may be traced, and even the fashion of her dress, with its long sleeves reaching to her wrists; here and there it is torn, and the smooth young skin appears in the plaster like polished marble. On her tiny feet may still be seen her embroidered sandals."]

THE CONDITION OF PREHISTORIC MAN.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK (b. 1834).

[The results of archæological research for the fifty years 1831–1881 were thus briefly summarized by Sir John Lubbock in his presidential address to the British Association, York, August 1881.]

Few branches of science have made more rapid progress in the last half century than that which deals with the ancient condition of man. When our Association was founded, it was generally considered that the human race suddenly appeared on the scene, about six thousand years ago, after the disappearance of the extinct mammalia, and when Europe, both as regards physical conditions and the other animals by which it was inhabited, was pretty much in the same state as in the period covered by Greek and Roman history. Since then the persevering researches of Layard, Rawlinson, Botta and others, have made known to us, not only the statues and palaces of the ancient Assyrian monarchs, but even their libraries; the cuneiform characters have been deciphered, and we can not only see, but read in the British Museum, the actual contemporary records, on burned clay cylinders, of the events recorded in the

historical books of the Old Testament and in the pages of Herodotus. The researches in Egypt also seem to have satisfactorily established the fact that the pyramids themselves are at least six thousand years old, while it is obvious that the Assyrian and Egyptian monarchies cannot suddenly have attained to the wealth and power, the state of social organization, and progress in the arts, of which we have before us, preserved by the sand of the desert from the ravages of man, such wonderful proofs.

In Europe, the writings of the earliest historians and poets indicate that, before iron came into general use, there was a time when bronze was the ordinary material of weapons, axes, and other cutting implements; and though it seemed *à priori* improbable that a compound of copper and tin should have preceded the simple metal iron, nevertheless the researches of archæologists have shown that there really was in Europe a "Bronze Age," which at the dawn of history was just giving way to that of "Iron."

The contents of ancient graves, buried in many cases so that their owners might carry some at least of their wealth with them to the world of spirits, have proved very instructive. More especially the results obtained by Nilsson in Scandinavia, by Hoare and Borlase, Bateman, Greenwell, and Pitt Rivers in our own country, and the contents of the rich cemetery at Hallstadt, left no room for doubt as to the existence of a Bronze Age; but we get a completer idea of the condition of man at this period from the Swiss lake-villages, first made known to us by Keller, and subsequently studied by Morlot, Troyon, Desor, Rütimeyer, Heer, and other Swiss archæologists. Along the shallow edges of the Swiss lakes there flourished, once upon a time, many populous villages or towns, built on platforms supported by piles, exactly as many Malayan villages are now. Under these circumstances innumerable objects were one by one dropped into the water; sometimes whole villages were burned, and their contents submerged; and thus we have been able to recover, from the waters of oblivion in which they had rested for more than two thousand years, not only the arms and tools of this ancient people, the bones of their animals, their pottery and ornaments, but the stuffs they wore, the grain they had stored up for future use, even fruits and cakes of bread.

But this bronze-using people were not the earliest occupants of Europe. The contents of ancient tombs give evidence of a

time when metal was unknown. This also was confirmed by the evidence then unexpectedly received from the Swiss lakes. By the side of the bronze-age villages were others, not less extensive, in which, while implements of stone and bone were discovered literally by thousands, not a trace of metal was met with. The shell-mounds or refuse-heaps accumulated by the ancient fishermen along the shores of Denmark, and carefully examined by Steenstrup, Worsaae, and other Danish naturalists, fully confirmed the existence of a "Stone Age."

We have still much to learn, I need hardly say, about this stone-age people, but it is surprising how much has been made out. Evans truly observes, in his admirable work on "Ancient Stone Implements," "that so far as external appliances are concerned, they are almost as fully represented as would be those of any existing savage nation by the researches of a painstaking traveller." We have their axes, adzes, chisels, borers, scrapers, and various other tools, and we know how they made and how they used them; we have their personal ornaments and implements of war; we have their cooking utensils; we know what they ate and what they wore; lastly, we know their mode of sepulture and funeral customs. They hunted the deer and horse, the bison and urus, the bear and the wolf, but the reindeer had already retreated to the north.

No bones of the reindeer, no fragment of any of the extinct mammalia have been found in any of the Swiss lake-villages, or in any of the thousands of tumuli which have been opened in our own country, or in Central and Southern Europe. Yet the contents of caves and of river-graves afford abundant evidence that there was a time when the mammoth and rhinoceros, the musk-ox and reindeer, the cave-lion and hyena, the great bear and the gigantic Irish elk wandered in our woods and valleys, and the hippopotamus floated in our rivers; when England and France were united, and the Thames and the Rhine had a common estuary. This was long supposed to be before the advent of man. At length, however, the discoveries of Boucher de Perthes in the valley of the Somme, supported as they are by the researches of many Continental naturalists, and in our own country those of MacEnery and Godwin Austen, Prestwich and Lyell, Vivian and Pengelly, Christy, Evans, and many more, have proved that man formed a humble part of this strange assembly.

Nay, even at this early period there were at least two distinct races of men in Europe; one of them, as Boyd-Dawkins has

pointed out, closely resembling the modern Esquimaux in form, in his weapons and implements, probably in his clothing, as well as in so many of the animals with which he was associated.

At this stage man appears to have been ignorant of pottery, to have had no knowledge of agriculture, no domestic animals except, perhaps, the dog. His weapons were the axe, the spear, and the javelin; I do not believe he knew the use of the bow, though he was probably acquainted with the lance. He was, of course, ignorant of metal; and his stone implements, though skilfully formed, were of quite different shapes from those of the second stone age, and were never ground. This earlier stone period, when man co-existed with these extinct mammalia, is known as the Palæolithic, or early stone age, in opposition to the Neolithic, or newer stone age.

The remains of the mammalia which co-existed with man in prehistoric times have been most carefully studied by Owen, Lartet, Rütimeyer, Falconer, Busk, Boyd-Dawkins, and others. The presence of the mammoth, the reindeer, and especially of the musk-ox, indicates a severe, not to say an Arctic, climate —the existence of which, moreover, was proved by other considerations; while, on the contrary, the hippopotamus requires considerable warmth. How then is this association to be explained?

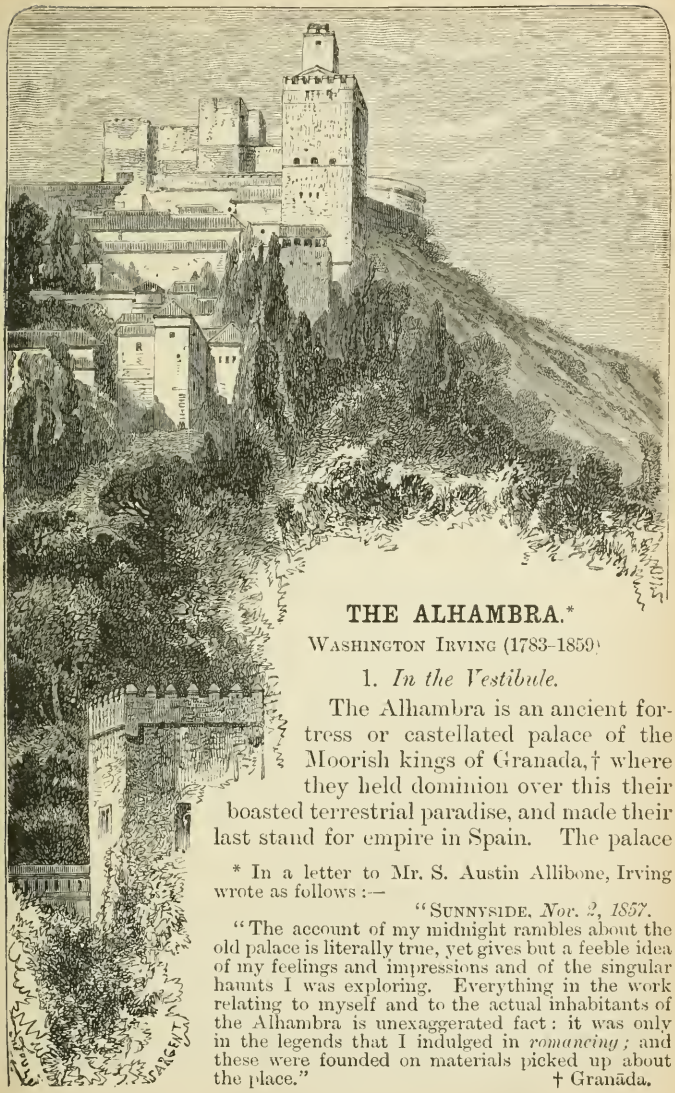
While the climate of the globe is no doubt much affected by geographical conditions, the cold of the glacial period was, I believe, mainly due to the eccentricity of the Earth's orbit combined with the oblique effects of precession of the ecliptic. The result of the latter condition is a period of twenty-one thousand years, during one half of which the northern hemisphere is warmer than the southern, while during the other ten thousand five hundred years the reverse is the case. At present we are in the former phase, and there is, we know, a vast accumulation of ice at the South Pole. But when the Earth's orbit is nearly circular, as it is at present, the difference between the two hemispheres is not very great; while on the contrary, as the eccentricity of the orbit increases, the contrast between them increases also. This eccentricity is continually oscillating within certain limits which Croll and subsequently Stone have calculated for the last million years. At present the eccentricity is ·016 and the mean temperature of the coldest month in London is about 40°. Such has been the state of things for nearly one hundred thousand years; but before that there was a period, beginning three

hundred thousand years ago, when the eccentricity of the orbit varied from ·26 to ·57. The result of this would be greatly to increase the effect due to the obliquity of the orbit. At certain periods the climate would be much warmer than at present, while at others the number of days in winter would be twenty more and of summer twenty less, than now, while the mean temperature of the coldest month would be lowered 20°. We thus get something like a date for the last glacial epoch, and we see that it is not simply a period of cold, but rather one of extremes, each beat of the pendulum of temperature lasting for no less than twenty-one thousand years. This explains the fact that, as Morlot showed in 1854, the glacial deposits of Switzerland, and, as we now know, those of Scotland, are not a single uniform layer, but a succession of strata indicating very different conditions. I agree also with Croll and Geikie in thinking that these considerations explain the apparent anomaly of the coexistence in the same gravels of Arctic and Tropical animals; the former having lived in the cold, while the latter flourished in the hot periods.

It is, I think, now well established that man inhabited Europe during the milder periods of the glacial epoch. Some high authorities, indeed, consider that we have evidence of his presence in pre-glacial and even in miocene times, but I confess that I am not satisfied on this point. Even the more recent period carries back the record of man's existence to a distance so great as altogether to change our views of ancient history.

Nor is it only as regards the antiquity and material condition of man in prehistoric times that great progress has been made. If time permitted, I should have been glad to have dwelt on the origin and development of language, of custom, and of law. On all of these the comparison of the various lower races still inhabiting so large a portion of the Earth's surface has thrown much light; while even in the most cultivated nations we find survivals, curious fancies, and lingering ideas—the fossil remains, as it were, of former customs and religions, embedded in our modern civilization, like the relics of extinct animals in the crust of the Earth.

Address to the British Association, August 1881.



THE ALHAMBRA.*

WASHINGTON IRVING (1783–1859)

1. *In the Vestibule.*

The Alhambra is an ancient fortress or castellated palace of the Moorish kings of Granada,† where they held dominion over this their boasted terrestrial paradise, and made their last stand for empire in Spain. The palace

* In a letter to Mr. S. Austin Allibone, Irving wrote as follows :—

"SUNNYSIDE, *Nov. 2, 1857.*

"The account of my midnight rambles about the old palace is literally true, yet gives but a feeble idea of my feelings and impressions and of the singular haunts I was exploring. Everything in the work relating to myself and to the actual inhabitants of the Alhambra is unexaggerated fact: it was only in the legends that I indulged in *romancing;* and these were founded on materials picked up about the place."

† Granāda.

occupies but a portion of the fortress, the walls of which, studded with towers, stretch irregularly round the whole crest of a lofty hill that overlooks the city and forms a spur of the Sierra Nevada, or "snowy mountain."

The great vestibule, or porch of the gate, is formed by an immense Arabian arch, of the horse-shoe form, which springs to half the height of the tower. On the key-stone of this arch is engraven a gigantic hand. Within the vestibule, on the key-stone of the portal, is sculptured, in like manner, a gigantic key. Those who pretend to some knowledge of Mahometan symbols affirm that the hand is the emblem of doctrine, and the key of faith. The latter, they add, was emblazoned on the standard of the Moslems when they subdued Andalusia, in opposition to the Christian emblem of the Cross. A different explanation, however, was given by the legitimate son of the Alhambra, and one more in unison with the notions of the common people, who attach something of mystery and magic to everything Moorish, and have all kinds of superstitions connected with this old Moslem fortress.

According to Mateo, it was a tradition handed down from the oldest inhabitants, and which he had from his father and grandfather, that the hand and the key were magical devices on which the fate of the Alhambra depended. The Moorish king who built it was a great magician, or, as some believed, had sold himself to the devil, and had laid the whole fortress under a magic spell. By this means it had remained standing for several hundred years, in defiance of storms and earthquakes, while almost all other buildings of the Moors had fallen to ruin and disappeared. This spell, the tradition went on to say, would last until the hand on the outer arch should reach down and grasp the key, when the whole pile would tumble to pieces, and all the treasures buried beneath it by the Moors would be revealed.

2. *The Alhambra by Moonlight.*

The moon has gradually gained upon the night, and now rolls in full splendor above the towers, pouring a flood of tempered light into every court and hall. The garden beneath my window is gently lighted up; the orange and citron trees are tipped with silver; the fountain sparkles in the moonbeams, and even the blush of the rose is faintly visible.

I have sat for hours at my window, inhaling the sweetness of the garden, and musing on the chequered fortunes of those

whose history is dimly shadowed out in the elegant memorials around. Sometimes I have issued forth at midnight, when everything was quiet, and have wandered over the whole building. Who can do justice to a moonlight night in such a climate and in such a place? The temperature of an Andalusian midnight in summer is perfectly ethereal. We seem lifted up into a purer atmosphere; there is a serenity of soul, a buoyancy of spirits, an elasticity of frame, that renders mere existence enjoyment. The effect of moonlight, too, on the Alhambra, has something like enchantment. Every rent and chasm of time, every mouldering tint and weather-stain disappears; the marble resumes its original whiteness; the long colonnades brighten in the moonbeams; the halls are illuminated with a softened radiance, until the whole edifice reminds one of the enchanted palace of an Arabian tale.

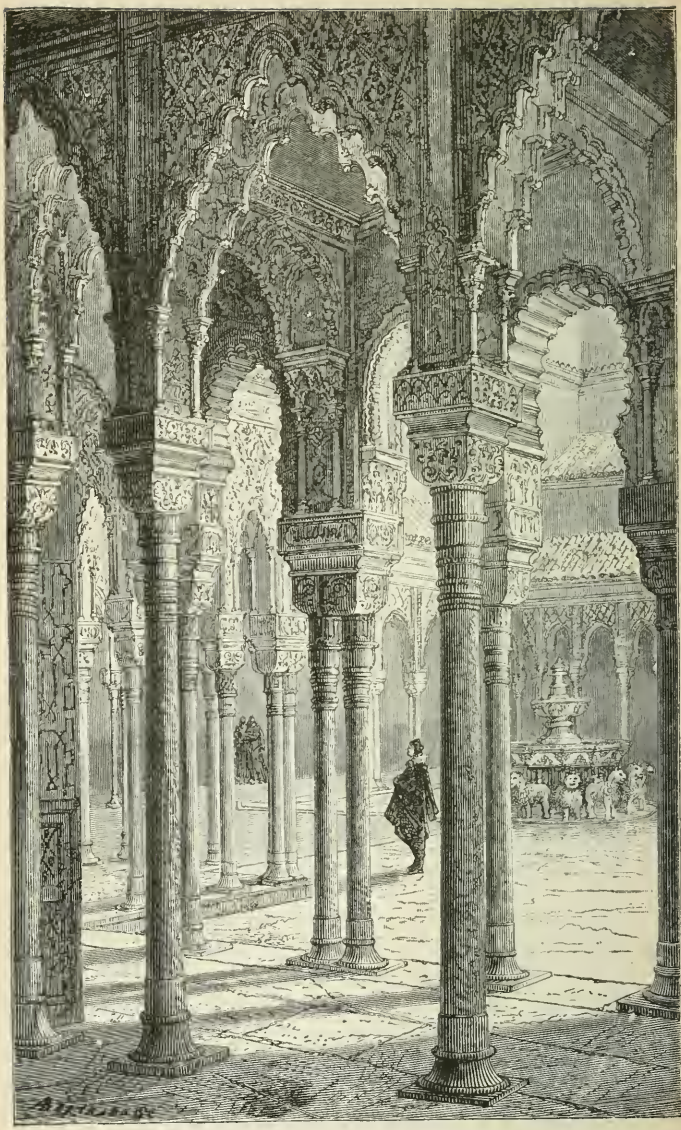
At such a time I have ascended to the little pavilion called the Queen's Toilet, to enjoy its varied and extensive prospect. To the right, the snowy summits of the Sierra Nevada would gleam like silver clouds against the darker firmament, and all the outlines of the mountain would be softened, yet delicately defined. My delight, however, would be to lean over the parapet of the tocador,* and gaze down upon Granada, spread out like a map below me; all buried in deep repose, and its white palaces and convents sleeping, as it were, in the moonshine.

3. *The Court of Lions.*

The peculiar charm of this old dreamy palace is its power of calling up vague reveries and picturings of the past, and thus clothing naked realities with the illusions of the memory and the imagination. As I delight to walk in these "vain shadows," I am prone to seek those parts of the Alhambra which are most favorable to this phantasmagoria† of the mind; and none are more so than the Court of Lions and its surrounding halls. Here the hand of Time has fallen the lightest, and the traces of Moorish elegance and splendor exist in almost their original brilliancy. Earthquakes have shaken the foundations of this pile, and rent its rudest towers; yet see! not one of those slender columns has been displaced, not an arch of that light and fragile colonnade has given way; and all the fairy fretwork of these domes, apparently as unsubstantial as the

* Dressing-room.

† Literally, "an assembling of phantasms" or "illusions."



THE COURT OF LIONS, THE ALHAMBRA.

crystal fabrics of a morning's frost, yet exist after the lapse of centuries, almost as fresh as if from the hand of the Moslem artist. I write in the midst of these mementoes of the past, in the fresh hour of early morning, in the fated hall of the Abencerrages.* The blood-stained fountain, the legendary monument of their massacre, is before me; the lofty jet almost casts its dew upon my paper. How difficult to reconcile the ancient tale of violence and blood with the gentle and peaceful scene around! Everything here appears calculated to inspire kind and happy feelings, for everything is delicate and beautiful. The very light falls tenderly from above, through the lantern of a dome tinted and wrought as if by fairy hands. Through the ample and fretted arch of the portal I behold the Court of Lions, with brilliant sunshine gleaming along its colonnades and sparkling in its fountains. The lively swallow dives into the Court, and then, surging upwards, darts away twittering over the roofs; the busy bee toils humming among the flower-beds; and painted butterflies hover from plant to plant, and flutter up and sport with each other in the sunny air. It needs but a slight exertion of the fancy to picture some pensive beauty of the harem loitering in these secluded haunts of Oriental luxury.

He, however, who would behold this scene under an aspect more in unison with its fortunes, let him come when the shadows of evening temper the brightness of the Court, and throw a gloom into the surrounding halls. Then nothing can be more serenely melancholy, or more in harmony with the tale of departed grandeur.

At such times I am apt to seek the Hall of Justice, whose deep shadowy arcades extend across the upper end of the Court. Here was performed, in presence of Ferdinand and Isabella and their triumphant court, the pompous ceremonial of high mass, on taking possession of the Alhambra. The very cross is still to be seen upon the wall where the altar was erected, and where officiated the Grand Cardinal of Spain, and others of the highest religious dignitaries of the land. I picture to myself the scene when this place was filled with the conquering host, that mixture of mitred prelate and shaven monk, and steel-clad knight and silken courtier; when crosses and crosiers and religious

*Aben'cerāge (four syllables)—plural, Abencerages or Abencerrages—a noble Moorish family of Granada, between which and the Zegris a deadly feud existed, ending in the tragical extinction of the former at the Alhambra in the time of Abu-Hassan (1466-1484).

standards were mingled with proud armorial ensigns and the banners of the haughty chiefs of Spain, and flaunted in triumph through these Moslem halls. I picture to myself Columbus, the future discoverer of a world, taking his modest stand in a remote corner, the humble and neglected spectator of the pageant. I see in imagination the Catholic sovereigns prostrating themselves before the altar, and pouring forth thanks for their victory, while the vaults resounded with sacred minstrelsy and the deep-toned Te Deum.

The transient illusion is over; the pageant melts from the fancy; monarch, priest, and warrior return into oblivion, with the poor Moslems over whom they exulted. The hall of their triumph is waste and desolate. The bat flits about its twilight vault, and the owl hoots from the neighboring tower of Comares.

On entering the Court of Lions, a few evenings since, I was startled at beholding a turbaned Moor quietly seated near the fountain! It seemed for a moment as if one of the superstitions of the place were realized, and some ancient inhabitant of the Alhambra had broken the spell of centuries and become visible.

The Alhambra (1832).

THE FLIGHT OF THE HOURS.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792–1822).

["Vivid, and touched with a wild, inimitable grace."—R. CHAMBERS.]

Demogorgon. Behold!

Asia. The rocks are cloven, and through the purple night
I see cars drawn by rainbow-wingëd steeds,
Which trample the dim winds; in each there stands
A wild-eyed charioteer urging their flight.
Some look behind, as fiends pursued them there,
And yet I see no shapes but the keen stars:
Others, with burning eyes, lean forth, and drink
With eager lips the wind of their own speed,
As if the thing they loved fled on before,
And now, even now, they clasped it. Their bright locks
Stream like a comet's flashing hair: they all
Sweep onward.

Demogorgon. These are the Immortal Hours,
Of whom thou didst demand. One waits for thee.

Prometheus Unbound, act ii.

CAPTURE OF MONTEZUMA.

(A.D. 1519.)

SIR ARTHUR HELPS (1813-1875).

[Through his deep antagonism to slavery, Helps had been naturally led to a special study of the Spanish conquests in America; and in 1847 he closely collated manuscript sources of information at Madrid. As the fruits of these and of earlier studies appeared "The Spanish Conquest in America" (four vols., 1855, 1857, 1861). The exceeding conscientiousness of the narrative excluded the picturesque effects which in other hands the romantic expeditions of Cortez and Pizarro have yielded.

Ruskin has in his "Modern Painters" acknowledged his indebtedness to Helps' writings: "There are things which I hope are said more clearly and simply than before, owing to the influence upon me of the beautiful quiet English of Helps."—Vol. iii., Appendix.]

The Spanish general then turned the discourse to the affair of Almeria and to the loss of the Spaniards under Escalante,* in which a certain unfortunate cacique† was concerned, whose name, as corrupted by Spanish pronunciation, was Qualpopoca. Cortez, who, as Bernal Diaz says, "did not care a chestnut about the matter," made it out to be a concern of the most serious nature. He was answerable, he declared, to his king for the Spaniards who had been killed; and Qualpopoca had said that it was by Montezuma's orders he had committed this assault. The monarch immediately took from his wrist a sort of seal, bearing the effigy of the Mexican god of war, and giving it in charge to some of his attendants, ordered that they should go to the scene of this skirmish between the Spaniards and his people, that they should inquire into the matter, and bring Qualpopoca bound before him.

This was a very prompt procedure, and Cortez thanked the monarch for it, but said that until the matter was cleared up Montezuma must come and live with the Spaniards in their quarters; which, it is almost needless to add, they had taken care to make a strong post of. The Spanish general begged Montezuma not to be annoyed at this request, saying that he was not to be a prisoner, but was to conduct his government as before, and that he should occupy what apartments he pleased, and, indeed, that he would have the Spaniards, in addition to his own attendants, to serve him in whatsoever he should command.

* Pronounced as a quadrisyllable.

† Cacique (French, from Mexican), pr. *ka-seek*, Indian chief.

But it may be conjectured that all these soothing words were not even heard by the Mexican monarch, who sat stupified by the vast audacity of the demand. Here was a man into whose eyes other men had not ventured to look, who was accustomed, when rarely he moved from his palace, to see the crowd prostrate themselves before him as he went along, as if he were indeed a god who never set foot upon the ground: and now, in his own palace, undefeated, not bound, with nothing to prepare him by degrees for such a fearful descent of dignity, he was asked by a few strangers whom he had sought to gain by hospitality, and to whom he had just given rich presents, to become their prisoner in the very quarters which he had himself graciously appointed for their entertainment! It is a large assertion to make of anything that it is the superlative of its kind; but it must, I think, be admitted that the demand of Cortez was the most audacious that was ever made, and showed an impudence (there is no other fitting word) which borders upon the heroic. At this day, though we have all known the story from childhood, it seems as if it were a new thing, and we still wonder what Montezuma will say in reply to Cortez.

The monarch's answer, when he could speak at all, was the following:—"I am not one of those persons who are put in prison. Even if I were to consent, my subjects would never permit it."

Cortez urged his reasons why Montezuma should adopt the course proposed by the Spaniards; but as these reasons were based upon falsehood, it is no wonder that even in the opinion of one of his followers he should have appeared to have the worse of the argument. This controversy lasted some time, and Cortez himself speaks of the prolixity of the discourse, and betrays all the insolence of a conqueror when he declares that it is needless to give account of all that passed, as not being substantial to the case.

Meanwhile the peril of the Spaniards was increasing, and the patience of these fierce men was fast passing away, when one of them, a man with a harsh voice, exclaimed, "What is the use of all these words? Let him yield himself our prisoner, or we will this instant stab him. Wherefore tell him that if he cries out, or makes disturbance, we must kill him; for it is more important in this conjuncture that we should secure our own lives than lose them." Montezuma turned to Donna Marina for the meaning of this fierce utterance, and we cannot but be glad that

it was a woman who had to interpret these rough words to the falling monarch, and even to play the part of counsellor as well as interpreter. She begged him to go with the Spaniards without any resistance; for she said she knew that they would honor him much, like a great lord as he was, and that on the other side lay the danger of immediate death.

The unfortunate Montezuma now made a last effort to obviate the dire indignity. He said, "My Lord Malinché, may this please you:—I have one son and two daughters legitimate. Take them as hostages, and do not put this affront upon me. What will my nobles say if they see me borne away as a prisoner?" But Cortez was not the man to swerve in the least from his purpose, and he said that Montezuma must come with them, and that no other thing would do.

The monarch was obliged to yield. It is said, and is not improbable, that he was urged to declare that he acted thus in obedience to a response given by Huitzilopochtli, the Mexican god of war, though this was hardly the fitting deity to choose as the imputed instrument of such ignoble counsel.

Orders were instantly given to prepare apartments for Montezuma in the Spanish quarters. The Mexican nobles, whose duty it was to bear his litter, came at his bidding, and prepared themselves, barefooted, with their accustomed humility, and with more than their accustomed affection, to place the litter on their shoulders. But as all pomp and state, even in the mightiest monarchies, requires some time for arrangement and preparation, it appears that the equipage itself was but a poor one. And so, in a sorry manner, borne on by his weeping nobles, and in deep silence, Montezuma quitted his palace, never to return, and moved toward the Spanish quarters. On his way he encountered throngs of his faithful subjects, who, though they could hardly be aware of what the transaction meant, would, at the slightest nod of the monarch, have thrown themselves upon the swords of the Spaniards, in all the plenitude of devotion of a people who believed in their king as the greatest of men, and as the vicegerent of their gods on earth.

But no such signal came. Slowly and silently the litter passed onward; and it must have been with strange misgivings that the people saw their monarch encompassed by those whom they had long known to be their enemies—the Tlascalan allies of Cortez—and by a strange race of bearded, armed men, who seemed, as it were, to have risen from the earth to appal their

nobles and to affront their religion. This is an unparalleled transaction. There is nothing like it, I believe, in the annals of the world.

The Spanish Conquest in America, chap. v.

MAN THE GREAT DESTROYER.

JOHN RUSKIN (b. 1819).

Nearly every great and intellectual race of the world has produced, at some period of its career, an art with some peculiar and precious character about it, wholly unattainable by any other race, and at any other time; and the intention of Providence concerning that art is evidently that it should all grow together into one mighty temple—the rough stones and the smooth all finding their place, and rising, day by day, in richer and higher pinnacles to heaven. Now, just fancy what a position the world, considered as one great workroom—one great factory in the form of a globe—would have been in by this time if it had in the least understood this duty, or been capable of it. Fancy what we should have had around us now if, instead of quarrelling and fighting over their work, the nations had aided each other in their work; or if even in their conquests, instead of effacing the memorials of those they succeeded and subdued, they had guarded the spoils of their victories. Fancy what Europe would be now if the delicate statues and temples of the Greeks, if the broad roads and massy walls of the Romans, if the noble and pathetic architecture of the middle ages, had not been ground to dust by mere human rage. You talk of the scythe of Time, and the tooth of Time. I tell you Time is scytheless and toothless; it is we who gnaw like the worm—we who smite like the scythe. It is ourselves who abolish—ourselves who consume; we are the mildew and the flame, and the soul of man is to its own work as the moth that frets when it cannot fly, and as the hidden flame that blasts where it cannot illumine. All these lost treasures of human intellect have been wholly destroyed by human industry of destruction. The marble would have stood its two thousand years as well in the polished state as in the Parian cliff; but we men have ground it to powder, and mixed it with our own ashes. The walls and the ways would have stood—it is we who have left not one stone upon another, and restored its

pathlessness to the desert. The great cathedrals of old religion would have stood—it is we who have dashed down the carved-work with axes and hammers, and bid the mountain-grass bloom upon the pavement; and the sea-winds chant in the galleries. You will perhaps think all this was somehow necessary for the development of the human race. I cannot stay now to dispute that, though I would willingly; but do you think it is *still* necessary for that development?

Political Economy of Art (1858).

THE ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH SONNET.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

To an Englishman one of the chief interests of the study of Italian literature is derived from the fact that between England and Italy an almost uninterrupted current of intellectual intercourse has been maintained throughout the last five centuries. The English have never, indeed, at any time been slavish imitators of the Italians; but Italy has formed the dreamland of the English fancy, inspiring poets with their most delightful thoughts, supplying them with subjects, and implanting in their minds that sentiment of southern beauty which, ingrafted on our more passionately imaginative northern nature, has borne rich fruit in the works of Chaucer, Spenser, Marlowe, Shakspeare, Milton, and the poets of this century.

It is not strange that Italy should thus in matters of culture have been the guide and mistress of England. Italy, of all the European nations, was the first to produce high art and literature in the dawn of modern civilization. Italy was the first to display refinement in domestic life, polish of manners, civilities of intercourse. In Italy the commerce of courts first developed a society of men and women educated by the same traditions of humanistic culture.* In Italy the principles of government were first discussed and reduced to theory. In Italy the zeal for the classics took its origin; and scholarship, to which we owe our mental training, was at first the possession of almost none but Italians. It therefore followed that during the age of the Renaissance† any man of taste or genius who desired to share the newly-discovered privilege of learning had to seek

* Literary refinement.

† Renaissance (French; the English form is, "renascence"), the period of the Franco-Italian wars (1494–1557) during which French art and literature were Italianized.

Italy. Every one who wished to be initiated into the secrets of society or philosophy had to converse with Italians, in person or through books. Every one who was eager to polish his native language, and to render it the proper vehicle of poetic thought, had to consult the masterpieces of Italian literature. To Italians the courtier, the diplomatist, the artist, the student of state-craft and of military tactics, the political theorist, the merchant, the man of laws, the man of arms, and the churchman turned for precedents and precepts. The nations of the north, still torpid and somnolent in their semi-barbarism, needed the magnetic touch of Italy before they could awake to intellectual life.....

Between Chaucer and Surrey the Muse of England fell asleep; but when in the latter half of the reign of Henry VIII. she awoke again, it was as a conscious pupil of the Italian that she attempted new strains and essayed fresh metres. "In the latter end of Henry VIII.'s reign," says Puttenham (1589 A.D.), "sprang up a new company of courtly makers, of whom Sir T. Wyatt the elder, and Henry, Earl of Surrey, were the two chieftains, who, having travelled into Italy, and there tasted the sweet and stately measures and style of the Italian poesy, as novices newly crept out of the schools of Dante, Ariosto, and Petrarch, they greatly polished our rude and homely manner of vulgar poesy from that it had been before, and for that cause may justly be said to be the first reformers of our English metres and style." The chief point in which Surrey imitated his "master Francis Petrarcha" was in the use of the sonnet. He introduced this elaborate form of poetry into our literature; and how it has thriven with us the masterpieces of Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Keats, Rossetti attest. As practised by Dante and Petrarch, the sonnet is a poem of fourteen lines, divided into two quatrains and two triplets, so arranged that the two quatrains repeat one pair of rhymes, while the two triplets repeat another pair. Thus an Italian sonnet of the strictest form is composed upon four rhymes, interlaced with great art. But much divergence from this rigid scheme of rhyming was admitted even by Petrarch, who not unfrequently divided the six final lines of the sonnet into three couplets, interwoven in such a way that the last two lines never rhymed.*

Sketches and Studies in Southern Europe (1880).

* The order of rhymes runs thus: *a, b, b, a; a, b, b, a; c, d, e, d, c, d;*—or in the terzets, *c, d, e; c, d, e;* or *c, d, e: d, c, e;* and so forth.

A CLUSTER OF SONNETS.

[Much discussion has recently arisen among critics on the question, "What constitutes a sonnet?" There is an ever-increasing disposition in modern poetry, while generally respecting the rule of fourteen pentameter lines, to depart from the strict canon of rhyme-combinations. The *Athenæum*, February 28, 1882, thus lays down the law of the sonnet: "Structurally, the sonnet is a poem (decasyllabic properly) of fourteen lines, all of which in one type of sonnet and eight of which in another type rhyme according to a prescribed and recognized form. The lines of a sonnet may be arranged (on the authority of Shakspeare and Drayton) in three quatrains clinched by a couplet; or else in an octave of two rhymes and a sestet of two or three rhymes, as in the so-called Petrarchan form." This strict canon would at once reduce to the rank of mere fourteen-line poems many of the so-called sonnets of S. T. Coleridge, Charles (Tennyson) Turner, Sydney Dobell, etc. The artistic conception of the Petrarchan sonnet is beautifully expressed and illustrated by Theodore Watts in "The Sonnet's Voice."]

1. *The Sonnet's Voice.*

THEODORE WATTS.

(A metrical lesson by the sea-shore.)

You silvery billows breaking on the beach
  Fall back in foam beneath the starshine clear,
  The while my rhymes are murmuring in your ear
A restless lore like that the billows teach;
For on these sonnet waves my soul would reach
  From its own depths and rest within you, dear,
  As through the billowy voices yearning here
Great Nature strives to find a human speech.

A sonnet is a wave of melody:—
  From soundless gulfs of the impassioned soul
  A billow of heart music one and whole
Flows in the "octave;" then, returning free,
  Its ebbing surges in the "sestet" roll
Back to the deeps of life's tumultuous sea.

Athenæum, September 17, 1881.

2. *On the Sonnet.*

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850).

[This example would fall under the "Shakspearean" sonnet, though employing fewer rhymes than Shakspeare usually does. Affixing to those lines which rhyme together the same letters of the alphabet, we should get the following rhyme-combinations: *a, b, b, a; a, c, c, a; d, e, d, e; f, f*, or in all six rhymes. Shakspeare in Sonnet xxxii. employs eight rhymes.]

Scorn not the sonnet; critic, you have frowned,
  Mindless of its just honors. With this key
  Shakspeare unlocked his heart; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;

A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
Camoens soothed with it an exile's grief;
The sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow; a glowworm lamp,
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Fairy-land
To struggle through dark ways; and when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!

3. *On the Sonnet.*

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770–1850).

[Here, on the other hand, Wordsworth uses the true Petrarchan form, the rhyme-combinations in which are *a, b, b, a; a, b, b, a; c, d, d, c; e, d;* so that this sonnet is constructed on only four rhymes. The student will now find it instructive to return to the previous sonnet and contrast the effect upon his ear. As a rule, those sonnets ring their chimes longest in the memory that have the fewest rhymes.]

Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room,
And hermits are contented with their cells,
And students with their pensive citadels;
Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom,
Sit blithe and happy; bees that soar for bloom
High as the highest peak of Furness Fells
Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells:
In truth, the prison unto which we doom
Ourselves no prison is; and hence to me,
In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound
Within the sonnet's scanty plot of ground;
Pleased if some souls (for such there needs must be)
Who have felt the weight of too much liberty
Should find brief solace there, as I have found.

4. *To Vaucluse.*

THOMAS RUSSELL (1762–1788).

[Petrarch, the great master of the sonnet, has immortalized the valley of Vaucluse as the home of Laura, who was the constant subject of his verse. The lady usually identified with Laura fell a victim to the plague in 1348.]

What though, Valclusa, the fond bard be fled
That wooed his fair in thy sequestered bowers,
Long loved her living, long bemoaned her dead,
And hung her visionary shrine with flowers?
What though no more he teach thy shades to mourn
The hapless chances that to love belong,

FOUNTAIN OF VAUCLUSE, NEAR AVIGNON (FRANCE).

As erst, when drooping o'er her turf forlorn,
He charmed wild Echo with his plaintive song?
Yet still, enamored of the tender tale,
Pale Passion haunts thy grove's romantic gloom;
Yet still soft music breathes in every gale;
Still undecayed the fairy garlands bloom;
Still heavenly incense fills each fragrant vale—
Still Petrarch's genius weeps o'er Laura's tomb.

5. *A Match with the Moon.*

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI (1828–1882).

[The opening lines of this famous sonnet recall the poet's long sufferings from sleeplessness. He attempted to obtain relief by the use of chloral hydrate, and he speedily fell a victim to this insidious drug.]

Weary already, weary miles to-night
I walked for bed: and so to get some ease
I dogged the flying moon with similes;
And like a wisp she doubled on my sight

In ponds; and caught in tree-tops like a kite;
And in a globe of film all vaporish
Swam full-faced like a silly silver-fish;—
Last, like a bubble shot the welkin's height
Where my road turned, and got behind me, and sent
My wizened shadow craning round at me,
And jeered, "So, step the measure—one, two, three!"
And if I faced on her, looked innocent.
But just at parting, half way down a dell,
She kissed me for good-night. So you'll not tell.

6. *Weary.*

MRS. FANNY KEMBLE (b. 1811).

["This sonnet once read will not easily be forgotten."—*Athenæum.*]

Art thou already weary of the way?
Thou hast yet but half the way gone o'er:
Get up, and lift thy burden; lo, before
Thy feet the road goes stretching far away.
If thou already faint, who hast but come
Through half thy pilgrimage, with fellows gay.
Love, Youth, and Hope, under the rosy bloom
And temperate airs of early-breaking day—
Look yonder, how the heavens stoop and gloom:
There cease the trees to shade, the flowers to spring,
And the angels leave thee; what wilt thou become
Through yon drear stretch of dismal wandering,
Lonely and dark?—I shall take courage, friend,
For comes not every step more near the end?

7. *President Garfield.**

H. W. LONGFELLOW (1807–1882).

"I came from martyrdom unto this peace."

These words the poet heard in Paradise,
Uttered by one† who, bravely dying here
In the true faith, was living in that sphere
Where the celestial cross of sacrifice
Spread its protecting arms athwart the skies;
And set thereon, like jewels crystal clear,
The souls magnanimous, that knew not fear,
Flashed their effulgence on his dazzled eyes.

* President Garfield was shot July 2, 1881: he was released from suffering on September 19th. The line which Longfellow makes his text is borrowed from Dante's *Paradiso.* It forms the last line of canto xv.

† Cacciaguida, Dante's ancestor in the twelfth century.

Ah me! how dark the discipline of pain,
Were not the suffering followed by the sense
Of infinite rest and infinite release!
This is our consolation; and again
A great soul cries to us in our suspense,
"I came from martyrdom unto this peace!"

In the Harbor (1882).

8. *Antiphonic Sonnet.*

EDMUND W. GOSSE (b. 1849).

[The theme, which is taken from Greek mythology, is the sorrow of Alcyonë for the loss of her husband Cēyx. The *Athenæum* (November 1879) pronounces this sonnet to be "a gem without a flaw." In reading, the change of speaker should be sufficiently indicated by appropriate intonation.]

Phœbus. What voice is this that wails above the deep?
Alcyone. A wife's, that mourns her fate and loveless days.
Phœbus. What love lies buried in these water-ways?
Alcyone. A husband's, hurried to eternal sleep.
Phœbus. Cease, O belovëd, cease to wail and weep!
Alcyone. Wherefore?
Phœbus. The waters in a fiery blaze
Proclaim the godhead of my healing rays.
Alcyone. No god can sow where Fate hath stood to weep.
Phœbus. Hold, wringing hands! Cease, piteous tears, to fall!
Alcyone. But grief must rain and glut the passionate sea.
Phœbus. Thou shalt forget this ocean and thy wrong,
And I will bless the dead, though past recall.
Alcyone. What canst thou give to me or him in me?
Phœbus. A name in story, and a light in song!

New Poems (1879).

9. *Affliction.*

AUBREY DE VERE (b. 1814).

Count each affliction, whether light or grave,
God's messenger sent down to thee: do thou
With courtesy receive him; rise and bow,
And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
Permission first his heavenly feet to lave;
Then lay before him all thou hast: allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
Or mar thy hospitality; no wave
Of mortal tumult to obliterate
The soul's marmoreal calmness: grief should be
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate,
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free;
Strong to consume small trouble, to command
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end.

THE DISCOVERIES OF CHARLES DARWIN.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, F.R.S. (b. 1834).

[The following luminous statement of Darwin's discoveries in natural history is extracted from Sir John Lubbock's address as President to the British Association, delivered at York, August 1881.]

Fifty years ago, it was the general opinion that animals and plants came into existence just as we now see them. We took pleasure in their beauty; their adaptation to their habits and mode of life in many cases could not be overlooked or misunderstood. Nevertheless, the book of Nature was like some richly illuminated missal written in an unknown tongue. The graceful forms of the letters, the beauty of the coloring, excited our wonder and admiration, but of the true meaning little was known to us; indeed, we scarcely realized that there was any meaning to decipher. Now glimpses of the truth are gradually revealing themselves. We perceive that there is a reason—and in many cases we know what that reason is—for every difference in form, in size, and in color; for every bone and every feather, almost for every hair. Moreover, each problem which is solved opens out vistas, as it were, of others perhaps even more interesting. With this important change, the name of our illustrious countryman, Darwin, is intimately associated, and the year 1859 will always be memorable in science as having produced his work on "The Origin of Species." In the previous year he and Wallace had published short papers, in which they clearly state the theory of natural selection, at which they had simultaneously and independently arrived. We cannot wonder that Darwin's views should have at first excited great opposition. Nevertheless, from the first they met with powerful support, especially in this country, from Hooker, Huxley, and Herbert Spencer. The theory is based on four axioms:—

"1. That no two animals or plants in nature are identical in all respects. 2. That the offspring tend to inherit the peculiarities of their parents. 3. That of those which come into existence, only a small number reach maturity. 4. That those which are, on the whole, best adapted to the circumstances in which they are placed, are most likely to leave descendants."

Darwin commenced his work by discussing the causes and extent of variability in animals and the origin of domestic varieties: he showed the impossibility of distinguishing between

varieties and species, and pointed out the wide differences which man has produced in some cases, as, for instance, in our domestic pigeons, all unquestionably descended from a common stock. He dwelt on the struggle for existence (since become a household word), which, inevitably resulting in the survival of the fittest, tends gradually to adapt any race of animals to the conditions in which it occurs.

While thus, however, showing the great importance of natural selection, he attributed to it no exclusive influence, but fully admitted that other causes—the use and disuse of organs, sexual selection, etc.—had to be taken into consideration. Passing on to the difficulties of his theory, he accounted for the absence of intermediate varieties between species, to a great extent, by the imperfection of the geological record. Here, however, I must observe that, as I have elsewhere remarked, those who rely on the absence of links between different species really argue in a vicious circle, because wherever such links do exist, they regard the whole chain as a single species. The dog and jackal, for instance, are now regarded as two species, but if a series of links were discovered between them, they would be united into one. Hence in this sense there never can be links between any two species, because as soon as the links are discovered, the species are united. Every variable species consists, in fact, of a number of closely connected links.

But if the geological record be imperfect, it is still very instructive. The further palæontology has progressed, the more it has tended to fill up the gaps between existing groups and species; while the careful study of living forms has brought into prominence the variations dependent on food, climate, habitat, and other conditions, and shown that many species long supposed to be absolutely distinct are so closely linked together by intermediate forms that it is difficult to draw a satisfactory line between them.

The principles of classification point also in the same direction, and are based more and more on the theory of descent. Biologists endeavor to arrange animals on what is called the "natural system." No one now places whales among fish, bats among birds, or shrews with mice, notwithstanding their external similarity; and Darwin maintained that "community of descent was the hidden bond which naturalists had been unconsciously seeking." How else, indeed, can we explain that the framework of bones is so similar in the arm of a man, the wing of a bat,

the fore leg of a horse, and the fin of a porpoise, that the neck of a giraffe and that of an elephant contain the same number of vertebræ?

Strong evidence is, moreover, afforded by embryology; by the presence of rudimentary organs and transient characters,—as, for instance, the existence in the calf of certain teeth which never cut the gums, the shrivelled and useless wings of some beetles, the presence of a series of arteries in the embryos of the higher vertebrata exactly similar to those which supply the gills in fishes, even the spots on the young blackbird, the stripes on the lion's cubs: these and innumerable other facts of the same character appear to be incompatible with the idea that each species was specially and independently created, and to prove, on the contrary, that the embryonic stages of species show us more or less clearly the structure of their ancestors.

Darwin's views, however, are still much misunderstood. I believe there are thousands who consider that according to his theory a sheep might turn into a cow, or a zebra into a horse. No one would more confidently withstand any such hypothesis, his view being, of course, not that the one could be changed into the other, but that both are descended from a common ancestor.

No one, at any rate, will question the immense impulse which Darwin has given to the study of natural history, the number of new views he has opened up, and the additional interest which he has aroused in, and contributed to, biology. When we were young, we knew that the leopard had spots, the tiger was striped, and the lion tawny; but why this was so it did not occur to us to ask; and if we had asked, no one could have answered. Now, we see at a glance that the stripes of the tiger have reference to its life among jungle-grasses; the lion is sandy like the desert; while the markings of the leopard resemble spots of sunshine glancing through the leaves. Again, Wallace, in his charming essays on natural selection, has shown how the same philosophy may be applied even to birds' nests—how, for instance, open nests have led to the dull color of hen birds; the only British exception being the kingfisher, which, as we know, nests in river-banks. Lower still, among insects, Weismann has taught us that even the markings of caterpillars are full of interesting lessons; while, in other cases, specially among butterflies, Bates has made known to us the curious phenomena of mimicry.

NOTES ON THE BIRDS OF THE NORTH-WEST.

JOHN MACOUN, M.A., F.L.S, Official Naturalist and Explorer (Government of Canada), late Professor of Botany, Albert University, Belleville.

The Thrushes are represented by seven species, which have their homes either in the thick forest or in the thickets bordering on the prairie. The Cat-bird, Robin, and Hermit Thrush are very common, and are found everywhere. The Shore Lark and Lapland Longspur are very common on the prairies in September and October, and are frequently taken for Snow Buntings. While passing along the trail, the traveller will see these birds running before him in the ruts; and when he approaches too near they rise up and fly some distance ahead, keeping this up for miles.

While going up or down a river, the Bank and Cliff Swallows are often seen in myriads circling around. The former, where the bank is alluvium, often perforate it to the depth of two or three feet; while the latter will cover the hard face of a clay cliff with thousands of nests, and as you glide past, from every nest one or more heads are protruded to gaze on the passing stranger. The Red-eyed Vireo fills the forest with its song, and were it not carefully watched would be taken for a variety of birds, as it has quite a variety of notes in its song.

The Finches are well represented by both forest and prairie species. Many of these birds are very beautiful, especially the Evening and Rose-breasted Grossbeaks. These birds live in the thick forests, and the song of the latter is often heard answering that of the Baltimore Oriole, which breeds in the same localities. On the plains near Old Wives' Lakes the White-winged Blackbird and the Missouri Skylark are common, and will at once attract the attention—the former by its uncommon plumage, and the latter by its peculiar flight, which might correctly be termed undulating.

Of all the birds on the prairie none will attract more attention than the Cow-birds. As they build no nests, they are great travellers, often keeping with a train of carts crossing the trackless plains for weeks together. Both in 1879 and 1880, while travelling without a trail, these birds have kept with us for weeks. While on the march they would fly alongside the carts and light in the grass, and immediately pounce on any grasshopper which lit near them. In July, when Bull-dogs (*Gadflies*) were troublesome, these birds would sit on the horses' backs and pick them off.

Manitoba and the Great North-West (1882).

THE SWALLOWS.

CHARLES SANGSTER (b. 1822).

I asked the first stray swallow of the spring,
"Where hast thou been through all the winter drear?
Beneath what distant skies didst fold thy wing
Since thou wast with us here,
When Autumn's withered leaves foretold the passing year?"

And it replied, "Whither has Fancy led
The plumy thoughts that circle through thy brain
Like birds about some mountain's lofty head,
Singing a sweet refrain?
There, without bound, I've been, and must return again."

Hesperus, and other Poems (1860).

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF THE CRAYFISH.

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY, F.R.S., Professor of Natural History in the Royal School of Mines, London, Inspector of Fisheries, etc. (b. 1825).

Restricting our attention to the phenomena which have now been described, and to a short period in the life of the crayfish, the body of the animal may be regarded as a factory, provided with various pieces of machinery, by means of which certain nitrogenous and other matters are extracted from the animal and vegetable substances which serve for food, are oxidated, and are then delivered out of the factory in the shape of carbonic acid gas, guanite, and probably some other products with which we are at present unacquainted. And there is no doubt that if the total amount of products given out could be accurately weighed against the total amount of materials taken in, the weight of the two would be found to be identical. To put the matter in its most general shape, the body of the crayfish is a sort of focus to which certain material particles converge, in which they move for a time, and from which they are afterwards expelled in new combinations. The parallel between a whirlpool in a stream and a living being, which has often been drawn, is as just as it is striking. The whirlpool is permanent, but the particles of water which constitute it are incessantly changing. Those which enter it on the one side are whirled around and temporarily constitute a part of its individuality, and as they leave it on the other side their places are made good by new-comers.

Those who have seen the wonderful whirlpool three miles below the Falls of Niagara will not have forgotten the heaped-up wave which tumbles and tosses, a very embodiment of restless energy, where the swift stream, hurrying from the falls, is compelled to make a sudden turn towards Lake Ontario. However changeful in the contour of its crest, this wave has been visible, approximately in the same place, and with the same general form, for centuries past. Seen from a mile off, it would appear to be a stationary hillock of water. Viewed closely, it is a typical expression of the conflicting impulses generated by a swift rush of material particles.

Now, with all our appliances, we cannot get within a good many miles, so to speak, of the crayfish. If we could, we should see that it was nothing but the constant form of a similar

turmoil of material molecules, which are constantly flowing into the animal on the one side, and streaming out of the other.

The chemical changes which take place in the body of the crayfish are doubtless, like other chemical changes, accompanied by the evolution of heat. But the amount of heat thus generated is so small, and, in consequence of the conditions under which the crayfish lives, it is so easily carried away, that it is practically insensible. The crayfish has approximately the temperature of the surrounding medium, and it is therefore reckoned among the cold-blooded animals.

If our investigation of the results of the process of alimentation in a well-fed crayfish were extended over a longer time—say a year or two—we should find that the products given out were no longer equal to the materials taken in, and the balance would be found in the increase in the animal's weight. If we inquired how the balance was distributed, we should find it partly in store, chiefly in the shape of fat, while in part it had been spent in increasing the plant and in enlarging the factory; that is to say, it will have supplied the material for the animal's growth. And this is one of the most remarkable respects in which the living factory differs from those which we construct. It not only enlarges itself, but, as we have seen, it is capable of executing its own repairs to a very considerable extent.

If the hand is brought near a vigorous crayfish, free to move in a large vessel of water, it will generally give a vigorous flap with its tail, and dart backwards out of reach; but if a piece of meat is gently lowered into the vessel, the crayfish will sooner or later approach and devour it.

If we ask why the crayfish behaves in this fashion, every one has an answer ready. In the first case, it is said that the animal is aware of danger, and therefore hastens away; in the second, that it knows that meat is good to eat, and therefore walks towards it and makes a meal. And nothing can seem to be simpler or more satisfactory than these replies, until we attempt to conceive clearly what they mean; and then the explanation, however simple it may be admitted to be, hardly retains its satisfactory character.

For example, when we say that the crayfish is "aware of danger," or "knows that meat is good to eat," what do we mean by being aware, and knowing? Certainly it cannot be meant that the crayfish says to himself, as we do, "This is dangerous,"

"That is nice;" for the crayfish, being devoid of language, has nothing to say either to himself or any one else. And if the crayfish has not language enough to construct a proposition, it is obviously out of the question that his actions should be guided by a logical reasoning process, such as that by which a man would justify similar actions. The crayfish assuredly does not first frame the syllogism, "Dangerous things are to be avoided: that hand is dangerous; therefore it is to be avoided," and then act upon the conclusion thus logically drawn.

But it may be said that children, before they acquire the use of language, and we ourselves, long after we are familiar with conscious reasoning, perform a great variety of perfectly rational acts unconsciously. A child grasps at a sweetmeat, or cowers before a threatening gesture, before it can speak; and any one of us would start back from a chasm opening at our feet, or stoop to pick up a jewel from the ground, without thinking about it. And, no doubt, if the crayfish has any mind at all, his mental operations must more or less resemble those which the human mind performs without giving them a spoken or an unspoken verbal embodiment.

If we analyze these, we shall find that in many cases distinctly felt sensations are followed by a distinct desire to perform some act, which act is accordingly performed; while in other cases the act follows the sensation without one being aware of any other mental process; and in yet others there is no consciousness even of the sensation. As I wrote these last words, for example, I had not the slightest consciousness of any sensation of holding or guiding the pen, although my fingers were causing that instrument to perform exceedingly complicated movements. Moreover, experiments upon animals have proved that consciousness is wholly unnecessary to the carrying out of many of those combined movements by which the body is adjusted to varying external conditions.

Under these circumstances it is really quite an open question whether a crayfish has a mind or not. Moreover, the problem is an absolutely insoluble one, inasmuch as nothing short of being a crayfish would give us positive assurance that such an animal possesses consciousness. And, finally, supposing the crayfish has a mind, that fact does not explain its acts, but only shows that, in the course of their accomplishment, they are accompanied by phenomena similar to those of which we are aware in ourselves under like circumstances.

THE TEST OF A TRULY GREAT MAN.

JOHN RUSKIN (b. 1819).

I believe the first test of a truly great man is his humility. I do not mean by humility doubt of his own power, or hesitation of speaking his opinions, but a right understanding of the relation between what *he* can do and say and the rest of the world's sayings and doings. All great men not only know their business, but usually know that they know it; and are not only right in their main opinions, but they usually know that they are right in them: only they do not think much of themselves on that account. Arnolfo knows he can build a good dome at Florence; Albert Dürer writes calmly to one who has found fault with his work, "It cannot be better done;" Sir Isaac Newton knows that he has worked out a problem or two that would have puzzled anybody else: only they do not expect their fellow-men therefore to fall down and worship them.* They have a curious under-sense of powerlessness, feeling that the greatness is not *in* them but *through* them, that they could not do or be anything else than God made them; and they see something divine and God-made in every other man they meet, and are endlessly, foolishly, incredibly merciful.

Modern Painters.

OUR FATHERS.

Hon. JOSEPH HOWE (1804-1873).

[Written by the Hon. Joseph Howe for the Industrial Exhibition of Nova Scotia, November, 1854.]

Room for the dead! Your living hands may pile
  Treasures of Art the stately tents within;
Beauty may grace them with her richest smile,
  And Genius here spontaneous plaudits win:
But yet, amidst the tumult and the din
  Of gathering thousands, let me audience crave.
Place claim I for the dead! 'Twere mortal sin,
  When banners o'er our country's treasures wave,
  Unmarked to leave the wealth safe garnered in the grave.

* Arnolfo di Colle, Italian sculptor and architect (1232-1300); Albrecht Dürer, German painter and engraver (1471-1528); Sir Isaac Newton, the great English astronomer and mathematician (1642-1727).

The fields may furnish forth their lowing kine,
  The forest spoils in rich abundance lie,
The mellow fruitage of the clustered vine
  Mingle with flowers of every varied dye;
Swart artisans their rival skill may try,
  And, while the rhetorician wins the ear,
The pencil's graceful shadows charm the eye:
  But yet, do not withhold the grateful tear
  For those, and for their works, who are not here.

Not here? Oh yes, our hearts their presence feel:
  Viewless, not voiceless, from the deepest shells
On Memory's shore, harmonious echoes steal;
  And names which in the days gone by were spells
Are blent with that soft music. If there dwells
  The spirit here our country's fame to spread,
While every breast with joy and triumph swells,
  And earth reverb'rates to our measured tread,
  Banner and wreath should own our reverence for the dead.

Look up! their walls enclose us. Look around!
  Who won the verdant meadows from the sea?
Whose sturdy hands the noble highways wound
  Through forests dense, o'er mountain, moor, and lea?
Who spanned the streams? Tell me whose works they be,
  The busy marts where commerce ebbs and flows?
Who quelled the savage? And who spared the tree
  That pleasant shelter o'er the pathway throws?
  Who made the land they loved to blossom as the rose?

Who in frail barks the ocean surge defied,
  And trained the race that live upon the wave?
What shore so distant where they have not died?
  In every sea they found a watery grave.
Honor for ever to the true and brave
  Who seaward led their sons with spirits high,
Bearing the red-cross flag their fathers gave;
  Long as the billows flout the arching sky
  They 'll seaward bear it still—to venture, or to die!

The Roman gathered in a stately urn
  The dust he honored; while the sacred fire,
Nourished by vestal hands, was made to burn
  From age to age. If fitly you 'd aspire,

Honor the dead, and let the sounding lyre
Recount their virtues in your festal hours;
Gather their ashes; higher still and higher
Nourish the patriot flame that history dowers:
And o'er the old men's graves go strew your choicest flowers.

THE ABANDONMENT OF THE U.E. LOYALISTS.

W. E. H. Lecky (b. 1838).

The part of the treaty* with England which excited most severe criticism was the abandonment of the Loyalists. These unfortunate men had, indeed, a claim of the very strongest kind to the protection of England, for they had lost everything in her cause. Some had simply fled from the country before mob violence, and had been attainted in their absence. Others had actually taken up arms, and they had done so at the express invitation of the English government and of English generals. Their abandonment was described by nearly all the members of the Opposition as an act of unqualified baseness, which would leave an enduring stain on the English name. "What," said Lord North, "are not the claims of those who, in conformity to their allegiance, their cheerful obedience to the voice of Parliament, their confidence in the proclamation of our generals, invited under every assurance of military, parliamentary, political, and affectionate protection, espoused with the hazard of their lives, and the forfeiture of their properties, the cause of Great Britain?"

It had hitherto nearly always been the custom to close a struggle which partook largely of the nature of civil war, by a generous act of amnesty and restitution. At the Peace of Münster† a general act of indemnity had been passed, and the partisans of the Spanish sovereign had either regained their confiscated properties or had been indemnified for their loss. A similar measure had been enacted in favor of the revolted

* Treaty of Versailles, 1783, by which the United States were recognized as an Independent and Sovereign Power.

† The treaties here quoted were concluded as follows:—Peace of Münster (Treaty of Westphalia), October 24, 1648; Peace of the Pyrenees, November 7, 1659; Peace (Treaty) of Utrecht, April 11, 1713; Treaty of Versailles, September 3, 1783.

Catalans * by France at the Peace of the Pyrenees, and by England at the Peace of Utrecht, and Spain had frankly conceded it. The case of the American Loyalists was a still stronger one, and the Opposition emphatically maintained that the omission of any effectual provision for them in the Treaty of Versailles, "unless marked by the just indignation of Parliament, would blast for ever the honor of this country."

This charge does not appear to me to be a just one. It is evident from the correspondence which has now been published, that Shelburne,† from the very beginning of the negotiation, did all that was in his power to obtain the restoration of the Loyalists to their civil rights and to their properties. He directed Oswald to make their claims an article of the first importance. He repeatedly threatened to break off the whole negotiation if it were not conceded, and he suggested more than one way in which it might be accomplished. Savannah and Charleston had, indeed, been evacuated; but New York was in the hands of the English till the Peace, and they might reasonably ask for a compensation to the Loyalists as the price of its surrender. A vast amount of territory to the south of Canada and to the east of the Mississippi had been conceded to the United States, to which they had very little claim, and it was proposed by the English that lands in the uninhabited country should be sold, and that a fund should be formed to compensate the Loyalists. Vergennes ‡ strenuously supported Shelburne, and urged as a matter of justice and humanity, that the Americans should grant an amnesty and a restoration. As far as can now be judged, his motives appear to have been those of a humane and honorable man. He knew that the Loyalists represented the real opinions of a very large section of the American people, and that he was himself mainly responsible for their ruin. If France had not drawn the sword, there is little doubt that they would still have been the leading class in America. The intervention, however, of Vergennes

* English pron., Cat'-alan; Spanish, Catalan'; an inhabitant of Catalonia, a province of N.E Spain.

† William Petty, Earl of Shelburne (1761), and Marquis of Lansdowne (1805), was Foreign Secretary, March–July, 1782, and First Lord of the Treasury, July, 1782–April, 1783.

‡ Charles Gravier, Count de Vergennes (1717–1787), became in 1774 Minister of Foreign Affairs. In behalf of France he concluded with England's revolted colonies a Treaty of Commerce (December 8, 1777), and a Treaty of Alliance (February 6, 1778).

was attributed by Jay and Adams to the most malevolent and Machiavellian * motives, and the time had passed when a French minister could greatly influence American councils. The commissioners took their stand upon the constitutional ground that Congress had no power to grant what was demanded, for the Loyalists had been attainted by particular acts of particular State legislatures, and it was only these legislatures that could restore them. That there was no disposition in America to do so they honestly admitted. Franklin, whose own son was a distinguished and very honorable Loyalist, was conspicuous for his vindictiveness against the class; and he even tried to persuade the English negotiators that the Loyalists had no claim upon England, for their misrepresentations had led her to prolong the war.

A History of England in the 18th Century (vol. iv., 1882).

SONG.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly;
Then heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly;
Then heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

SHAKSPEARE: *As You Like It*, act ii., scene 7.

* "Crafty, perfidious." Machiavelli, a Florentine writer of the fifteenth century, justified double-dealing in princes.

ORILLIA MEMORIES.

HENRY SCADDING, D.D. (b. 1813).

[The York Pioneers directed their annual excursion of June 1882 to Orillia, on Lake Couchiching (Ontario), where they were welcomed by the Mayor and Council. To the address of welcome the Pioneers replied through Dr. Scadding, who, by his *Toronto of Old*, and by his contributions to the *Journal of the Canadian Institute*, has greatly promoted antiquarian research in the Province of Ontario.]

"All roads lead to Rome," the old proverb said; and somewhat so, if not all, yet many of the old lines of communication seem to have led to this quarter, which was known as the Place of Meeting, the Place of Concourse, the Otoronton, or, for brevity, the Toronto, where the Wyandots and other tribes did congregate, tilling the soil and ceasing to be nomad to a very great extent, until the region was laid waste by the Iroquois from the other side of Lake Ontario, and the population were in part massacred and in part dispersed to the west, east, and south. It was, as we know, wholly from its relation to this well-peopled region that Fort Rouillé, down near the mouth of the Humber, where a trail from this quarter terminated, came to be popularly called Fort Toronto. That fort or trading post was a depôt of traffic for the region up here, and therefore derived its popular but unofficial name from this quarter. Hence those of us who live in Toronto always visit this spot, and the shores of Lake Simcoe generally, with peculiar feelings of curiosity, and even of veneration. "Search out your ancient mother," said the old oracle. We obey it, and track up to this spot the origin of our name and the commencing point of our existence as an emporium of trade and commerce. Lake Simcoe, as we know, is marked on the old maps as Lake Toronto. Matchedash Bay was the Bay of Toronto; the River Humber was the Toronto River; and the water connection round by Balsam and Sturgeon Lakes the Otonabee. Rice Lake, Trent, and Bay of Quinte were also in general terms the Toronto River, receiving a branch trail, *viâ* the Seugog waters, from the mouth of Smith's Creek, or Port Hope, which was once known as Teiaiagon—that is, the Portage; a name applied also on the maps to the site of Toronto, for a like reason, because it was the place of debarkation for the portage to Lake Toronto (that is, Lake Simcoe), the common point of convergence, as I have said, from time immemorial, of hunting and trading parties from the east, west, north, and south.

You wisely appreciate the historical character of your neighborhood. It is not merely the trees, the fields, the lakes, the streams, the rocks, the hills that make us regard with fondness the place of our birth or the scene of our daily life; but it is also the memory of the events that have there occurred, and the men who have there lived and done worthy deeds. This is what gives its undying charm to every nook and corner of old England, old Ireland, and old Scotland, and binds their sons and daughters to the soil of their birth with such love and fidelity.

> "Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself has said,
> This is my own, my native land?" *

The more links and ties of homely native history we can establish and maintain in every locality, the more interest and pride we shall feel in our great Dominion; and the more likely will it be that our children and descendants in all future time will respond with a real patriotism to the poet's appeal.

Yes, without doubt, Champlain, more than two centuries and a half ago—namely, in 1615, when Shakspeare was still in the enjoyment of life and vigor at Stratford-on-Avon—Champlain, the chivalrous organizer of French Canada and founder of Quebec, traversed the waters of your Lake after accomplishing his wonderful second journey all the way up the St. Lawrence from Quebec—up nearly the whole length of the Ottawa—across to Lake Nipissing, down the perilous leaps of French River, and thence through the long labyrinth of rocky isles which fringe the north-east shore of Georgian Bay.

Doubtless Champlain was to be seen pacing up and down in that beautiful sunny glade yonder, through which we passed just now, immediately after crossing the Narrows—pacing up and down full of care for the success of the daring expedition which he was about to undertake at the head of a few French soldiers and an undisciplined following of Huron braves, against the Iroquois in their own home, in the very heart of the present State of New York; passing for that purpose in a vast fleet of canoes the narrows of Lake Toronto, then across to Talbot River, and through the portages to Balsam Lake, and down the tedious series of the other black lakes, all the way to the River Trent and the Bay of Quinte;—an expedition,

* Quoted from Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, canto vi., stanza 1.

alas! in which he was doomed to undergo terrible disasters, and a sad loss of prestige with his Huron *protégés.**

Many other brave and daring souls besides Champlain have, in times past, breathed—at all events for a while—the pure and invigorating air of this distinguished spot. I will not dwell upon the Jesuit fathers, so many of whom, between the years 1633 and 1649, labored here, and suffered death here, not only at the hands of the invading Iroquois, but also at the hands of the Hurons themselves, who began to attribute ill-luck and disease to their presence amongst them. The history of these intrepid members of the Order of St. Ignatius Loyola is well known. I need but name Jean de Brébeuf, Gabriel Lalemant, Charles Garnier, Isaac Jogues, Francis Joseph Bressani—heroic characters every one of them.

And then there was La Salle, the dauntless, resolute seigneur or feudal lord of Fort Frontenac and its dependent territory. He certainly was here when on his expedition by this route to the Mississippi. His previous expedition with the same object in view, which he then failed to attain, had been by way of Lake Erie and the Ohio. But now he was successful. This was in the year 1680, when a famous comet was flaming in the sky, filling men's hearts with fear in Europe as well as here; although La Salle apparently did not thus superstitiously regard it, but simply made a note in his journal of its appearance. That La Salle visited these parts we learn from himself.

In 1764 a man of note passed this way, and made an interesting record of the fact—Alexander Henry, famous for perils undergone at Michilimackinac in connection with the Indian rising under Pontiac, and for his captivity among the Indians; and distinguished for great intrepidity, enterprise, and tact, as shown in his celebrated work, now a classic in our historical series, "Travels and Adventures in Canada, between the years 1760 and 1776."

In 1836 Mrs. Jameson, the distinguished authoress, art-critic, and traveller, visited this spot. In her "Summer Rambles in Canada" (ii. 237), she says: "We went on a shooting and fishing excursion to Lake Couchiching, and to see the beautiful rapids of the River Severn, the outlet of these lakes to Lake Huron. If I had not exhausted all my superlatives of delight," she says, "I could be eloquent on the charms of this exquisite little lake and the wild beauty of the rapids."

* Pronounce, *pro-te-zhay'*—persons under the protection or care of another.

STUDIES IN SHAKSPEARE:—KING JOHN AND HENRY VIII.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE (b. 1837).

[The poet Swinburne has made valuable contributions to the highest class of literary criticism. His *Essay on Blake* (1867), *Note on Charlotte Brontë*, and *A Study of Shakspeare* (1880) are familiar to critics. To the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* his contributions already include a valuable monograph on *Beaumont and Fletcher*. These literary studies are pursued on original lines of thought; and though they are often poetry in prose, they are quite free from the rankness and extravagance that disfigure some of his poems. The following selection is from *A Study of Shakspeare*.]

On a lower degree only than this final and imperial work (*Henry IV.* and *Henry V.*), we find the two chronicle histories, *King John* and *Henry VIII.*, which remain to be classed. In style as in structure they bear witness of a power less perfect, a less impeccable hand. They have less of perceptible instinct, less of vivid and vigorous utterance; the breath of their inspiration is less continuous and less direct, the fashion of their eloquence is more deliberate and more prepense; there is more of study and structure apparent in their speech, and less in their general scheme of action. Of all Shakspeare's plays they are the most rhetorical: there is more talk than song in them, less poetry than oratory; more finish than form, less movement than incident. Scene is laid upon scene, and event succeeds event, as stone might be laid on stone and story might succeed story in a building reared by mere might of human handiwork; not as in a city or temple whose walls had risen of themselves to the lyric breath and stroke of a greater than Amphīon,* moulded out of music by no rule or line of mortal measure, with no sound of axe or anvil, but only of smitten strings, built by harp and not by hand.

The lordly structure of these poems is the work of a royal workman, full of masterdom and might, sublime in the state and strength of its many mansions, but less perfect in proportion and less aërial in build than the very highest fabrics fashioned after their own great will by the supreme architects of song. Of these plays, and of these alone among the maturer works of Shakspeare, it may be said that the best parts are discernible from the rest, divisible by analysis and separable by memory from the scenes which precede them or follow, and the characters which surround them or succeed. Constance and Katherine rise up into remembrance apart from their environment and above

* Amphīon, in Greek mythology, the minstrel whose lyre charmed to their places the stones that formed the walls of Thebes.

it, stand clear in our minds of the crowded company with which the poet has begirt his central figures. In all other of his great tragic works—even in *Hamlet*, if we have grace and sense to read it aright and not awry—it is not of any single person or separate passage that we think when we speak of it; it is to the whole masterpiece that the mind turns at mention of its name. The one entire and perfect chrysolite of *Othello* is neither Othello nor Desdemona nor Iago, but each and all; the play of *Hamlet* is more than Hamlet himself, the poem even here is too great to be resumëd in the person. But Constance is the jewel of *King John*, and Katherine is the crowning blossom of *King Henry VIII.*;—a funeral flower as of "marigolds on death-beds blowing;" an opal of as pure pure water as "tears of perfect moan,"* with fitful fire at its heart, ominous of evil and sorrow, set in a mourning band of jet on the fore front of the poem, that the brow so circled may, "like to a title leaf, foretell the nature of a tragic volume."† Not, indeed, that without these the ground would in either case be barren; but that in either field our eye rests rather on these and other separate ears of wheat that overtop the ranks than on the waving width of the whole harvest at once. In the one play our memory turns next to the figures of Arthur and the Bastard; in the other to those of Wolsey and his king. The residue in either case is made up of outlines more lightly and slightly drawn. In two scenes the figure of King John rises indeed to the highest height even of Shakspearean tragedy: for the rest of the play, the lines of his character are cut no deeper, the features of his personality stand out in no sharper relief, than those of Eleanor or the French king; but the scene (act iii., scene 3) in which he tempts Hubert to the edge of the pit of hell sounds a deeper note and touches a subtler string in the tragic nature of man than had been struck by any poet, save Dante alone, since the reign of the Greek tragedians.

ACT III., SCENE 3. *Scene—Near Angiers.*

Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR,‡ ARTHUR,§ HUBERT,‖ *and* Lords.

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.
K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,

* Quoted from Milton, *Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester*, 55.
† Quoted from 2 Henry IV., act i., scene 1.
‡ Widow of Henry II. and mother of King John.
§ Son of Geoffrey, elder brother of King John, and therefore rightful heir to the throne. ‖ Hubert de Burgh, chamberlain to King John.

We owe thee much! within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherishëd.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—
But I will fit it with some better time.
By Heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet,
But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say,—but let it go:
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton and too full of gawds*
To give me audience: if the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound on into the drowsy race of night;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessëd with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that surly spirit, Melancholy,
Had baked thy blood, and made it heavy thick,
Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, Laughter, keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,—
A passion hateful to my purposes;
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit,† alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;—
Then, in despite of brooded‡ watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
But, ah, I will not!—yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By Heaven, I would do it.

K. John. Do not I know thou wouldst?—
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

* Gawds (Lat. *gaudium*, joy), joyous scenes. † Thought.
‡ Vigilant as a bird sitting on its brood.

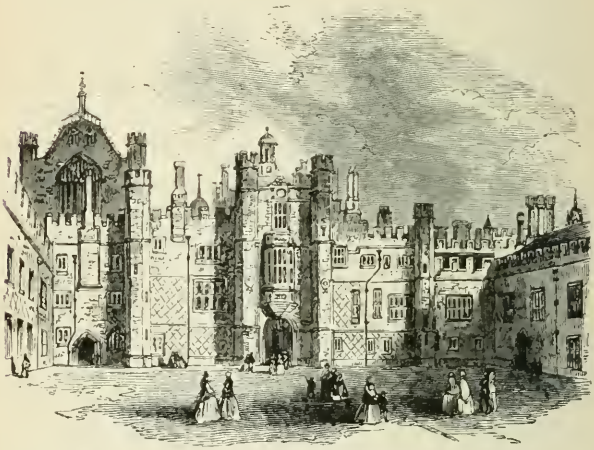
Hub. And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.
K. John. Death.
Hub. My lord?
K. John. A grave.
Hub. He shall not live.
K. John. Enough.
I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;—
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember.—Madam, fare you well:
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.
Eli. My blessing go with thee!
K. John. For England, cousin, go:
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho! [*Exeunt.*

The cunning and profound simplicity of the few last weighty words, which drop like flakes of poison, that blister where they fall from the deadly lips of the king, is a new quality in our tragic verse. There was no foretaste of such a thing in the passionate imagination which clothed itself in the mighty music of Marlowe's burning song. The elder master might, indeed, have written the magnificent speech which ushers in with gradual rhetoric and splendid reticence the black suggestion of a deed without a name,—his hand might have woven with no less imperial skill the elaborate raiment of words and images which wraps up in fold upon fold, as with swaddling bands of purple and golden embroidery, the shapeless and miscreated birth of a murderous purpose that labors into light even while it loathes the light and itself; but only Shakspeare could give us the first sample of that more secret and terrible knowledge which reveals itself in the brief, heavy whispers that seal the commission and sign the warrant of the king.

I am not minded to say much of Shakspeare's Arthur.* There are one or two figures in the world of his work of which there are no words that would be fit or good to say. Another of these is Cordelia.† The place they have in our lives and thoughts is not one for talk; the niche set apart for them to inhabit in our secret hearts is not penetrable by the lights and noises of common day. There are chapels in the cathedral of man's highest art, as in that of his inmost life, not made to be set open to the eyes and feet of the world. Love and Death and

* The famous scene with Hubert has been given in the *Fourth Reader.*
† The faithful and devoted daughter of King Lear.

Memory keep charge for us in silence of some beloved names. It is the crowning glory of genius, the final miracle and transcendent gift of poetry, that it can add to the number of these, and engrave on the very heart of our remembrance fresh names and memories of its own creation. *A Study of Shakspeare* (1880).



HAMPTON COURT PALACE, ERECTED BY CARDINAL WOLSEY.

TWO SCENES FROM SHAKSPEARE'S HENRY VIII.

ACT III., SCENE 2: WOLSEY (*alone*).

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.

Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new opened. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspéct of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have:
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Act IV., Scene 2.

The Death of Queen Katharine.

["The crowning glory of the whole poem—the death-scene of Katharine, a scene on which the only criticism ever passed, the only commendation ever bestowed by the verdict of successive centuries, has been that of tears and silence."—Swinburne.]

Katharine, Dowager, *sick;* Griffith, *and* Patience.

(*Sad and solemn music.*)

Grif. She is asleep: good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her;—softly, gentle Patience.
Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone,
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?
Grif. Madam, we are here.
Kath. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter, since I slept?
Grif. None, madam.
Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessëd troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promised me eternal happiness;
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,
Assuredly.
Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.
Kath. Bid the music leave;
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*
Pat. Do you note,
How much her grace is altered on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks,
And of an earthy cold? Mark her eyes!
Grif. She is going, wench; pray, pray.
Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your grace,—
Kath. You are a saucy fellow:

Deserve we no more reverence?

Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behavior: go to, kneel.

Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon:
My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: but this fellow
Let me ne'er see again.

[*Exeunt* Griffith *and* Messenger.

Re-enter Griffith, *with* Capucius.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same; your servant.

Kath. O my lord,
The times and titles now are altered strangely
With me since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physic, given in time, had cured me;
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banished the kingdom!—Patience, is that letter,
I caused you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, madam. [*Giving it to Kath.*

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king,—

Cap. Most willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter:—
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!—
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding
(She is young, and of a noble, modest nature;
I hope she will deserve well); and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that loved him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition

Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have followed both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow
(And now I should not lie), but will deserve,
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have them.
The last is, for my men,—they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw them from me.—
That they may have their wages duly paid them,
And something over to remember me by:
If Heaven had pleased to have given me longer life,
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents:—and, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.

Cap. By Heaven, I will;
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness:
Say, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world: tell him, in death I blessed him,
For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim. Farewell,
My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed;
Call in more women. When I am dead, good wench.
Let me be used with honor: strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth: although unqueened, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more.

SHAKSPEARE'S WORD-MASTERY.

JOHN RUSKIN (b. 1819).

In the highest poetry, there is no word so familiar but a great man will bring good out of it; or rather it will bring good to him, and answer some end for which no other word would have done equally well. A common person, for instance, would be mightily puzzled to apply the word "whelp" to any one with a view of flattering him. There is a certain freshness and energy

in the term which gives it agreeableness; but it seems difficult, at first hearing it, to use it complimentarily. If the person spoken of be a prince, the difficulty seems increased; and when, further, he is at one and the same moment to be called a "whelp" and complimented as a hero, it seems that a common idealist might well be brought to a pause! But hear Shakspeare do it:—

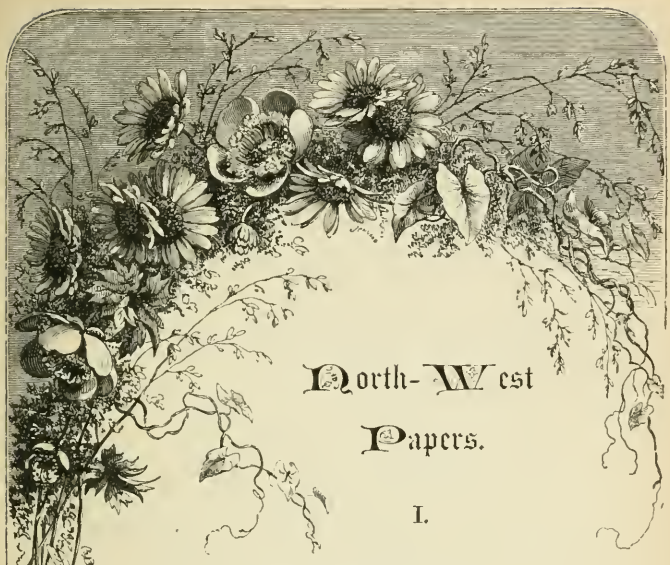
"Invoke his warlike spirit,
And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground played a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France,
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling, to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility." (*Henry V.*, act i. scene 2.)

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess
(Howe'er you come to know it), answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches: though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up. (*Macbeth*, iv. 1.)

Few people, comparatively, have ever seen the effect on the sea of a powerful gale continued without intermission for three or four days and nights; and to those who have not, I believe it must be unimaginable, not from the mere force or size of surge, but from the complete annihilation of the limit between sea and air. The water from its prolonged agitation is beaten, not into mere creaming foam, but into masses of accumulated yeast.....

The "yesty waves" of Shakspeare have made the likeness familiar, and probably most readers take the expression as merely equivalent to "foamy;" but Shakspeare knew better. Sea-foam does not, under ordinary circumstances, last a moment after it is formed, but disappears in a mere white film. But the foam of a prolonged tempest is altogether different; it is "whipped" foam—thick, permanent, and, in a foul or discolored sea, very ugly, especially in the way it hangs about the tops of the waves, and gathers into clotted concretions before the driving wind. The sea looks truly working or fermenting.

Modern Painters.



North-West Papers.

I.

1. *An Audible Aurora.*

SAMUEL HEARNE (1745-1792).

Dec. 24, 1771.

We shaped a course more to the southward, and on the 24th arrived at the north side of the great Athapuscow [Athabasca] Lake. In our way we saw many Indian deer, and beaver were very plentiful, many of which the Indians killed; but the days were so short that the sun took a circuit of only a few points of the compass above the horizon, and did not, at its greatest altitude, rise halfway above the trees. The brilliancy of the *aurora borealis*, however, and of the stars, even without the assistance of the moon, made some amends for that deficiency: for it was frequently so light all night that I could see to read a very small print. The Indians make no difference between night and day when they are hunting beaver; but those nocturnal lights are always found insufficient for the purpose of hunting deer or moose.

I do not remember to have met with any travellers into high northern latitudes who remarked their having heard the

northern lights make any noise in the air as they vary their colors or position; which may probably be owing to the want of perfect silence at the time they made their observations on those meteors. I can positively affirm that in still nights I have frequently heard them make a rustling and crackling noise, like the waving of a large flag in a fresh gale of wind. This is not peculiar to the place of which I am now writing, as I have heard the same noise very plain at Churchill River; and in all probability it is only for want of attention that it has not been heard in every part of the northern hemisphere where they have been known to shine with any considerable degree of lustre. It is, however, very probable that these lights are sometimes much nearer the earth than they are at others, according to the state of the atmosphere, and this may have a great effect on the sound; but the truth or falsehood of this conjecture I leave to the determination of those who are better skilled in natural philosophy than I can pretend to be.....

The Northern Indians call the *aurora borealis* "edthin;" that is, *deer:* and when the meteor is very bright they say that deer are plentiful in that part of the atmosphere; but they have never yet extended their ideas so far as to entertain hopes of tasting those celestial animals. Their ideas in this respect are founded on a principle one would not imagine. Experience has shown them that when a hairy deer-skin is briskly stroked with the hand in a dark night, it will emit many sparks of electrical fire, as the back of a cat will. The idea which the Southern Indians have of this meteor is equally romantic, though more pleasing, as they believe it to be the spirits of their departed friends dancing in the clouds; and when the *aurora borealis* is remarkably bright, at which time it varies most in color, form, and situation, they say their deceased friends are very merry.

Journey to the Northern Ocean (1795).

2. *Dying Swans.*

SAMUEL HEARNE (1745-1792).

It has been said that the swans whistle or sing before their death, and I have read some elegant descriptions of it in some of the poets; but I have never heard anything of the kind, though I have been at the deaths of several. It is true, in serene evenings, after sunset, I have heard them make a noise not very unlike that of a French-horn, but entirely divested of

every note that constitutes melody, and have often been sorry to find it did not forebode their death. Mr. Lawson, who was no inaccurate observer, properly enough calls the largest species *trumpeters*, and the lesser *troopers*. Some years ago (1774), when I built Cumberland House, the Indians killed those birds in such numbers that the down and quills might have been procured in considerable quantities at a trifling expense.

Journey to the Northern Ocean (*1795*).

3. *A Glimpse of the Peace River in 1793.*

SIR ALEXANDER MACKENZIE (1783-1820).

From the place which we quitted this morning, the west side of the river displayed a succession of the most beautiful scenery I had ever beheld. The ground rises at intervals to a considerable height, and stretches inwards to a considerable distance; at every interval or pause in the rise there is a very gently-ascending space or lawn, which is alternate with abrupt precipices to the summit of the whole, or, at least, as far as the eye could distinguish. This magnificent theatre of nature has all the decorations which the trees and animals of the country can afford it: groves of poplars in every shape vary the scene, and their intervals are enlivened with vast herds of elk and buffaloes, the former choosing the steeps and uplands, and the latter preferring the plains. At this time the buffaloes were attended with their young ones, which were frisking about them; and it appeared that the elks would soon exhibit the same enlivening circumstance. The whole country displayed an exuberant verdure: the trees that bear a blossom were advancing fast to that delightful appearance, and the velvet rind of their branches reflecting the oblique rays of a rising or setting sun, added a splendid gaiety to the scene, which no expressions of mine are qualified to describe. The east side of the river consists of a range of high land covered with the white spruce and the soft birch, while the banks abound with the alder and the willow.

Voyages to the Frozen and Pacific Oceans (1801).

4. *Lacrosse among the Crees* (*1820*).

CAPTAIN (SIR) JOHN FRANKLIN (1786-1847).

[This account was based on the observations made at Cumberland House on the Great Saskatchewan by Dr. Richardson, surgeon to Sir John Franklin's exploring party.]

They have, however, a much more manly amusement, termed

the *Cross*, although they do not engage even in it without depositing considerable stakes. An extensive meadow is chosen for this sport, and the articles staked are tied to a post, or deposited in the custody of two old men. The combatants being stripped and painted, and each provided with a kind of battledore or racket, in shape resembling the letter P, with a handle about two feet long, and a head loosely wrought with network so as to form a shallow bag, range themselves on different sides. A ball being now tossed up in the middle, each party endeavors to drive it to their respective goals, and much dexterity and agility is displayed in the contest. When a nimble runner gets the ball in his *cross*, he sets forward towards the goal with the utmost speed, and is followed by the rest, who endeavor to jostle him and shake it out; but if hard pressed he discharges it with a jerk, to be forwarded by his own party, or bandied back by their opponents, until the victory is decided by its passing the goal. *Journey to the Shores of the Polar Sea* (1824).

5. *The Glories of the Prairie.*

ARCHBISHOP TACHÉ (b. 1823).

To the buffalo hunter the prairie is a country without equal. Winter and summer—there in his empire, there he finds true happiness in urging his swift steed in pursuit of prey, until recently so abundant and easy; it is there that without obstacle and, so to speak, without labor, he lays out roads, bounds over space, and enjoys a spectacle often grand although a little monotonous. Seen in the flower season the prairie is really beautiful, for its verdure-covered ground is quite enamelled with different colors. It is a rich carpet of which the various tints seem to have been arranged by the hands of an artist; it is a sea which, on the least breath, undulates its scented waves. The plain, sometimes so uniform as to show an apparently artificial horizon, suddenly changes into rolling prairie. Its beauty then increases; a thousand little hills now raise themselves here and there, and by their almost regular variety give the idea of waves on the ocean in the midst of a great storm. It appears as if the powerful hand of the Ruler of seas, mocking the fury of the waves, had seized them at the instant of their rising, and by a peremptory order changed them into solid land. In many directions erratic stumps, seen on the top of downs or hillocks, appear in the distance like the petrified spray of foam-

ing waves. Elsewhere the prairie is planted with clumps of trees, and dotted with lakes as pleasing as they are various in form. Here are basins which one would say were the reservoirs of great rivers, and of which the sides carry visible marks of the levels once assigned by the Supreme Artist to these dried-up ponds. Excepting the wild and rugged beauty of large mountains, excepting the view of a great sheet of water bathing a beautiful roadstead, and excepting all natural beauty improved by the art, it is difficult to imagine anything more beautiful, or at least prettier and more lovely than are some parts of the rolling prairie. One might easily believe himself to be in an immense park of which the rich proprietor had called into requisition the most skilled talent. In the midst of these clumps, of these groves, of the rich verdure, of variegated flowers, of innumerable lakes, one asks, Where is the owner to whom belong the large herds quietly grazing in the distance? Who has tamed this gazelle, so fleet, so graceful, that approaches as if to salute the traveller, that fear startles away, that curiosity turns back again? These packs of wolves that sport around you, that bark, that howl and snarl in turn, are they the impatient pack waiting for the signal to start in pursuit of game? Then in autumn what a variety, what a number of aquatic birds cover all these lakes! Ducks sport themselves in thousands; the swan—that *habitué* of all beautiful artificial waters—is there swimming about with majestic negligence, and cooing its mysterious song.

Sketch of the North-West of America (1870).

6. *The Prairies.*

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (1794–1878).

["The power of suggestion and of rapid generalization, which was the keynote of 'The Ages,' lived anew in every line of 'The Prairies,' in which a series of poems present themselves to the imagination as a series of pictures in a gallery—pictures in which breadth and vigor of treatment and exquisite delicacy of detail are everywhere harmoniously blended, and the unity of pure art is attained. It was worth going to the ends of the world to be able to write 'The Prairies.'"—R. H. STODDARD.]

These are the gardens of the desert, these
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no name—
The prairies. I behold them for the first,
And my heart swells, while the dilated sight
Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo! they stretch,

In airy undulations, far away,
As if the Ocean, in his gentlest swell,
Stood still, with all his rounded billows fixed,
And motionless for ever. Motionless?
No; they are all unchained again. The clouds
Sweep over with their shadows, and, beneath,
The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye;
Dark hollows seem to glide along and chase
The sunny ridges. Breezes of the south!
Who toss the golden and the flame-like flowers,
And pass the prairie-hawk that, poised on high,
Flaps his broad wings, yet moves not—ye have played
Among the palms of Mexico and vines
Of Texas, and have crisped the limpid brooks
That from the fountains of Sonora* glide
Into the calm Pacific—have ye fanned
A nobler or a lovelier scene than this?
Man hath no power in all this glorious work;
The hand that built the firmament hath heaved
And smoothed these verdant swells, and sown their slopes
With herbage, planted them with island groves,
And hedged them round with forests. Fitting floor
For this magnificent temple of the sky—
With flowers whose glory and whose multitude
Rival the constellations! The great heavens
Seem to stoop down upon the scene in love—
A nearer vault, and of a tenderer blue,
Than that which bends above our eastern hills.
As o'er the verdant waste I guide my steed,
Among the high rank grass that sweeps his sides,
The hollow beating of his footsteps seems
A sacrilegious sound. I think of those
Upon whose rest he tramples. Are they here—
The dead of other days? And did the dust
Of these fair solitudes once stir with life
And burn with passion? Let the mighty mounds
That overlook the rivers, or that rise
In the dim forest crowded with old oaks,
Answer! A race, that long has passed away,
Built them;—a disciplined and populous race
Heaped, with long toil, the earth, while yet the Greek
Was hewing the Pentelicus† to forms
Of symmetry, and rearing on its rock

* Sonōra, a state in the north-west part of the Republic of Mexico, containing in the rainy season numerous lakes, which are drained chiefly by the rivers Mayo and Yaqui.

† Pentel'icus, a mountain of Attica, in Greece, famous for its white marble, which was much used by Athenian sculptors.

PRAIRIE FLOWERS.

The glittering Parthenon.* These ample fields
Nourished their harvests, here their herds were fed,
When haply by their stalls the bison lowed,
And bowed his manëd shoulder to the yoke.
All day this desert murmured with their toils,
Till twilight blushed, and lovers walked, and wooed
In a forgotten language; and old tunes,
From instruments of unremembered form,
Gave the soft winds a voice. The red man came—
The roaming hunter tribes, warlike and fierce—
And the mound-builders vanished from the earth.
The solitude of centuries untold
Has settled where they dwelt. The prairie-wolf
Hunts in their meadows, and fresh-dug den
Yawns by my path. The gopher† mines the ground
Where stood their swarming cities. All is gone;
All, save the piles of earth that hold their bones,
The platforms where they worshipped unknown gods,
The barriers which they builded from the soil
To keep the foe at bay—till o'er the walls
The wild beleaguerers broke, and, one by one,
The strongholds of the plain were forced and heaped
With corpses. The brown vultures of the wood
Flocked to those vast uncovered sepulchres,
And sat unscared and silent at their feast.
Haply some solitary fugitive,
Lurking in marsh and forest till the sense
Of desolation and of fear became
Bitterer than death, yielded himself to die.
Man's better nature triumphed then, kind words
Welcomed and soothed him: the rude conquerors
Seated the captive with their chiefs; he chose
A bride among their maidens, and at length
Seemed to forget—yet ne'er forgot—the wife
Of his first love, and her sweet little ones,
Butchered, amid their shrieks, with all his race.

Thus change the forms of being. Thus arise
Races of living things, glorious in strength,
And perish, as the quickening breath of God
Fills them, or is withdrawn. The red man, too,
Has left the blooming wilds he ranged so long,
And nearer to the Rocky Mountains sought

* Par'thĕnon, the celebrated temple of Athena, built on the highest point of the Acrŏp'olis (or citadel-hill) of Athens.

† Gopher (Fr. *gaufre*, a honeycomb), a name given by French settlers to various burrowing animals, but principally to the prairie-squirrel and the pouched-rat.

A wilder hunting-ground. The beaver builds
No longer by these streams, but far away
On waters whose blue surface ne'er gave back
The white man's face—among Missouri's springs,
And pools whose issues swell the Oregon—
He rears his little Venice. In these plains
The bison feeds no more. Twice twenty leagues
Beyond remotest smoke of hunter's camp
Roams the majestic brute in herds that shake
The earth with thundering steps—yet here I meet
His ancient footprints stamped beside the pool.

Still this great solitude is quick with life.
Myriads of insects, gaudy as the flowers
They flutter over, gentle quadrupeds,
And birds, that scarce have learned the fear of man,
Are here, and sliding reptiles of the ground,
Startlingly beautiful. The graceful deer
Bounds to the wood at my approach. The bee,
A more adventurous colonist than man,
With whom he came across the eastern deep,
Fills the savannas with his murmurings,
And hides his sweets, as in the golden age,
Within the hollow oak. I listen long
To his domestic hum, and think I hear
The sound of that advancing multitude
Which soon shall fill these deserts. From the ground
Comes up the laugh of children, the soft voice
Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn
Of Sabbath worshippers. The low of herds
Blends with the rustling of the heavy grain
Over the dark brown furrow. All at once
A fresher wind sweeps by, and breaks my dream,
And I am in the wilderness alone.

7. *From Kildonan to Kildonan.*

THE REV. PRINCIPAL BRYCE, M.A., LL.B.

[Lord Selkirk's colonists called their settlement on the Red River "Kildōnan," in memory of their old parish in Sutherlandshire.]

In the little fishing village of Helmsdale, on the east coast of the Scottish county of Sutherland, a band of colonists were waiting the arrival of the vessel in which they were to begin their journey and cross the tempestuous North Atlantic to a new home in America. It was seventy years ago, and the vessels that went round the stormy coasts of the north of Scotland, and

there faced the billows of the Pentland Frith, were no doubt stanch and well tried. Manned with the hardy coastmen and the islanders from Orkney, the trim little vessel rose and fell with the waves as if endowed with life. Yet who would now think of facing the dangers of the great sea in such craft! Those were not the days of the Allan liners, and for weeks these small sailing-vessels of the older days danced about the Atlantic with a westward trend, until at length the new world was reached. The village grave-yard spoke of many a daring mariner who had at last fallen a prey to the stormy North Sea, and been dashed in some hurricane upon the shore; but the sea was the means of livelihood to the fishermen, and though they knew that sooner or later the water wraith would appear on its weird mission of death, yet for wife and hungry bairns the dangers must be faced, and familiarity lessens fear.

But the colonists were not fishermen. Along the coast of Sutherlandshire and the north-east of Scotland there live side by side two distinct races. The fishermen are of Norwegian descent, are chiefly known by the blue eye of the Norse nations, and speak a Teutonic language. The people living by farming—to whom the colonists belonged—had the color of the Celt, the language of the Celt, and the Highland pride of the mountaineer. Woe to the luckless damsel of Highland blood who listened to the wooing strains of any young fisher-lad! If thus she made her choice, she might ever after count on the contempt of her own people, which could remain as strong a feeling toward her and her offspring fifty years after as on the day when she forsook the ancestral tradition by plighting troth to a fisherman lover. But sad days had fallen upon the Highlands. The "Highland clearances" will ever glow with the lurid recollections of homes broken up, Highland thousands driven to foreign lands, and Highland hearts torn with pain at having to leave home and country. And now the exiles stand gazing at the stormy sea and their rolling vessel with failing hearts. But they must go. The company has gathered, and the bustle of needed preparation is mingled with the weeping of women, the farewells of relatives, and the wild joy of the unconscious children, who see and know only the novelty of the scene.

The colonists are going out under distinguished patronage, and no less a person than a noble of one of Scotland's oldest families is present to see the colony depart. A tall, spare man, full six feet high, with a pleasant countenance, is the Earl of

Selkirk, and he is bidding his people a hearty good-bye, with a promise to come and visit them in their new homes on the prairies in the very heart of North America. Though from the south of Scotland, and without a drop of Celtic blood in his veins, his love for the Highland race had enabled him to take up their language while rambling in their beautiful glens. His lordship makes his promises to the older men, comforts their weeping spouses with those Gaelic expressions which are the vehicle of intensest feeling, and gives words of encouragement to the young men—the hope of the colony. The whole number of this first party is about seventy ; but this is only the advanced guard, for on the land acquired by their patron is the room denied them in their native country, and not for them alone, but for a million of people.

After going round the north of Scotland and past the Hebrides, they land at Sligo, in north-western Ireland, where they are joined by less than a score of Celts like themselves, but different in language and customs and sympathies. Once more out upon the open Atlantic their prow is turned northward, for they are searchers for a home that must be reached by the dangerous and unpromising route followed by the seekers of the North-West Passage. Through the icebergs drifting southward from Davis Strait they pass successfully, then thread their way through Hudson Strait, and in the autumn of 1811 reach Fort Churchhill on the north-west shore of the great inland sea of Hudson Bay. Here they must stay the winter. They are provided with daily supplies of food, and anxiously await the spring, when they may journey southward to the land of promise on the Red River of the north, the spot now the centre of the fertile province of Manitoba, the cynosure of many eyes.

Manitoba : Its Infancy, Growth, and Present Condition (1882).

ENOCH ARDEN WATCHING FOR A SAIL.

ALFRED TENNYSON (b. 1809).

The mountains wooded to the peak, the lawns
And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,
The slender cocoa's drooping crown of plumes,
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
The lustre of the long convolvuluses
That coiled around the stately stems and ran
Even to the limit of the land, the glows

And glories of the broad belt of the world,
All these he saw; but what he fain had seen
He could not see, the kindly human face,
Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
The moving whisper of huge trees that branched
And blossomed in the zenith, or the sweep
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,
A shipwrecked sailor, waiting for a sail:
No sail from day to day, but every day
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and precipices;
The blaze upon the waters to the east;
The blaze upon his island overhead;
The blaze upon the waters to the west;
Then the great stars that globed themselves in heaven,
The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail.

Enoch Arden (1864).

PASSAGES FROM "LOCKSLEY HALL" (1842).

ALFRED TENNYSON (b. 1809.)

["The most finished of Tennyson's works, full of passionate grandeur and intensity of feeling and imagination. It partly combines the energy and impetuosity of Byron with the pictorial beauty and melody of Coleridge."—R. CHAMBERS.]

Comrades, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis early morn;
Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon the bugle horn.

'Tis the place, and all around it, as of old, the curlews call,
Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over Locksley Hall;

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the sandy tracts,
And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest,
Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the west.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising through the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid.

Here about the beach I wandered, nourishing a youth sublime,
With the fairy tales of Science, and the long result of Time;

When the centuries behind me
like a fruitful land reposed;
When I clung to all the present
for the promise that it closed;

When I dipt into the future,
far as human eye could see:
Saw the Vision of the world,
and all the wonder that would be.

* * * *

In the spring a fuller crimson
comes upon the robin's breast;
In the spring the wanton lapwing
gets himself another crest;

In the spring a livelier iris
changes on the burnished dove;
In the spring a young man's fancy
lightly turns to thoughts of love.

* * * *

Can I but re-live in sadness?
I will turn that earlier page.
Hide me from my deep emotion,
O thou wondrous Mother-Age!

Make me feel the wild pulsation
that I felt before the strife,
When I heard my days before me,
and the tumult of my life;

Yearning for the large excitement
that the coming years would yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy when
first he leaves his father's field,

"*In the spring the wanton lapwing.*"

And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn,

And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,
Underneath the lights he looks at, in among the throngs of men;

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new—
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do :

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunder-storm;

Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled
In the Parliament of man, the federation of the world.

* * * * * *

Not in vain the distance beckons. Forward, forward let us range.
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change.

Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day:
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.*

Mother-Age (for mine I knew not) help me as when life begun :
Rift the hills and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh the sun.

Oh! I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set;
Ancient founts of inspiration well through all my fancy yet.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Locksley Hall!
Now for me the woods may wither, now for me the roof-tree fall.

Comes a vapor from the margin, blackening over heath and holt,
Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a thunderbolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail, or fire or snow;
For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and I go.

* Cathay', here intended to mean China. In strictness, Cathay means Chinese Tartary, and is derived from the Tartar Khitai'.

THE HEART OF THE DOMINION.

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE (b. 1845).

[His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne, after a four months' tour through Manitoba and the North-West Territories, reached Winnipeg on his return in October 1881, and was entertained at a banquet by the Manitoba Club. In an eloquent speech, prefaced by the remark that "to be ignorant of the North-West is to be ignorant of the greater portion of our country," the Governor-General characterized the older provinces, and prophesied a great future for Manitoba.]

Beautiful as are the numberless lakes and illimitable forests of Keewatin—"the Land of the North Wind" to the east of you—yet it was pleasant to "get behind the north wind," and to reach your open plains. The contrast is great between the utterly silent and shadowy solitudes of the pine and fir forests, and the sunlit and breezy ocean of meadow-land, voiceful with the music of birds, which stretches onward from the neighborhood of your city. In Keewatin the lumber industry and mining enterprise can alone be looked for; and here it is impossible to imagine any kind of work which shall not produce results equal to those attained in any of the great cities in the world. Unknown a few years ago, except for some differences which had arisen amongst its people, we see Winnipeg now with a population joining in happy concord, and rapidly lifting it to the front rank amongst the commercial centres of the continent. We may look in vain elsewhere for a situation so favorable and so commanding, many as are the fair regions of which we can boast. There may be some among you before whose eyes the whole wonderful panorama of our Provinces has passed:—the ocean-garden island of Prince Edward, the magnificent valleys of the St. John and Sussex, the marvellous country, the home of "Evangeline," where Blomidon looks down on the tides of Fundy and over tracts of red soil richer than the weald of Kent: you may have seen the fortified paradise of Quebec, and Montreal, whose prosperity and beauty are worthy of her great St. Lawrence; and you may have admired the well-wrought and splendid province of Ontario, and rejoiced at the growth of her capital, Toronto; and yet nowhere can you find a situation whose natural advantages promise so great a future as that which seems insured to Manitoba, and to Winnipeg, the heart city of our Dominion. The measureless meadows which commence here stretch without in-

terruption of their good soil westward to your boundary. The Province is a green sea, over which the summer winds pass in waves of rich grasses and flowers; and on this vast extent it is only as yet here and there that a yellow patch shows some gigantic wheat field. Like a great net cast over the whole are the bands and clumps of poplar wood which are everywhere to be met with, and which, no doubt, when the prairie fires are more carefully guarded against, will, wherever they are wanted, still further adorn the landscape.

"OCTOBER" IN "THE EARTHLY PARADISE."

WILLIAM MORRIS.

["The *Earthly Paradise*, more than any poem of late years that I know, takes us back to 1290, or thereabouts, and shows us how copious in skilful hands an almost purely Teutonic diction may be."—T. L. KINGSTON OLIPHANT: *Sources of Standard English* (1873).]

In late October, when the failing year
But little pleasure more for men might bear,
They sat within the city's great guest-hall,
Nigh enow to the sea to hear the fall
Of the low haven-waves when night was still.
But on that day wild wind and rain did fill
The earth and sea with clamor, and the street
Held few who cared the driving scud to meet.
But inside, as a little world it was,
Peaceful amid the hubbub that did pass
Its strong walls in untiring waves of rage,
With the earth's intercourse wild war to wage.
Bright glowed the fires, and cheerier their light
Fell on the gold that made the fair place bright
Of roof and wall, for all the outside din.
Yet of the world's woe somewhat was within
The noble compass of its walls, for there
Were histories of great striving painted fair—
Striving with love and hate, with life and death,
With hope that lies, and fear that threateneth.
And so 'mid varied talk the day went by,
As such days will, not quite unhappily,
Not quite a burden, till the evening came
With lulling of the storm; and little blame
The dark had for the dull day's death, when now
The good things of the hall were set aglow
By the great tapers. Midmost of the board
Sat Rolf, the captain.

A STUDY OF MATTHEW ARNOLD'S POETRY.

RICHARD HOLT HUTTON.

1. *The Key to Matthew Arnold's Poetical Aims.*

There is no better key to his true poetical aims than the very characteristic poem of his own, addressed in November 1849 to the author of *Obermann.**

"Yet of the spirits who have reigned
In this our troubled day,
I know but two who have attained,
Save thee, to see their way.

"By England's lakes, in gray old age,
His quiet home one† keeps;
And one,‡ the strong, much-toiling sage,
In German Weimar sleeps.

"But Wordsworth's eyes avert their ken
From half of human fate;
And Goethe's course few sons of men
May think to emulate.

"For he pursued a lonely road,
His eyes on Nature's plan;
Neither made man too much a god,
Nor God too much a man.

"Strong was he, with a spirit free
From mists, and sane, and clear;
Clearer, how much! than ours—yet we
Have a worse course to steer.

* * * *

"But we, brought forth and reared in hours
Of change, alarm, surprise,
What shelter to grow ripe is ours?
What leisure to grow wise?

* * * *

"Too fast we live, too much are tried,
Too harassed to attain
Wordsworth's sweet calm, or Goethe's wide
And luminous view to gain."

* Étienne Pivert de Senancour (1770-1846). Though little known in France, and almost unknown beyond it, *Obermann* exercised a special charm upon "George Sand" and Sainte-Beuve.

† Wordsworth (1770-1850) was still living in 1849 at Rydal Mount, near Lake Windermere.

‡ Goethe (-tay), the most illustrious of German poets, 1749-1842.

Nevertheless, that is precisely the combination which Mr. Arnold has tried to attain for himself, and is ambitious of illustrating through himself for others. He tries to combine a spirit "free from mists, and sane, and clear," with Wordsworth's "sweet calm" and joy in the freshness of nature. And if he has in any degree succeeded, he knows that the success will best be realized, as those great masters' greater successes were realized, in a delineation of his own poetic individuality. Accordingly, it is really self-delineation of a kind like to theirs, though self-delineation of aims and aspirations about midway between theirs, which gives the charm to his poems.

2. *The Qualities of his Nature-Painting.*

In Mr. Arnold's studies of nature you see the quiet external scene with exquisite lucidity; but you see also, instead of a mirror of laborious and almost painful elaboration, as you do in Gray, a tranquillized spirit, which reflects like a clear lake the features of the scene. Take, for example, this picture of a wet and stormy English spring, and a soft, deep English summer, from the lovely poem *Thyrsis*, written in commemoration of Mr. Arnold's early friend, Arthur Hugh Clough:*—

"So, some tempestuous morn in early June,
When the year's primal burst of bloom is o'er,
Before the roses and the longest day—
When garden walks and all the grassy floor
With blossoms, red and white, of fallen May
And chestnut flowers are strewn—
So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry,
From the wet field, through the vext garden-trees,
Come, with the volleying rain and tossing breeze:
The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I!

"Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt thou go?
Soon will the high midsummer pomps come on,
Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,
Soon shall we have gold-dusted snap'-dragon,
Sweet-william with his homely cottage-smell,
And stocks in fragrant blow;
Roses that down the alleys shine afar,
And open, jasmine-muffled lattices,
And groups under the dreaming garden-trees,
And the full moon and the white evening star."

* A. H. Clough (pronounced Kluf), 1819-1861. Examples of his poetry are given at pages 201, 202.

It would be impossible to give with greater ease as well as delicacy a true picture of these scenes, and with it the subtle flavor of a real rest of spirit in them. The "volleying" rain, the "tossing" breeze, the "vext" garden-trees, and the grass strewn with shed May and chestnut blossoms, call up the very life of a squally spring day in England; as do the "high midsummer pomps," the "roses that down the alleys shine afar," the "open, jasmine-muffled lattices," the "groups under the dreaming garden-trees," and the white moon and star, the very life of an English midsummer night. And yet the whole has a tinge of careful tenderness and peace that tells you of the refreshment of these images to the writer. The "vext garden-trees" could have been spoken of as "vext" only by one who had a true delight in their air of tranquillity; just as they could have been described as "dreaming" in the midsummer moonlight only by one who had the deepest feeling for this visionary beauty of contrast between the white light streaming over them and the black shade beneath. Again, "roses that down the alleys shine afar," is a line sufficiently betraying how deeply the fair perspective of an English garden is engraved on the poet's imagination; while the reproaches lavished on the "too quick despairer" for the hasty neglect of so rich a feast of beauty, strikes the keynote to the feeling of the whole. Nor is this passage in any sense a peculiar instance of Mr. Arnold's flowing, lucid, and tender mode of painting nature. In all his descriptive passages —and they are many and beautiful—it is the same. He is never buoyant and bright, indeed; but the scene is always drawn with a gentle ease and grace, suggesting that it springs up in the poet's imagination with as rapid and natural a growth as the strokes which delineate it before your eyes, for he makes no heavy draft upon your imaginative power to follow him. You seem to be sharing with him the very vision which he paints. And as to moral effect, the impressions that these pictures make is something between wistful enjoyment, quiet yearning, and regretful peace. It is always one of rest, but always a rest that is not fully satisfying—the rest of which the poet himself says, "Calms not life's crown, though calm is well." And it is characteristic of Mr. Arnold, that in closing his larger poems, even when they are poems of narrative, he is very fond of ending with a passage of purely naturalistic description which shadows forth something more than it actually paints, and yet leaves the field of suggestion absolutely to the reader's own

fancy. Thus, after painting the fatal conflict between Sohrab and Rustum, in which the famous old warrior Rustum gives the death-wound to his own son, in ignorance that he is his son, Mr. Arnold, after giving us the tender farewell of Sohrab to his father when the discovery is made, concludes with this most beautiful passage, in which the accomplished geographer turns his half-scientific, half-poetical pleasure in tracing the course of a great river to the purpose of providing a sort of poetical anodyne for the pain which the tragic ending has or ought to have given :—

> "But the majestic river floated on,
> Out of the mist and hum of that low land,
> Into the frosty starlight, and there moved,
> Rejoicing, through the hushed Chorasmian * waste,
> Under the solitary moon: he flowed
> Right for the polar star, past Orgunjè,
> Brimming and bright and large; then sands begin
> To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,
> And split his currents; that for many a league
> The shorn and parcelled Oxus † strains along
> Through beds of sand and matted rushy isles—
> Oxus forgetting the bright speed he had
> In his high mountain-cradle in Pamere,
> A foiled, circuitous wanderer—till at last
> The longed-for dash of waves is heard, and wide
> His luminous home of waters opens, bright
> And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bathed stars
> Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea."

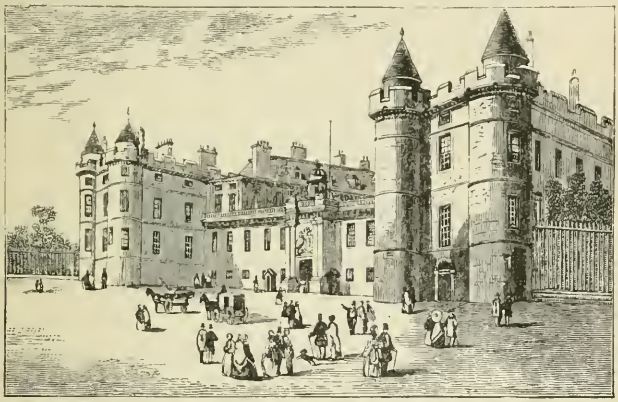
Of course the intention may have been to make the flow of the Oxus—"out of the mist and hum of that low land into the frosty starlight," and through the "beds of sand and matted rushy isles," which make him "a foiled, circuitous wanderer," till at last his "luminous home of waters opens, bright and tranquil"—a sort of parable of the unhappy Rustum's great career and the peace of his passing away. But nothing of this is so much as hinted; and we should rather say that, though the course of a great river may be selected rather than any other scene of natural beauty for the vague analogy it presents to the chequered life of a great leader, the intention of the poet

* Kharasm (ancient Chorasmia), a country of Turkistan, nearly synonymous with Khiva.

† Amoor-Darya (ancient Oxus) rises in the lofty Pamere plateau, near the radiating point of the Himalayas, Bolor-Tagh, and Kuen-lun Mountains.

is simply to refresh his own mind, after the spectacle of misspent heroism and clouded destiny, with the image of one of Nature's greater works in which there seems to be the same kind of vicissitude, the same loss of pristine force and grandeur, and yet a recovery of all and more than all the majestic volume and triumphant strength of the earlier period at the end.

Essays on Criticism (1876).



HOLYROOD PALACE, EDINBURGH.

MARY STUART'S RETURN TO SCOTLAND.

(1561 A.D.)

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE (b. 1818).

Unable to take the English route, the brave woman had resolved to sail direct for Leith, running all risks, and believing that with the escort of three of her uncles and of D'Amville, the heir of the Montmorencies, Elizabeth would not dare to meddle with her.

She was going, cost her what it might, going on an errand which cannot now be separated in remembrance from its tremendous end; and Mary Stuart's name will never be spoken of in history, however opinions may vary on the special details of her life, without sad and profound emotion.

She was not yet nineteen years old; but mind and body had matured amidst the scenes in which she had passed her girl-

hood. Graceful alike in person and in intellect, she possessed that peculiar beauty in which the form is lost in the expression, and which every painter therefore has represented differently.

Rarely, perhaps, has any woman combined in herself so many noticeable qualities as Mary Stuart; with a feminine insight into men and things and human life, she had cultivated herself to that high perfection in which accomplishments were no longer adventitious ornaments, but were wrought into her organic constitution. Though luxurious in her ordinary habits, she could share in the hard field-life of the huntsman or the soldier with graceful cheerfulness; she had vigor, energy, tenacity of purpose, with perfect and never-failing self-possession; and as the one indispensable foundation for the effective use of all other qualities, she had indomitable courage. She wanted none either of the faculties necessary to conceive a great purpose, or of the abilities necessary to execute it, except, perhaps, only this,—that while she made politics the game of her life, it was a game only, though played for a high stake. In the deeper and nobler emotions she had neither share nor sympathy.

Here lay the vital difference of character between the Queen of Scots and her great rival, and here was the secret of the difference of their fortunes. In intellectual gifts Mary Stuart was at least Elizabeth's equal; and Anne Boleyn's daughter, as she said herself, was "no angel." But Elizabeth could feel, like a man, an unselfish interest in a great cause; Mary Stuart was ever her own centre of hope, fear, or interest: she thought of nothing, cared for nothing, except as linked with the gratification of some ambition, some desire, some humor of her own; and thus Elizabeth was able to overcome temptations before which Mary fell.

Such was Mary Stuart when on the 14th of August she embarked for Scotland. The cardinals of Guise and Lorraine attended her to Calais. Three other uncles, D'Elbœuf, D'Aumale, and the Grand Prior, embarked with her to see her safe to Edinburgh; and with "*Adieu, belle France,*" sentimental verses, and a passionate Châtelar sighing at her feet in melodious music, she sailed away over the summer seas.

History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth (1856-1870).

BUCHANAN'S IDYLLS OF INVERBURN.

(Robert Buchanan, b. 1841).

GEORGE BARNETT SMITH.

[Mr. Buchanan represents a wholesome reaction against the poetry of extreme and hysteric sensibility. In an article (October 1871), contributed under the name of "Thomas Maitland," to the *Contemporary Review*, he invented for one class of such poetry the now famous nickname of "The Fleshly School." His own poetry as art-work has been subjected to sharp criticism, the justice of which in some particulars he has practically admitted. As an example of some of his latest and best work, we append to Mr. Barnett Smith's selections the fine sonnet entitled *The Motion of the Mists*.]

Of a higher stamp is the poem *Poet Andrew*, which depicts the short, sad life of young Gray.* The story is told by the father of Andrew, a simple-hearted weaver, who does not understand the gift wherewith his son is dowered. The character of the father is drawn with great power and individuality, and the whole poem, shining with the tenderness which springs from a loving heart, is full of the deepest human interest. Andrew's parents endeavored to teach him common sense; and when they were reproached for having a poet in the house, exclaimed, "A poet? God forbid!" somewhat dubious as to the full meaning and import of their terrible possession.

The youth was grumbled at in vain for his tendencies to ruin; and at length he left his home and went up to the great city, where he was followed by a mother's deep love and a father's solicitude, in spite of his apparent wrongheadedness. But the dark shadow drew near, the trouble that was deeper than all others. The poet came home to die, and the scene is depicted with a pathos which has rarely been excelled for calm and yet strong simplicity. Thus speaks the broken-hearted father:—

"One Sabbath-day—
The last of winter, for the caller† air
Was drawing sweetness from the barks of trees—
When down the lane, I saw to my surprise
A snowdrop blooming underneath a birk,‡
And gladly plucked the flower to carry home
To Andrew.§
* * * *

* David Gray, 1838–1861. † "Fresh." ‡ "Birch."

§ This may have been suggested to Buchanan's fancy by the concluding line of David Gray's sonnet, *Die down, O dismal Day!*—

"O God! for one clear day, a snowdrop, and sweet air!"

Saying nought
Into his hand I put the year's first flower,
And turned awa' to hide my face: and he—
He smiled; and at the smile, I knew not why,
It swam upon us in a frosty pain,
The end was come at last, at last, and Death
Was creeping ben,* his shadow on our hearts.
We gazed on Andrew, called him by his name,
And touched him softly; and he lay awhile,
His een upon the snow, in a dark dream,
Yet neither heard nor saw; but suddenly,
He shook awa' the vision wi' a smile,
Raised lustrous een, still smiling to the sky,
Next upon us, then dröpt them to the flower
That trembled in his hand, and murmured low,
Like one that gladly murmurs to himsel'—
'Out of the snow, the snowdrop—out of Death
Comes Life;' then closed his eyes and made a moan,
And never spake another word again."

Idylls of Inverburn: Poet Andrew.

It will be admitted, we think, by the most exacting, that an exquisiteness and also an emotional fervor dwell about this description which are so precisely suited to the subject as to raise it to a very lofty rank of poetry. It would scarcely be possible to find language and thought more happily wedded than they are here. The "Widow Mysie," in the same volume, betrays qualities of quite another stamp, exhibiting principally a strange, quaint humor, which seems to dimple every page into laughter.

Another poem, in this volume as originally published, but one since suppressed by Mr. Buchanan on artistic grounds, contained imagery of the choicest description. It was entitled "Hugh Sutherland's Pansies," and described the troubled life and pathetic death of the youth who gave name to the poem. It is a pity that the author could not have preserved by some means the final scene, for it exhibited beauty of description of a rare order. The following passage combines both a tenderness and a truth in the imagery which give finish to the poetry, and leave nothing to be desired in the way of idyllic† excellence :—

* *Ben*, "within," adverb; opposed to *but*, "without." As nouns, the *ben* was the inner apartment, the *but* the outer.

† Idyll or idyl, a short narrative or descriptive poem written in an elevated or highly-finished style.

"By slow degrees he grew
Cheerful, and meek as dying man could be;
And as I spoke there came from far away
The faint, sweet melody of Sabbath bells.
And, 'Hugh,' I said, 'if God, the Gardener,
Neglected those he rears as you have done
Your pansies and your Pansy, it were ill
For us who blossom in his garden. Night
And morning he is busy at his work.
He smiles to give us sunshine, and we live:
He stoops to pluck us softly, and our hearts
Tremble to see the darkness, knowing not
It is the shadow he, in stooping, casts.
But, Hugh, though some be beautiful and grand,
Some sickly, like yourself, and mean and poor,
He loves them all, the Gardener loves them all!'
Then later, when no longer he could sit
Out on the threshold, and the end was near,
We set a plate of pansies by his bed
To cheer him. 'He is coming near,' I said.
'Great is the garden, but the Gardener
Is coming to the corner where you bloom
So sickly!' And he smiled, and moaned, 'I hear!'
And sank upon his pillow wearily.
His hollow eyes no longer bore the light,
The darkness gathered round him as I said,
'The Gardener is standing at your side,
His shade is on you and you cannot see:—
O Lord, that lovest both the strong and weak,
Pluck him and wear him!' Even as I prayed
I felt the shadow there and hid my face:
But when I looked again the flower was plucked,
The shadow gone: the sunshine through the blind
Gleamed faintly, and the widowed woman wept."

We are unable to point to a more distinctly poetical idea than the one embodied in the three lines marked in italics; and, in truth, there is a great suffusion of poetry through the entire passage.

The whole volume is not, of course, written with this wealth of imagery and power of delineation. There are many pages here and there which are scarcely, if at all, lifted out of the level of common-place; but enough has been shown to demonstrate that those critics were right who thought that a new poet had come who had the real ring about him, and whose further fortunes were worthy of being watched with considerable interest. *Poets and Novelists* (1876).

THE MOTION OF THE MISTS.

ROBERT BUCHANAN (b. 1841).

[The scene of this vivid sonnet is Loch Coruisk (Isle of Skye), a small lake nearly encircled by lofty rock walls, some rising 3,000 feet from the water. It is described by Sir Walter Scott in *The Lord of the Isles*, canto iii. 16, 17.]

Here by the sunless lake there is no air,
Yet with how ceaseless motion, like a shower
Flowing and fading, do the high mists lower
Amid the gorges of the mountains bare.
Some weary breathing never ceases there,—
The barren peaks can feel it hour by hour;
The purple depths are darkened by its power;
A soundless breath, a trouble all things share
That feel it come and go. See! onward swim
The ghostly mists, from silent land to land,
From gulf to gulf; now the whole air grows dim—
Like living men, darkling a space they stand,
But lo! a sunbeam, like the cherubim,
Scatters them onward with a flaming brand.

ODE:—THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

ALEXANDER POPE (1688–1744).

Vital spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away."
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul—can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!—
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

THE HABITS OF ANTS.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, F.R.S. (b. 1834).

[Amid his duties as a London banker, as an active member of Parliament, as Vice-Chancellor of the University of London, and as presiding officer of several learned societies, Sir John Lubbock has found time for minute and long-continued observations of ants, bees, and wasps.]

The anthrōpoid (man-like) apes no doubt approach nearer to man in bodily structure than do any other animals; but when we consider the habits of ants, their social organization, their large communities and elaborate habitations, their roadways, their possession of domestic animals, and even, in some cases, of slaves, it must be admitted that they have a fair claim to rank next to man in the scale of intelligence. They present, moreover, not only a most interesting, but also a very extensive field of study. In this country [England] we have rather more than thirty kinds; but ants become more numerous in species as well as individuals in warmer countries, and more than a thousand species are known. Even this large number is certainly far short of those actually in existence. I have kept in captivity about half of our British species of ants, as well as a considerable number of foreign forms, and for the last few years have generally had from thirty to forty communities under observation. It has long been known that ants derive a very important part of their sustenance from the sweet juice excreted by aphides.* These insects, in fact, as has been over and over again observed, are the cows of the ants. The ants may be said almost literally to milk the aphides; for, as Darwin and others have shown, the aphides generally retain the secretion until the ants are ready to receive it. The ants stroke and caress the aphides with their antennæ, and the aphides then emit the sweet secretion. As the honey of the aphides is more or less sticky, it is probably an advantage to the aphis that it should be removed. Nor is this the only service which ants render to them. They protect them from the attacks of enemies, and not unfrequently even build cow-sheds of earth over them. The yellow ants collect the root-feeding species in their own nests, and tend them as carefully as their own young. But this is not all. The ants not only guard the mature aphides which are useful, but also the eggs of

* Aph′ī-des (three syllables), plural of aphis (plant-louse). The most familiar example is the green parasite constantly found on rose leaves.

ON THE WAR-PATH.

the aphides, which of course, until they come to maturity, are quite useless.

The species *polyergus rufescens* present a striking lesson of the degrading tendency of slavery, for these ants have become entirely dependent on their slaves. Even their bodily structure has undergone a change: the mandibles have lost their teeth, and have become mere nippers, deadly weapons, indeed, but useless except in war; they have lost the greater part of their instincts; their art,—that is, the power of building; their domestic habits, for they show no care for their own young, all this being done by the slaves; their industry,—they take no part in providing the daily supplies; if the colony changes the situation of its nest, the masters are all carried by the slaves on their backs to the new one; nay, they have even lost the habit of feeding. Huber placed thirty of them, with some larvæ and pupæ* and a supply of honey, in a box. "At first," he says, "they appeared to pay some little attention to the larvæ; they carried them here and there, but presently replaced them. More than one half of the amazons died of hunger in less than two days. They had not even traced out a dwelling, and the few ants still in existence were languid and without strength. I commiserated their condition, and gave them one of their black companions. This individual, unassisted, established order, formed a chamber in the earth, gathered together the larvæ, extricated several young ants that were ready to quit the condition of pupæ, and preserved the life of the remaining amazons." This observation has been fully confirmed by other naturalists. However small the prison, however large the quantity of food, these stupid creatures will starve in the midst of plenty rather than feed themselves.

M. Forel was kind enough to send me a nest of *polyergus*, and I kept it under observation for more than four years. My specimens of *polyergus* certainly never fed themselves; and when the community changed its nest, which they did several times, the mistresses were carried from the one to the other by the slaves. I was even able to observe one of their marauding expeditions, in which, however, the slaves took a part.

I do not doubt that, as Huber tells us, specimens of *polyergus*

* "Larvæ and pupæ"—insects in the caterpillar and chrysalis states. Huber, a celebrated Swiss naturalist (1750–1831), blind, but most successful in his researches, which were prosecuted with the aid of his wife and a domestic.

if kept by themselves in a box would soon die of starvation, even if supplied with food. I have, however, kept isolated specimens for three months by giving them a slave for an hour or two a day to clean and feed them; under these circumstances they remained in perfect health, while, but for the slaves, they would have perished in two or three days.

Ants, Bees, and Wasps 1882).

SONNET LX.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE (1564-1616).

[This magnificent sonnet, for the perception of its full beauty, requires earnest study. The following analysis may prove helpful in fixing the student's attention on the development of the theme, which is, *Time; its Changes and Devastations*:—

First Quatrain. Image of the heaving ocean (Time) with successive waves toiling ("sequent toil") towards the pebbled shore.

Second Quatrain. As the hours pass by, the sun emerges from this dark waste of waters into the ocean of the sky ("main of light"), slowly climbs ("crawls") to the zenith ("maturity"); but no sooner there than his noon-tide splendor is quenched by a shadow athwart his disk ("crooked eclipse"), for Time, which brings the sunlight, brings also eclipses, and thus confounds his own gift.

Third Quatrain. Here remark that the metaphor of a husbandman is continuous and consistent: Time, a rude hind, strikes his spade through the flower and bloom of youth, digs trenches in beauty's brow; makes his meal of the rarest natural charms; and nothing escapes his scythe.

Couplet. But, despite the ravages of Time thus seen in the bright sun and felt in ourselves, my verses praising thy worth shall survive to future ages ("times in hope").]

Like as the waves make towards the pebblëd shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crowned
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow;
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth despite his cruel hand.

THE LABOR MOVEMENT.

GOLDWIN SMITH, M.A., LL.D. (b. 1823).

The Trade Unions are new things in industrial history. The guilds of the middle ages, with which the unions are often identified, were confederations of all engaged in the trade, masters as well as men, against outsiders. The unions are confederations of men against the masters. They are the offspring of an age of great capitalists, employing large bodies of hired workmen. The workmen, needy, and obliged to sell their labor without reserve that they might eat bread, found themselves, in their isolation, very much at the mercy of their masters, and resorted to union as a source of strength. Capital, by collecting in the centres of manufacture masses of operatives, who thus became conscious of their number and their force, gave birth to a power which now countervails its own. To talk of a war of labor against capital generally would, of course, be absurd. Capital is nothing but the means of undertaking any industrial or commercial enterprise—of setting up an Allan line of steamships, or setting up a costermonger's cart. We might as well talk of a war of labor against water-power. Capital is the fruit of labor past, the condition of labor present; without it no man could do a stroke of work, at least of work requiring tools or food for him who uses them. Let us dismiss from our language and our minds these impersonations which, though mere creations of fancy playing with abstract nouns, end by depraving our sentiments and misdirecting our actions; let us think and speak of capital impersonally and sensibly as an economical force and as we would think and speak of the force of gravitation. Relieve the poor word of the big C, which is a greatness thrust upon it; its tyranny and the burning hatred of its tyranny will at once cease. Nevertheless, the fact remains that a working-man, standing alone and without a breakfast for himself and his family, is not in a position to obtain the best terms from a rich employer, who can hold out as long as he likes or hire other labor on the spot. Whether unionism has had much effect in producing a general rise of wages is very doubtful. Mr. Brassey's book "Work and Wages" goes far to prove that it has not, and that while, on the one hand, the unionists have been in a fool's paradise, the masters, on the other, have been crying out before they were hurt. No doubt the general rise of

wages is mainly and fundamentally due to internal causes—the accumulation of capital, the extension of commercial enterprise, and the opening up of new countries—which have greatly increased the competition for labor, and consequently raised the price; while the nominal price of labor, as well as of all other commodities, has been raised by the influx of gold. What unionism, as I think, has evidently effected, is the economical emancipation of the working-man. It has rendered him independent instead of dependent, and, in some cases, almost a serf, as he was before. It has placed him on an equal footing with his employer, and enabled him to make the best terms for himself in every respect. There is no employer who does not feel that this is so, or whom Mr. Brassey's statistics, or any statistics, would convince that it is not.

Fundamentally, value determines the price the community will give for any article or any kind of work; just so much as it is worth. But there is no economical deity who, in each individual case, exactly adjusts the price to the value; we may make a good or a bad bargain, as many of us know to our cost. One source of bad bargains is ignorance. Before unions, which have diffused the intelligence of the labor market, and by so doing have equalized prices, the workmen hardly knew the rate of wages in the next town. If this was true of the mechanic, it was still more true of the farm-laborer. Practically speaking, the farm-laborers in each parish of England, ignorant of everything beyond the parish, isolated and therefore dependent, had to take what the employers chose to give them. And what the employers chose to give them over large districts was ten shillings a week for themselves and their families, out of which they paid, perhaps, eighteen pence for rent.

The general rise of wages may at first bring economical disturbance and pressure on certain classes; but in the end it brings general prosperity, diffused civilization, public happiness, security to society, which can never be secure while the few are feasting and the many are starving. In the end, also, it brings an increase of production and greater plenty. Not that we can assent without reserve to the pleasant aphorism that increase of wages in itself makes a better workman, which is probably true only where the workman has been under-fed, as in the case of the farm-laborers of England. But the dearness of labor leads to the adoption of improved methods of production, and

especially to the invention of machinery, which gives back to the community what it has paid in increased wages a hundred or a thousand fold. In Illinois, towards the close of the war, a large proportion of the male population had been drafted or had volunteered; labor had become scarce and wages had risen; but the invention of machinery had been so much stimulated that the harvest that year was greater than it had ever been before. Machinery will now be used to a greater extent on the English farms; more will be produced by fewer hands; laborers will be set free for the production of other kinds of food, perhaps for the cultivation of our North-West; and the British peasant will rise from the industrial and intellectual level of a mere laborer to that of the guider of a machine. Machinery worked by relays of men is, no doubt, one of the principal solutions of our industrial problems, and of the social problems connected with them. Some seem to fancy that it is the universal solution; but we cannot run reaping-machines in the winter or in the dark.

High wages and the independence of the laborers compel economy of labor. Economize labor, cries Lord Derby, the cool-headed mentor of the rich; we must give up our second under-butler. When the laborer is dependent and his wages are low the most precious of commodities—that commodity the husbanding of which is the chief condition of increased production and of the growth of national wealth—is squandered with reckless prodigality. Thirty years the laborers of Egypt wrought by gangs of a hundred thousand at a time to build the great pyramid which was to hold a despot's dust. Even now, when everybody is complaining of the dearness of labor and the insufferable independence of the working-class, a piece of fine lace, we are told, consumes the labor of seven persons, each employed on a distinct portion of the work; and the thread, of exquisite fineness, is spun in dark rooms under ground, not without injury, we may suppose, to the eyesight or health of those employed. So that the labor movement does not seem to have yet trenched materially even on the elegancies of life. Would it be very detrimental to real civilization if we were forced by the dearness of labor to give up all the trades in which human life or health is sacrificed to mere fancy? In London the bakers have struck. They are kept up from midnight to noon, sometimes far even into the afternoon, sleepless or only snatching broken slumbers, that London may indulge

its fancy for hot bread, which it would be much better without. The result of the strike, probably, will be, besides relief to the bakers themselves, which has already been in part conceded, a more wholesome kind of bread, such as will keep fresh and palatable through the day—and cleaner baking; for the wretchedness of the trade has made it vile and filthy, as is the case in other trades besides that of the bakers. Many an article of mere luxury, many a senseless toy, if our eyes could be opened, would be seen to bear the traces of human blood and tears. We are like the merchant brothers in Keats:—

"With her two brothers this fair lady dwelt,
Enrichëd from ancestral merchandise;
And for them many a weary hand did swelt
In torch-lit mines and noisy factories,
And many once proud-quivered loins did melt
In blood from stinging whip; with hollow eyes
Many all day in dazzling river stood,
To take the rich-ored driftings of the flood.

For them the Ceylon diver held his breath,
And went all naked to the hungry shark;
For them his ears gushed blood; for them in death
The seal on the cold ice with piteous bark
Lay pierced with darts: for them alone did seethe
A thousand men in troubles wide and dark:
Half-ignorant, they turned an easy wheel
That set sharp racks at work, to pinch and peel."*

Contributed to the "Canadian Monthly Magazine."

"THE DAY IS DONE."

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807–1882).

["With no great range of imagination, these lines have been justly admired for their delicacy of expression. Some of the images are very effective. Nothing can be better than—

'the bards sublime
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.'

The idea of the last quatrain is also very effective."—E. A. POE, *Essays.*]

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night,

* Keats' *Isabella*, xiv., xv.

As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my soul cannot resist;

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time;

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor,—
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,

And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

OLD AGE.

EDMUND WALLER (1605-1687).

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er;
So, calm are we when passions are no more:
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, too certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age descries.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made;
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home;
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

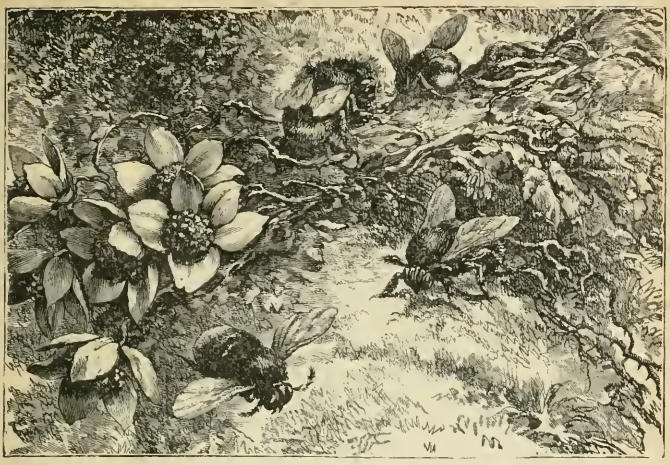
FLOWERS WITHOUT FRUIT.

JOHN HENRY (CARDINAL) NEWMAN, D.D. (b. 1801).

Prune thou thy words, the thoughts control
That o'er thee swell and throng;
They will condense within thy soul,
And change to purpose strong.

But he who lets his feelings run
In soft, luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be done,
And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favor bears,
Where hearts and wills are weighed,
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
Which bloom their hour and fade.



TO THE HUMBLE BEE.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803–1882).

[This poem first appeared in 1847 accompanied by *The Sphinx*, *The Rhodōra*, and *The Problem*: the four poems were not displaced in popularity by any of Emerson's later efforts. As published in 1847, *The Humble Bee* started off with the rather feeble line—"Fine humble bee! fine humble bee!" Indeed much of the poem has been broken up and recast with evident advantage to the artistic form.

"In poetry, Emerson is as impatient of the laws and verbal harmony as in discussion of the processes of logic; and if his essential ideas are made to appear, so as not to seem altogether obscure to himself, he cares little whether they move to any music which was not made for them."—R. W. GRISWOLD.]

Burly, dozing humble bee,
Where thou art is clime for me;
Let them sail for Porto Rique,*
Far-off heats through seas to seek,
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid-zone!
Zig-zag steerer, desert cheerer,
  Let me chase thy waving lines:
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
  Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!

* Porto Rico, one of the Spanish West India Islands. The climate, though hot, is salubrious.

Sailor of the atmosphere,
Swimmer through the waves of air!
Voyager of light and noon,
Epicurean* of June!
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum,—
All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall;
And, with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With a color of romance;
And, infusing subtle heats,
Turns the sod to violets;
Thou, in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow, breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers;
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
In Indian wildernesses found;
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen;
But violets and bilberry bells,
Maple-sap and daffodils,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern, and agrimony,
Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue,
And brier-roses, dwelt among;
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breasted philosopher!

* "Pleasure-seeker." Here to be read Epicu'rean; but the true pronunciation is Epicurēan (Greek, epikoureios). Epicurus, the Greek philosopher, lived B.C. 342-270.

Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
When the fierce north-western blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep;
Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

THE RHODŌRA.*

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803–1882).

(On being asked, Whence is the flower?)

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being:
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew;
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The selfsame Power that brought me there brought you.

AGRICULTURAL SCHOOLS OF SWEDEN.

PAUL DU CHAILLU (b. 1835).

Among the most useful institutions of Sweden are the agricultural schools. There are twenty-seven of them (*Landtbruks skolor*) distributed over the country, besides two agricultural

* *Rhodōra Canadensis* (Greek, *rhodon*, a rose), a low but handsome shrub of the heath family, bearing showy clusters of rose-purple flowers, in advance of the leaves. During May, it may be found blooming in our swamps and in damp cold woods.

colleges. These schools have greatly contributed to the development and improvement of agriculture, and they are looked upon with much favor by the people of the country; which popularity they certainly deserve. The object of these institutions is to elevate the standard of agriculture, and to teach the sons of farmers how to improve their farming. The students are required to remain under instruction for two years: the course of study comprises the principles of agriculture and horticulture, the care of domestic animals, the improvement of breeds, drawing, surveying, drainage, carpenter and smith work, carriage-making, forestry, mathematics, agricultural chemistry, meteorology, veterinary surgery, botany, a little of zoology and geology, butter and cheese making, the art of building and of making fences and walls. Connected with some of the principal schools are dairy-schools for women, where they go through a year of butter and cheese making. The students after passing their examination may, if they like, go to an agricultural college for two years more; but most of them return to their parents' farms with a practical knowledge of farming.

In the schools the instruction is free, but the students give their labor: the expense is borne partly by the province, and partly by the state. The cost at the college, including board and lodging, amounts to about 600 kronor—$175—a year. There is also a forest institute, with six lower schools, for the training of practical foresters. The most northern agricultural school is on the banks of the Lule River; each government (län) generally has one, and in the south, where the population is denser, sometimes two.

I had come to Umeå [pr. *Oo-may-ō*] with Herr Dannfelt, who was on a tour of inspection of the agricultural schools of the north. He was an excellent English scholar, and also spoke French and German perfectly. I was indebted to him for many acts of kindness during my sojourn in his country. He was sent by his Government as Royal Commissioner for Sweden at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, where many have had occasion to appreciate his courteous manners. In company with him, the governor of the län, and other officials, we drove to the agricultural school at Innertaflë, a few miles from the town.* Though it was morning, all were in evening dress, and wore their decorations.

* The agricultural school would thus be within three degrees of the Arctic Circle.

The director of the school, Herr Dr. U——, had received his degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Upsa'la: that far-famed institution does not confer degrees unless the recipient of the honor has proved his capacity by passing a searching examination, no exception being made in the stringent enforcement of this wise regulation.

The school at Innertaflë, which was but a few years old, had under cultivation a little more than one hundred acres of land; but there were about eighteen hundred of unimproved land and forest which were to be gradually reclaimed for tillage, and the rocky and swampy nature of the soil offered to the students excellent opportunities for learning the art of drainage. Blacksmith and carpenter shops were in full operation; the barn was large, and all the out-buildings were very fine. The live stock of the farm consisted of about thirty head of cattle, besides horses, sheep, and swine, of different breeds; and the results of the intermixture of blood were being observed with great care. Experiments were also made with wheat, which did not seem to flourish well so far north: in Norway, it thrives farther north than in Sweden.

We were warmly welcomed. I was struck by the appearance of home-comfort of the house, where one could easily see that a woman presided. The parlor sofas and chairs were covered with white linen; the windows were adorned with flower-pots; the floor was so clean that a stranger might almost have been afraid to walk upon it; there was a piano, with a pile of music near it; an American sewing-machine stood near one of the windows; engravings hung upon the walls; little porcelain figures were scattered here and there; on the table were illustrated newspapers and books: in a bookcase were French, English, German, Greek, and Latin works; and among the practical books in English were essays on the "Art of Taming Horses," and "How to Farm."

From the rear windows there was a view of a garden filled with flowers, strawberries, raspberries, currant-bushes, peas, carrots, and potatoes, with a stretch of green fields beyond. Vegetation was far more advanced here than in Luleå [pronounce, *Lu'-lay-ō*], though the distance was only about seventy miles. The strawberries were quite large, and, with the currants, were ripening; cauliflowers, cabbage, and lettuce, had headed; the peas were bearing fully, and melons were growing under glass.

When the examination of the school was ended, we were entertained with a bountiful repast, the lady of the house doing the honors with a peculiar grace and kindness which made every one feel at home, and the remainder of the day was spent very sociably.

Land of the Midnight Sun (1882).

DRYDEN'S "ODE FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY."

[Written for November 22, 1687, and set to music by a composer named Draghi. It first appeared in the third volume of *Dryden's Miscellanies.*—E. W. Gosse.]

Second Stanza.

What passion cannot music raise and quell?
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound;
Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot music raise and quell?

Among the writers of irregular odes, next to Wordsworth stands Dryden. The second stanza of the Ode for St. Cecilia's Day is a great triumph. It has a Coleridgean sweetness. After a line ending in *-ell* (where the "quantity" is made up by the liquids rather than by the "close vowel" preceding them) there is nothing so grateful to the ear as a line ending in *-ound* where the vowel power is so great; and to run on for nine lines with these sounds beautifully interlaced, and yet to clearly and poetically say the thing which has to be said, is a feat worthy of the greatest master. Dryden, in truth, had the deep delight in rhyme known only to the very few. Leigh Hunt charges him with "beating on his rhymes" over much. It is the weak man who seems to beat too much upon his rhymes, not a strong man like Dryden. The reaction against rhyme-emphasis exemplified in Keats' Endymion, and carried to excess by certain of his followers, has spoiled much of the poetic work of our own day.

Athenæum (May 7, 1881).

THE MAKING OF ENGLAND.

JOHN RICHARD GREEN, M.A., LL.D.

(Examiner in the School of Modern History, Oxford.)

[The historian would recognize three great eras in the national life of England:—1. The making of the nation—the age during which the soil of Britain was conquered and settled. 2. The centuries of administrative organization which stretch from Egberht to Edward the First. 3. The age of full national development, which extends from Edward's day to our own.]

1. *Death of Bæda.*

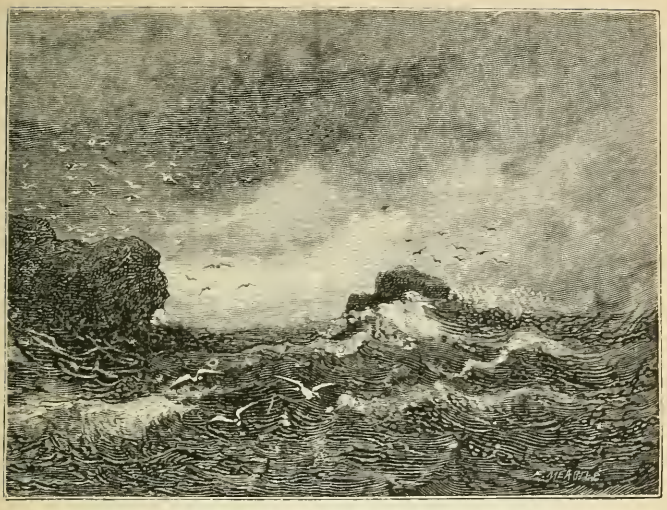
No story even of Bæda's telling is so touching as the story of his death. Two weeks before the Easter of 735, the old man was seized with an extreme weakness and loss of breath. He still preserved, however, his usual pleasantness and good-humor, and, in spite of prolonged sleeplessness, continued his lectures to the pupils about him. Verses of his own English tongue broke from time to time from the master's lip. The tears of Bæda's scholars mingled with his song. "We never read without weeping," writes one of them. So the days rolled on to Ascension-tide, and still master and pupils toiled at their work, for Bæda longed to bring to an end his version of St. John's Gospel into the English tongue, and his extracts from Bishop Isidore. "I don't want my boys to read a lie," he answered those who would have had him rest, "or to work to no purpose after I am gone." A few days before Ascension-tide his sickness grew upon him, but he spent the whole day in teaching, only saying cheerfully to his scholars, "Learn with what speed you may; I know not how long I may last." The dawn broke on another sleepless night, and again the old man called his scholars round him and made them write. "There is still a chapter wanting," said the scribe, as the morning drew on, "and it is hard for thee to question thyself any longer." "It is easily done," said Bæda; "take thy pen and write quickly." Amid tears and farewells the day wore on to eventide. "There is yet one sentence unwritten, dear master," said the boy. "Write it quickly," bade the dying man. "It is finished now," said the little scribe at last. "You speak truth," said the master; "all is finished now." Placed upon the pavement, his head supported in his scholars' arms, his face turned to the spot where he was wont to pray, Bæda chanted the solemn "Glory to God." As his voice reached the close of his song, he passed quietly away.

First among English scholars, first among English theologians, first among English historians, it is in this monk of Jarrow that English learning strikes its roots.

2. *Supremacy of Ecgberht.**

But Ecgberht had wider dreams of conquest than those of supremacy over Mercia alone; and, setting an under-king on its throne, he marched in the following year to the attack of Northumbria. In the silence of her annals, we know not why the realm which seventy years before had beaten back Æthelbald,* and which had since carried its conquests to the Clyde, now yielded without a blow to Ecgberht's summons. The weariness of half a century of anarchy had, no doubt, done much to break the spirit of northern independence, while terror of the pirates who were harrying the Northumbrian coast may have strengthened the dim longing for internal unity which was growing up under the influence of the Church. But whatever may have been the causes of their action, the Northumbrian thegns* met Ecgberht on their border, at Dore, in Derbyshire, and owned him as their overlord. There is something startling in so quiet and uneventful a close to the struggles of two hundred years; for with the submission of Northumbria the work that Oswiu and Æthelbald had failed to do was done. In a revolution which seemed sudden, but which was in reality the inevitable close of the growth of natural consciousness through these centuries of English history, the old severance of people from people had at last been broken down; and the whole English race in Britain was for the first time knit together under a single ruler. Though the legend which made Ecgberht take the title of King of England is an invention of later times, it expresses an historic truth. Long and bitter as the struggle for separate existence was still to be in Mid-Britain and the North, it was a struggle that never wholly undid the work which his sword had done; and from the moment when the Northumbrian thegns bowed to their West-Saxon overlord, England was made in fact, if not as yet in name. *The Making of England* (1882).

* Mr. Green returns to the Anglo-Saxon spelling: Ecgberht for *Egbert*; Æthel for *Ethel*; thegn for *thane*.



BY THE NORTH SEA.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

[In rich variety of music, and in weird grandeur of description, this poem equals, if it does not surpass, anything Mr. Swinburne has previously achieved.—*Athenæum* (1881.)]

Miles, and miles, and miles of desolation!
  Leagues on leagues on leagues without a change!
Sign or token of some eldest nation
  Here would make the strange land not so strange.
Time-forgotten, yea since time's creation,
  Seem these borders where the sea-birds range.

Slowly, gladly, full of peace and wonder
  Grows his heart who journeys here alone.
Earth and all its thoughts of earth sink under
  Deep, as deep in water sinks a stone.
Hardly knows it if the rollers thunder,
  Hardly whence the lonely wind is blown.

Tall the plumage of the rush-flower tosses,
  Sharp and soft in many a curve and line
Gleam and glow the sea-colored marsh-mosses,
  Salt and splendid from the circling brine.

Streak on streak of glimmering sea-shine crosses
All the land sea-saturate as with wine.

Far, and far between, in divers orders,
Clear gray steeples cleave the low gray sky;
Fast and firm as Time unshaken wanders,
Hearts made sure by faith, by hope made high.
These alone in all the wild sea-borders
Fear no blast of days and nights that die.

All the land is like as one man's face is,
Pale and troubled still with change of cares.
Doubt and death pervade her clouded spaces:
Strength and length of life and peace are theirs,—
Theirs alone amid these weary places,
Seeing not how the wild world frets and fares.

Firm and fast where all is cloud that changes,
Cloud-clogged sunlight, cloud by sunlight thinned,
Stern and sweet, above the sand-hill ranges
Watch the towers and tombs of men that sinned
Once, now calm as earth whose only change is
Wind, and light, and wind, and cloud, and wind.

By the North Sea (1881).

THE CONTINENTAL HOMESTEAD.

Brother Azarias.

(Professor of English Literature in Rock Hill College, Maryland.)

Three neighboring races invaded the island of Britain. They found it occupied by a kindred race known as the Kelt. After a long and fierce struggle they established themselves upon the island; drove the greater part of the natives to the west, where they became known to them as Welsh, or aliens; subjugated others, and finally imposed upon all their laws and government. In their continental homestead they were known as Jutes, Saxons, and Angles or English; in their new insular home they called themselves Englishmen, and their language English.

The English inhabited that part of Europe now known as the Schleswig-Holstein provinces and the Netherlands. This was their second homestead. Many centuries previously they lived in their cradle-land in Asia. They bear kinship with the Persian and Hindu; but their difference of occupation, the nature of their soil, and the influence of climate, so changed their

natures, and gave such direction to their thoughts, that it were difficult to imagine them originally one people with the Hindu, did they not retain evidence of the relationship in their language. And that proves them to be of the same stock. In both do we find words identical in sound and in meaning; as the term *naman*, which means "name" both in Sanskrit and Old English. Sometimes, while the word remains, its primitive meaning becomes changed in one or other of the languages. Such is the word *path*, which as a verb means "to go." In this sense it is used in Shakspeare, in a passage over which the critics have been greatly exercised—

> "For, if thou path, thy native semblance on,
> Not Erebus itself were dim enough
> To hide thee from prevention."
>
> *Julius Cæsar*, ii. 1.

It is the privilege of genius to strike the original meaning of a word long after it has passed from the common intelligence. Such was Shakspeare's in this instance. Again, in our irregular verbs we have forms which can be accounted for only by a comparative study of the Sanskrit. Take, for example, the verb *to be*. The forms *is* and *am* come from the verb *as* of the same meaning, and its first person singular *asmi*; the form *was* is found in the verb *vas*, to dwell; and the form *be* is one with *bhu*, a word having also the same meaning. And it is only in a language cognate to the Sanskrit that we find the root-word of our comparative *better*. "In the Persian," says Cardinal Wiseman, "we have exactly the same comparative, *behter*, with exactly the same signification, regularly formed from its positive *beh*, good; just as we have in the same language *badter*, worse, from *bad*."

The English, then, are a branch of the Aryan family. That primitive people, the mother race of Kelt and Teuton and Hindu, was devoted to the cultivation of the soil: the English have at all times shown a fondness for the tillage of the land, except when brought face to face with almost insurmountable difficulties, as the encroachments of the sea. That mother race was passionately attached to nature-worship: the English retained that inherited love for nature—they deified the elements, even as did their sister peoples the Greeks and Hindus, and as did their Aryan mother prior to either. With impetuous feelings rushed they to the hunt: with reckless eagerness they

committed themselves to the mercy of wind and wave. The Aryan was a people fond of philosophical speculation; the common problems and the nearly common solutions, inherited by the Aryan nations, prove as much. But the English of old became too besotted with heavy and coarse drinks, which they indulged in to excess, to be able to speculate with the acuteness of Greek or Hindu. With the Aryan, home was a sacred refuge, and all the family relations were held in reverence as well as honor; this became, with the English, one of their most widely cherished and deeply rooted sentiments. The Aryan fell under the influences of his senses, to the clouding of his spiritual parts; so were the English greatly wrapped up in their material natures. The Aryan was given to poetry in which man and nature were blended; so were the English, but with a difference. Living in the land of the sunny East, the ancestral race rejoiced in the harmonies and beauty of form and color; but in their woody, mist-enveloped land, the English lost sight of these things, and they ceased to be for them what they were for the Kelt and the Greek, a passion.

Development of English Literature (1879).

NAPOLEON.

THOMAS CARLYLE (1795–1881).

"False as a bulletin" became a proverb in Napoleon's time. He makes what excuse he could for it: that it was necessary to mislead the enemy, to keep up his own men's courage, and so forth. On the whole, there are no excuses. A man in no case has liberty to tell lies. It had been, in the long run, *better* for Napoleon too if he had not told any. In fact, if a man have any purpose reaching beyond the hour and day, meant to be found extant *next* day, what good can it ever be to promulgate lies? The lies are found out; ruinous penalty is exacted for them. No man will believe the liar next time even when he speaks truth, when it is of the last importance that he be believed. The old cry of wolf!—A lie is *no*-thing; you cannot of nothing make something; you make *nothing* at last, and lose your labor into the bargain.

Yet Napoleon *had* a sincerity: we are to distinguish between what is superficial and what is fundamental in insincerity.

Across these outer manœuvrings and quackeries of his, which were many and most blamable, let us discern withal that the man had a certain instinctive, ineradicable feeling for reality; and did base himself upon fact, so long as he had any basis. He has an instinct of Nature better than his culture was. His *savants*, Bourrienne tells us, in that voyage to Egypt* were one evening busily occupied arguing that there could be no God. They had proved it, to their satisfaction, by all manner of logic. Napoleon, looking up into the stars, answers, "Very ingenious, Messieurs; but *who made* all that?" The atheistic logic runs off from him like water; the great Fact stares him in the face: "Who made all that?" So too in Practice: he, as every man that can be great, or have victory in this world, sees, through all entanglements, the practical heart of the matter; drives straight towards that. When the steward of his Tuileries Palace was exhibiting the new upholstery, with praises, and demonstration how glorious it was, and how cheap withal, Napoleon, making little answer, asked for a pair of scissors, clipt one of the gold tassels from a window-curtain, put it in his pocket, and walked on. Some days afterwards, he produced it at the right moment, to the horror of his upholstery functionary: it was not gold, but tinsel! In Saint Hel'ena, it is notable how he still, to his last days, insists on the practical, the real. "Why talk and complain; above all, why quarrel with one another? There is no *result* in it; it comes to nothing that one can *do*. Say nothing, if one can do nothing!" He speaks often so to his poor discontented followers; he is like a piece of silent strength in the middle of their querulousness there. There was an eye to see in this man, a soul to dare and do. He rose naturally to be the King. All men saw that he *was* such. The common soldiers used to say on the march: "These babbling *avocats*† up at Paris; all talk and no work! What wonder it runs all wrong? We shall have to go and put our *Petit Caporal*‡ there!" They went and put him there; they and France at large.

Heroes and Hero-Worship (1840).

* In 1798, Napoleon landed July 1; took Alexandria July 2; defeated the Mamelukes at the Pyramids July 21.

† "Lawyers."

‡ "Little Corporal," a name acquired by Napoleon after the battle of the Bridge of Lodi, 1796.

COLERIDGE'S ODE ON FRANCE.

Athenæum (1881).

Fervor being absolutely essential, we think, to a great English ode, fluidity of poetical movement can never be dispensed with. The more billowy are the metrical waves, the better suited are they to render the emotions expressed by the ode. Our meaning will be best made clear by giving an example from "the finest ode in the English language," as Shelley very properly called it, Coleridge's *Ode to France*:—

"Ye clouds! that far above me float and pause,
Whose pathless march no mortal may control!
Ye ocean-waves! that, wheresoe'er ye roll,
Yield homage only to eternal laws!
Ye woods! that listen to the night-birds singing,
Midway the smooth and perilous slope reclined,
Save when your own imperious branches swinging
Have made a solemn music of the wind!
Where, like a man beloved of God,
Through glooms, which never woodman trod,
How oft, pursuing fancies holy,
My moonlight way o'er flowering weeds I wound,
Inspired beyond the guess of folly;—
By each rude shape and wild unconquerable sound!
O ye loud waves! and O ye forests high!
And O ye clouds that far above me soared!
Thou rising sun! thou blue, rejoicing sky!
Yea, everything that is and will be free!
Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,
With what deep worship I have still adored
The spirit of divinest Liberty." (*1st Stanza.*)

We have not space to discuss this, and can merely draw attention to the way in which the first metrical wave, after it has gently fallen at the end of the first quatrain, leaps up again on the double rhymes [singing, swinging] which are expressly introduced for this effect, and goes bounding on, billow after billow, to the end of the stanza.

Although Coleridge has written the finest single ode in the language, it is quite right to put Keats above him as a writer of odes, in virtue of the number of fine odes he produced. The great vice of the English ode is rhetoric. If we except Spenser, and, in one instance, Collins, it can hardly be said that any

writer before Shelley and Keats produced odes independent of rhetoric, and supported by pure poetry alone. Not even Coleridge's *Ode to France*, or Wordsworth's *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality* (p. 462), is entirely free from this. But fervid as are Keats's odes *To a Nightingale* (pp. 197, 198) and *On a Grecian Urn*, they are free from rhetorical flavor as his own beautifully tranquil *Ode to Autumn* (p. 417). And with all the rapture of Shelley's *Ode to the West Wind* and *Ode to the Skylark*, even these never lapse into mere rhetoric.

Notwithstanding that in the *Ode on a Grecian Urn* the first stanza does not match in rhyme arrangement with the others, while the second stanza of the *Ode to a Nightingale* varies from the rest by running on four rhyme-sounds instead of five, vexing the ear at first by disappointed expectation, these two odes are, after Coleridge's *France*, the finest, perhaps, in the language.

THE HARRYING OF THE NORTH.

(A.D. 1069.)

EDWARD A. FREEMAN (b. 1823).

[The selection is from Mr. Freeman's *History of the Norman Conquest*, valuable not alone for its vast research, but for its noble Saxon speech. As to the growth of his style, Mr. Freeman himself bears this most interesting testimony in the preface to the second edition of his *Essays* (1873): "In almost every page I have found it easy to put some plain English word, about whose meaning there can be no doubt, instead of those needless French and Latin words which are thought to add dignity to style, but which, in truth, only add vagueness. I am in no way ashamed to find that I can write purer and clearer English now than I did fourteen or fifteen years back; and I think it well to mention the fact for the encouragement of younger writers. The common temptation of beginners is to write in what they think a more elevated fashion. It needs some years of practice before a man fully takes in the truth, that for real strength, and, above all, for real clearness, there is nothing like the old English speech of our fathers."

A Danish fleet, bringing back the Saxon exiles, had entered the Humber, and the Northumbrians, rising in immediate revolt, had overpowered the Norman garrison at York:—]

Now came that fearful deed, half of policy, half of vengeance, which has stamped the name of William with infamy, and which forms a clearly marked stage in the downward course of his moral being. He had embarked in a wrongful undertaking; but hitherto we cannot say that he had aggravated the original wrong by reckless or wanton cruelties. But, as ever, wrong avenged itself by leading to deeper wrong. The age was a stern one, and hitherto William had certainly not sinned

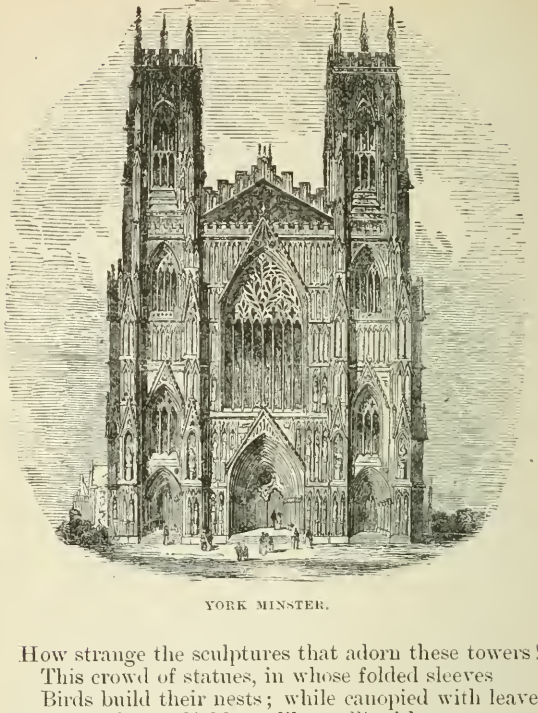
against the public opinion of the age. Hitherto he had been on the whole a merciful conqueror. He had shown that he belonged to another type of beings from the men who had wasted his own duchy in his childhood, and from the men on whom Siward and Tostig had striven to put some check within the land which he had now won. Siward and Tostig were both of them men of blood, stained with the guilt of private murder, from which we may be sure that William would have shrunk at any time of his life. But we may be no less sure that Siward and Tostig, harsh as they were, would have shrunk from the horrors which William now proceeded deliberately to inflict on Northern England.

The harryings of which Sussex and Kent had seen something on his first landing were now to be carried out far more systematically, far more unflinchingly, through the whole of Yorkshire and several neighboring shires. The king took the work of destruction as his personal share of the conquest of Northumberland. He left others to build his castles in York; he left others to watch the Danish fleet in the Humber; but he himself went through the length and breadth of the land, through its wildest and most difficult regions, alike to punish the past revolts of its people and to cripple their power of engaging in such revolts for the time to come. That all who resisted were slain with the sword was a matter of course. But now William went to and fro over points a hundred miles from one another, destroying, as far as in him lay, the life of the earth. It was not mere plunder, which may at least enrich the plunderer; the work of William at this time was simple unmitigated havoc. Houses were everywhere burned with all that was in them; stores of corn, goods and property of every kind, were brought together and destroyed in the like sort; even living animals seem to have been driven to perish in the universal burning.

The authentic records of the Conquest give no hint of any exceptions being made or favor being shown in any part of the doomed region. But the lands of Saint John of Beverley were, according to the local legend, spared among the general havoc, and remained tilled while all around was a wilderness. The long-abiding traces of the destruction which was now wrought were its most fearful feature. The accounts of the immediate ravaging are graphic and terrible enough, but they are perhaps outdone in significance by the passionless witness of the great Survey, the entries of "Waste," "Waste," "Waste," attached through page

after page to the Yorkshire lordships which, seventeen years after, had not recovered from the blow. Indeed, we may be inclined to ask whether Northern England ever fully recovered from the blow till that great development of modern times which has reversed the respective importance of the North and the South. For nine years at least no attempt was made at tilling the ground: between York and Durham every town stood uninhabited; their streets became lurking-places for robbers and wild beasts. Even a generation later the passing traveller beheld with sorrow the ruins of famous towns, with their lofty towers rising above the forsaken dwellings, the fields lying untilled and tenantless, the rivers flowing idly through the wilderness. At the time the scene was so fearful that the contemporary writers seem to lack words to set forth its full horrors. Men, women, and children died of hunger; they laid them down and died in the roads and in the fields, and there was no man to bury them. Those who survived kept up life on strange and unaccustomed food. The flesh of cats and dogs was not disdained, and the teaching which put a ban on the flesh of the horse as the food of Christian men was forgotten under the stress of hunger. Nay, there were those who did not shrink from keeping themselves alive on the flesh of their own kind. Others, in the emphatic words of our old records, bowed their necks for meat in the evil days. They became slaves to any one who would feed them: sometimes, when happier days had come, to be set free by the charity of their masters. Before the end of the year Yorkshire was a wilderness. The bodies of its inhabitants were rotting in the streets, in the highways, or on their own hearth-stones; and those who had escaped from sword, fire, and hunger had fled out of the land. William's work north of the Humber was now done. The land was thoroughly conquered, but it was thoroughly conquered only because it was thoroughly wasted. The strength and the life of the whole district and its people had been broken by his merciless policy. We shall still hear of one or two local outbreaks in Northumberland; we shall hear of inroads in which the Scots ate up the little that the Norman had spared; but we shall hear of no more battles or sieges in which William had still to strive to win or to keep the northern portion of his kingdom. William was now lord of Northumberland; but in being lord of Northumberland he was lord only of a wilderness.

The History of the Norman Conquest of England (1867–1876).



YORK MINSTER.

How strange the sculptures that adorn these towers!
This crowd of statues, in whose folded sleeves
Birds build their nests; while canopied with leaves
Parvis and portal* bloom like trellised bowers,
And the vast minster seems a cross of flowers!
But fiends and dragons on the gargoyled† eaves
Watch the dead Christ between the living thieves,
And, underneath, the traitor Judas lowers!
Ah! from what agonies of heart and brain,
What exultations trampling on despair,
What tenderness, what tears, what hate of wrong,
What passionate outcry of a soul in pain,
Uprose this poem of the earth and air,
This mediæval miracle of song!

LONGFELLOW: *Divina Commedia.*

* *Parvis and portal*, vestibule and doorway.

† *Gargoyle*, a projecting eaves-trough made of stone, and often grotesquely carved.

SIGHT-SEEING WITH UNCLE TOM MACAULAY.

GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN (b. 1838).

He was never so happy as when he could spend an afternoon in taking his nieces and nephews a round of London sights, until, to use his favorite expression, "they could not drag one leg after the other." If he had been able to have his own way the treat would have recurred at least twice a week. On these occasions we drove into London in time for a sumptuous mid-day meal, at which everything that we liked best was accompanied by oysters, caviare,* and olives; some of which delicacies he invariably provided with the sole object of seeing us reject them with contemptuous disgust. Then off we set under his escort;—in summer, to the bears and lions; in winter, to the panorama of Waterloo, to the Coliseum in Regent's Park, or to the enjoyment of the delicious terror inspired by Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors.† When the more attractive exhibitions had been exhausted by too frequent visits, he would enliven with his irrepressible fun the dreary propriety of the Polytechnic, or would lead us through the lofty corridors of the British Museum, making the statues live and the busts speak by the spirit and color of his innumerable anecdotes paraphrased off-hand from the pages of Plutarch and Suetonius. One of these expeditions is described in a letter to my mother in January 1845:—"Fanny brought George‡ and Margaret, with Charley Cropper, to the Albany at one yesterday. I gave them some dinner: fowl, ham, marrow-bones, tart, ice, olives, and champagne. I found it difficult to think of any sight for the children; however, I took them to the National Gallery, and was excessively amused with the airs of connoisseurship which Charley and Margaret gave themselves, and with Georgy's honestly avowed weariness: 'Let us go. There is nothing here that I care for at all.' When I put him into the carriage he said, half-sulkily, 'I do not call this seeing sights. I have seen no sight to-day.' Many a man who has laid out thirty thousand pounds on paintings would, if he spoke the truth, own that he cared as little for the art as poor Georgy."

* Variously pronounced *ca-veer'* and *kav'-yar* (corruption of Italian *caviale*), a preparation of the roe of the sturgeon.

† The famous wax-work exhibition in London.

‡ Lord Macaulay's nephew and biographer, Mr. Trevelyan.

Regularly every Easter, when the closing of the public offices drove my father from the Treasury for a brief holiday, Macaulay took our family on a tour among the cathedral towns, varied by an occasional visit to the universities. We started on the Thursday; spent Good Friday in one city, and Easter Sunday in another, and went back to town on the Monday. This year it was Worcester and Gloucester; the next, York and Lincoln; then Lichfield and Chester, Norwich and Peterborough, Ely and Cambridge, Salisbury and Winchester. Now and then the routine was interrupted by a trip to Paris or to the great churches on the Loire; but in the course of twenty years we

CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME, PARIS.

had inspected at least once all the cathedrals of England, or indeed of England and Wales, for we carried our researches after ecclesiastical architecture as far down in the list as

Bangor. "Our party just filled a railway carriage," says Lady Trevelyan; "and the journey found his flow of spirits unfailing. It was a return of old times: a running fire of jokes, rhymes, puns, never ceasing. It was a peculiarity of his that he never got tired on a journey. As the day wore on he did not feel the desire to lie back and be quiet, and he liked to find his companions ready to be entertained to the last."

Any one who reads the account of Norwich and Bristol in the third chapter, or the account of Magdalen College in the eighth chapter of the "History," may form an idea of Macaulay's merits as a cicerone* in an old English provincial capital. To walk with him round the walls of York, or through the rows of Chester; to look up at the towers of Lichfield from the spot where Lord Brooke† received his death-wound, or down upon Durham from the brow of the hill behind Neville's Cross; to hear him discourse on Monmouth and Bishop Ken beneath the roof of Longleat‡ Hall; or give the rein to all the fancies and reminiscences, political, personal, and historical, which were conjured up by a drive past Old Sarum to Stonehenge;—were privileges which a child could appreciate, but which the most learned of scholars might have envied.

When we returned to our inn in the evening it was only an exchange of pleasures. Sometimes he would translate to us choice morsels from Greek, Latin, Italian, or Spanish writers, with a vigor of language and vivacity of manner which communicated to his *impromptu* version not a little of the air and the charm of the original. Sometimes he would read from the works of Sterne, or Smollett, or Fielding those scenes to which ladies might listen, but which they could not well venture to pick out for themselves. And when we had heard enough of the siege of Carthagena in *Roderick Random*, or of Lieutenant Le Fevre's death in *Tristram Shandy*, we would fall to capping verses, or stringing rhymes, or amusing ourselves with some game devised for the occasion, which often made a considerable demand upon the memory or invention of the players.

* Pron. *che-cher-o'-nay*, guide. A sad misapplication of "Cicero," the name of the illustrious Roman orator.

† Robert Greville, Lord Brooke, author of theological and political treatises, joined the Parliamentary army, and was killed in the battle of Lichfield, 1643.

‡ Longleat, the seat of the Marquis of Bath, on the edge of Wiltshire, a magnificent example of the Elizabethan mansion.

SHELLEY'S "PROMETHEUS UNBOUND" (1819).

JOHN CAMPBELL SHAIRP, LL.D., Principal of the United College, St. Andrews (b. 1819).

[The old Greek legend related how Prometheus made man of clay, and to endow his creation with life stole fire from heaven. Thereupon Zeus chained Prometheus to a rock, and a vulture preyed upon his vitals by day, the wounds filling and healing over by night. From this ceaseless anguish Hercules released him, unchaining the victim and shooting the vulture. The brother of Prometheus ("forethought") was Epimetheus ("afterthought").

This legend has exerted a strong fascination on the poets of all ages. It became in the hands of Æschylus the subject of that grandest among Greek tragedies, the *Prometheus Bound*, of which Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning has given us a magnificent English version (1833). Longfellow wrote in 1807 *Prometheus; or, The Poet's Forethought*, and a companion poem, *Epimetheus; or, The Poet's Afterthought*. Mrs. Shelley, taking a suggestion from Byron, wrote *Frankenstein; or, The Modern Prometheus*. *Prometheus* forms one of Lowell's earlier poems (1843). The following eloquent analysis of Shelley's conception and treatment is extracted from Principal Shairp's lectures delivered (1877–1881) from the Chair of Poetry in Oxford University.]

That drama is from beginning to end a great lyrical poem, or I should rather say a congeries of lyrics, in which perhaps more than anywhere else Shelley's lyrical power has highest soared. The whole poem is exalted by a grand pervading idea, one which in its truest and deepest form is the grandest we can conceive—the idea of the ultimate renovation of man and of the world. And although the powers, and processes, and personified abstractions which Shelley invoked to effect this end are ludicrously inadequate, as irrational as it would be to try to build a solid house out of shadows and moonbeams, yet the high ideal imparts to the poem something of its own elevation. Prometheus, the representative of suffering and struggling humanity, is to be redeemed, and perfected by union with Asia, who is the ideal of beauty, the light of life, the spirit of love. To this spirit Shelley looked to rid the world of all that is evil, and to bring in the diviner day. The lyric poetry, which is exquisite throughout, perhaps culminates in the song in which Panthēa, one of the nymphs, hails her sister Asia as

> "Life of life! thy lips enkindle
> With thy love the breath between them;
> And thy smiles, before they dwindle,
> Make the cold air fire; then screen them
> In those looks, where whoso gazes
> Faints, entangled in their mazes.
>
> "Child of light! thy limbs are burning
> Through the vest which seems to hide them;

As the radiant lines of morning
Through the clouds, ere they divide them;
And this atmosphere divinest
Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest.

"Lamp of earth! where'er thou movest
The dim shapes are clad with brightness,
And the souls of whom thou lovest
Walk upon the winds with lightness,
Till they fail, as I am failing,
Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing."

The reply of Asia to this song is hardly less exquisite. Every one will remember it:—

"My soul is an enchanted boat,
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing;
And thine doth like an angel sit
Beside the helm, conducting it,
Whilst all the winds with melody are ringing;
It seems to float ever, for ever,
Upon the many-winding river,
Between mountains, woods, abysses,
A paradise of wildernesses!
Till, like one in slumber bound,
Borne to the ocean, I float down, around
Into a sea profound of ever-spreading sound.

"Meanwhile thy spirit lifts its pinions
In music's most serene dominions,
Catching the winds that fan that happy heaven;
And we sail on, away, afar,
Without a course, without a star,
But by the instinct of sweet music driven;
Till through Elysian garden islets,
By thee, most beautiful of pilots,
Where never mortal pinnace glided,
The boat of my desire is guided:
Realms where the air we breathe is love,
Which in the winds on the waves doth move,
Harmonizing this earth with what we feel above."

In these two lyrics you have Shelley at his highest perfection. Exquisitely beautiful as they are, they are, however, beautiful as the mirage is beautiful, and as unsubstantial. There is nothing in the reality of things answering to Asia. She is not human, she is not divine. There is nothing moral in her—no

will, no power to subdue evil; only an exquisite essence, a melting loveliness. There is in her no law, no righteousness; something which may enervate, nothing which can brace the soul.

Aspects of Poetry.

KUBLA KHAN; OR, A VISION IN A DREAM.

A FRAGMENT.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (1772-1834).

["In the summer of the year 1797, the author, then in ill health, had retired to a lonely farm-house between Porlock and Linton, on the Exmoor confines of Somerset and Devonshire. In consequence of a slight indisposition an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effect of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment he was reading the following sentence, or words of the same substance, in 'Purchas's Pilgrimage':—'Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto: and thus ten miles of fertile ground were enclosed with a wall.' The author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has the most vivid confidence that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines; if that, indeed, can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as things, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awaking he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink, and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved. At this moment he was unfortunately called out by a person on business from Porlock, and detained by him above an hour, and on his return to his room found, to his no small surprise and mortification, that though he still retained some vague and dim recollection of the general purport of the vision, yet, with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away like the images on the surface of a stream into which a stone had been cast, but, alas! without the after restoration of the latter."—COLERIDGE.

"There is nothing in English rhymed music that can be compared with *Kubla Khan*. And why? Because here for once the poet has conquered the crowning difficulty of writing in irregular metres.....

"To Coleridge alone, among English poets, has it been given to write with success in irregular metres, unless we except Mr. Tennyson in *The Lotus-Eaters*; for fine as are the antiphonal effects in *The Vision of Sin* (Tennyson), and in Mr. Swinburne's *By the North Sea* (see p. 167) these being the prearranged effects of sharp contrasts do not of course come under the present definition of irregular metres at all."—*Athenæum.*]

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree;
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;

And here were forests ancient as the hills,
  Infolding sunny spots of greenery.
But oh! that deep, romantic chasm, which slanted
  Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!*
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
  By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced;
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
  Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
  Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

  The shadow of the dome of pleasure
    Floated midway on the waves;
  Where was heard the mingled measure
    From the fountain and the caves:
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!
  A damsel with a dulcimer
    In a vision once I saw:
  It was an Abyssinian maid,
  And on her dulcimer she played,
    Singing of Mount Abŏra.
  Could I revive within me
    Her symphony and song,
  To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
    That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
  That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
  Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
  And drunk the milk of Paradise.

* A cedar copse.

HOW SOUTHEY WORKED.

EDWARD DOWDEN, LL.D., Professor of English Literature in the University of Dublin.

[Robert Southey's powers of work were proverbial, even among the literary contemporaries of Sir Walter Scott. Poet, biographer, historian, antiquarian, critic, Southey continued to write and publish for forty years; and between the ages of twenty and thirty he is said to have burned more verses than all his published poetical works put together.]

It was part of Southey's regimen to carry on several works at once: this he found to be economy of time, and he believed it necessary for the preservation of his health. Whenever one object entirely occupied his attention, it haunted him, oppressed him, troubled his dreams. The remedy was simple—to do one thing in the morning, another in the evening. To lay down poetry and presently to attack history seems feasible, and no ill policy for one who is forced to take all he can out of himself; but Southey would turn from one poetical theme to another, and could day by day advance with a pair of epics. This was a source of unfailing wonder to Landor. "When I write a poem," he says, "my heart and my feelings are upon it....High poems will not admit flirtation." Little by little was Southey's way, and so he got on with many things. "Last night," he writes to Bedford, "I began the preface [to *Specimens of English Poets*]—huzza! And now, Grosvenor, let me tell you what I have to do. I am writing: 1. *The History of Portugal;* 2. *The Chronicle of the Cid;* 3. *The Curse of Kehama:* 4. *Espriella's Letters.* Look you, all these *I am* writing....By way of interlude comes in this preface. Don't bid me do one thing at a time. I tell you I can't afford to do one thing at a time—no, nor two either; and it is only by doing many things that I contrive to do so much: for I cannot work long together at anything without hurting myself, and so I do everything by heats; then, by the time I am tired of one, my inclination for another is come round." A strong, deliberate energy, accordingly, is at the back of all Southey's work; but not that blind creative rapture which will have its own way, and leaves its subject weak but appeased. "In the day-time I labored," says Landor, "and at night unburdened my soul, shedding many tears. My *Tiberius* has so shaken me at last that the least thing affects me violently." Southey shrank back from such

agitations. A great Elizabethan poet is described by one of his contemporaries as one standing

"Up to the chin in the Pierian flood."

Southey did not wade so far. He stepped down calmly until the smooth waters touched his waist, dipped seven times, and returned to the bank. It was a beautiful and an elevating rite. But the waves sing with lyric lips only in the midmost stream; and he who sings with them, and as swift as they, need not wonder if he sink after a time, faint, breathless, delighted.

Authorship, it must be remembered, was Southey's trade, the business of his life; and this, at least, he knew how to conduct well. To be a prophet, and call down flame from heaven, and disappear in a whirlwind and a chariot of fire, is sublime; but prophets can go in the strength of a single meal for more days and nights than one would choose to name in this incredulous age, and, if they eat, there are ravens to bring them food. No ravens brought loaves to Greta Hall; and Southey had an unprophet-like craving for the creature comforts of beef and bread, for wine if it might be had, and at supper for one meditative tumbler of punch or black-currant rum. Besides, what ravens were ever pledged to feed a prophet's sisters-in-law, or his nephews and nieces? Let it be praise enough for much of Southey's performance, that he did good work in workman-like fashion. To shift knowledge into more convenient positions is to render no unimportant service to mankind. In the gathering of facts Southey was both swift and patient in an extraordinary degree. He went often alone, and he went far. In the art of exposition he was unsurpassed; and his fine moral feeling and profound sympathy with elementary justice created, as De Quincey has observed, a soul under what else might well be denominated, Miltonically, "the ribs of death." From the mending of his pens to the second reading aloud of his proof-sheets, attending as he read to the fall of each word upon the ear, Southey had a diligent care for everything that served to make his work right. He wrote at a moderate pace, rewrote, wrote a third time if it seemed desirable, corrected with minute supervision. He accomplished so much, not because he produced with unexampled rapidity, but because he worked regularly, and never fell into a mood of apathy or ennui. No periods of tempestuous vacancy lay between his periods of patient labour. One work always overlapped another; thus

that first idle day, the begetter of so many idle descendants, never came. But let us hear the craftsman giving a lesson in the knack of authorship to his brother, Dr. Henry Southey, who has a notion of writing something on the Crusades :—

"Now then, supposing that you will seriously set about the *Crusades*, I will give you such directions in the art of historical book-keeping as may save time and facilitate labor.

"Make your writing-books in foolscap quarto, and write only on one side of a leaf. Draw a line down the margin, marking off space enough for your references, which should be given at the end of every paragraph, noting page, book, or chapter of the author referred to. This minuteness is now demanded, and you will yourself find it useful; for in transcribing, or in correcting proofs, it is often requisite to turn to the original authorities. Take the best author—that is to say, the one that has written most at length of all the *original* authors upon the particular point of time on which you are employed, and draw up your account from him; then, on the opposite page, correct and amplify this from every other who has written on the same subject. This page should be divided into two columns—one of about two-thirds of its breadth, the other the remaining one. You are thus enabled to *add* to your *additions*.

"One of these books you should have for your geography—that is to say, for collecting descriptions of all the principal scenes of action (which must be done from books of travels), their situation, their strength, their previous history; and in the notes, their present state. ["Another book," he adds in a subsequent letter, "you must keep for the bibliography of your subject."]

"These descriptions you can insert in their proper places when you transcribe. Thus, also, you should collect accounts of the different tribes and dynasties which you have occasion to mention. In this manner the information which is only to be got at piecemeal, and oftentimes incidentally, when you are looking for something else, is brought together with least trouble, and almost imperceptibly.

"All relative matter, not absolutely essential to the subject, should go in the form of supplementary notes; and these you may make as amusing as you please—the more so, and the more curious, the better. Much trouble is saved by writing them on separate bits of paper, each the half of a quarter of a foolscap sheet, numbering them, and making an index of them. In this manner they are ready for use when they are wanted.

"It was some time before I fell into this system of book-keeping, and I believe no better can be desired. A Welsh triad might comprehend all the rules of style. Say what you have to say as *perspicuously* as possible, as *briefly* as possible, and as *rememberably* as possible, and take no other thought about it. Omit none of those little circumstances which give life to narration, and bring old manners, old feelings, and old times before your eyes."

THE EVENING RAINBOW.

Mild arch of promise, on the evening sky
Thou shinest fair, with many a lovely ray,

Each in the other melting. Much mine eye
  Delights to linger on thee ; for the day,
Changeful and many-weathered, seemed to smile,
Flashing brief splendor through the clouds a while,
Which deepened dark anon, and fell in rain :
  But pleasant is it now to pause and view
  Thy various tints of frail and watery hue,
And think the storm shall not return again.
Such is the smile that piety bestows
  On the good man's pale cheek, when he, in peace
Departing gently from a world of woes,
  Anticipates the world where sorrows cease.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

TO MARY UNWIN.

WILLIAM COWPER (1731–1800).

["I know of no sonnet more remarkable than this, which records Cowper's gratitude to the lady whose affectionate care for many years gave what sweetness she could to a life radically wretched. Petrarch's sonnets have a more ethereal grace and a more perfect finish ; Shakspeare's more passion ; Milton's stand supreme in stateliness ; Wordsworth's in depth and delicacy ; but Cowper's unites with an exquisiteness in the turn of thought which the ancients would have called irony, an intensity of pathetic tenderness peculiar to his loving and ingenuous nature. There is much mannerism, much that is unimportant or of now exhausted interest in his poems ; but where he is great, it is with that elementary greatness which rests on the most universal human feelings. Cowper is our highest master in simple pathos."—FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE. This sonnet is referred to the year 1792 by Cowper's friend and biographer, William Hayley. We print it here from Hayley's text, 1809.]

Mary ! I want a lyre with other strings ;
  Such aid from Heaven as some have feigned they drew !
  An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new,
And undebased by praise of meaner things !
That ere through age or woe I shed my wings
  I may record thy worth, with honor due,
  In verse as musical as thou art true,—
Verse that immortalizes whom it sings !

But thou hast little need : there is a Book
  By seraphs writ, with beams of heavenly light,
On which the eyes of God not rarely look ;
  A chronicle of actions just and bright !
There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine ;
And since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee mine.

THE CENSUS PAPER (1881).

TO MY DAUGHTER.

WILLIAM M. ROSSETTI (b. 1829).

My little Olive, agëd now five years,
I for the census have inscribed your name;
And when ten more years shall have played their game
Of spring and winter, and your sixteenth nears,
Mayhap I'll write you afresh. If next appears
Your twenty-sixth, you for yourself may frame
The attested womanhood; or, if our same
Familiar surname lapsed in smiles and tears
Of courtship and of wedlock, his the hand—
Your husband's hand—that will assume the pen,
And link "Olivia" with some name unguessed.
And sweet my daughter, may the pen not rest
Till eighty-five in weal be reached—and then
Follow your father to the untrodden land.

Contributed to the "Athenæum," May 7, 1881.

DISCOVERIES ON THE SITE OF MYCENÆ.

[Encouraged by his recovery of the site of ancient Troy in 1871–73, Dr. Schliemann began (August 7, 1876) extensive excavations at Mycēnæ, an ancient Greek city, the site of which—ten miles north of the Gulf of Nauplia—was indicated by Cyclopean walls and vaults. In Homer's "Odyssey" (see p. 94), Ulysses, while visiting the land of shades, meets the spirit of King Agamemnon, who relates that after the downfall of Troy he returned with his nobles to Mycenæ, but that at a banquet they were treacherously slain by Queen Clytemnestra and Ægisthus. Pausanias, a late Greek writer, refers to the tombs of Agamemnon and his nobles as still existing in the traditions of his time. Homer inspired Schliemann's search; Pausanias directed it. The Acropolis or Citadel of Mycenæ was cleared to the depth of twenty-five feet below the previous level, and on September 9, 1876, Schliemann felt himself warranted in recording that he had indeed recovered the forgotten site of Agamemnon's interment. Presently he entered the tombs themselves, and there he found, with human remains answering to the traditions, a vast store of most ancient art treasures in exquisite goldsmith's work. The value of these antiquities, if weighed merely as bullion, would exceed twenty-five thousand dollars. On November 28 (16 old style), 1876, George, King of the Greeks, was apprised of these truly wonderful discoveries, and in his telegram Schliemann presented to Greece his entire discoveries without reservation—a noble disinterestedness entirely characteristic of this illustrious antiquarian. Mrs. Schliemann, who has given so much assistance in superintending excavations, is a native of Greece, and an accomplished Greek scholar. Dr. Schliemann's mother tongue is German; but he writes with equal fluency English, French, Russian, and ancient and modern Greek.]

MYCENÆ, *September 9, 1876.*

Since the 19th of August I have continued the excavations with an average number of one hundred and twenty-five workmen and four horse-carts, and have made good progress.....

Mrs. Schliemann and I superintend the excavations from morning till dusk, and we suffer severely from the scorching sun and incessant tempest, which blows the dust into the eyes and inflames them; but in spite of these annoyances, nothing more interesting can be imagined than the excavation of a prehistoric city of immortal glory, where nearly every object, even to the fragments of pottery, reveals a new page of history.

MYCENÆ, *October 30, 1876.*

Yesterday and to-day my excavations have had the honor of being visited by His Majesty Dom Pedro II., Emperor of Brazil.* Coming from Corinth, His Majesty rode directly up to the Acropolis, and remained for two hours in my excavations, which he attentively examined and re-examined. The immense double parallel circle of slanting slabs, within which are the three lines of tombstones, and particularly the four sculptured ones, seemed to be of paramount interest to him, and he requested me to send him photographs of them to Cairo. The great Lions' Gate through which the king of men [Agamemnon] passed when he left for the most glorious expedition of the heroic age, the wonderful threshold of this gate, the large Cyclopean house, the three Cyclopean water-conduits, the immense Cyclopean circuit walls, and all the other monuments of pre-historic times, seemed also to be of very great interest to His Majesty, who went thence to the Treasury which we have excavated, and afterwards to the Treasury of Atreus, where dinner was served. This meal in the midst of the mysterious dome-like underground building, nearly forty centuries old, seemed to please His Majesty exceedingly.

MYCENÆ, *December 6, 1876.*

For the first time since its capture by the Argives in 468 B.C., and so for the first time during two thousand three hundred and forty-four years, the Acropolis of Mycenæ has a garrison, whose watch-fires, seen by night throughout the whole Plain of Argos, carry back the mind to the watch kept for Agamemnon's return from Troy (see p. 193), and the signal which warned Clytemnestra and her paramour of his approach. But this time the object of the occupation by soldiery is of a more peaceful character, for it is merely intended to inspire awe among the country people, and to prevent them from making clandestine

* Schliemann dedicates his volume on Mycenæ to the Emperor Pedro.

excavations in the tombs, or approaching them while we are working in them.

Fifth and last Tomb within the Acrop'olis.

As usual, the bottom of the tomb was strewn with a layer of pebbles, in which I found the mortal remains of only one person, with the head turned towards the east, which, like all the other bodies, had been burned on the precise spot where it lay. This was proved by the calcined pebbles below and around the corpse, as well as by the undisturbed masses of ashes with which it was covered, and finally by the marks of the funeral fire on the walls of rock. Around the skull, which was unfortunately too fragile to be saved, was a golden diadem similar to those already represented, with an ornamentation in *repoussé*-work, showing in the middle three shield-like circles, with flowers or a wheel in rotation; the remaining space being filled up with beautiful spirals.

On the right side of the body I found a lance-head with a ring on either side; also two small bronze swords, and two long knives of the same metal. On its left was found a gold drinking-cup. The handle is fastened with four nails to the rim and the body of the goblet. With the swords were found small rags of beautifully-woven linen, which, doubtless, belonged to the sheaths of these weapons.

The Body Found in the First Tomb.

The color resembled very much that of an Egyptian mummy. The forehead was ornamented with a plain round leaf of gold, and a still larger one was lying on the right eye.

The news that the tolerably well-preserved body of a man of the mythic heroic age had been found covered with golden ornaments spread like wildfire through the Argolid, and people came by thousands from Argos, Nauplia, and the villages to see the wonder.

The now nearly mummified body was decorated with a golden shoulder-belt, four feet long and one and three-quarter inches broad, which for some cause or other was not in its place, for it now lay across the loins of the body, and extended in a straight line far to the right of it. In its midst is suspended and firmly attached the fragment of a double-edged bronze sword; and to this latter was accidentally attached a beautifully polished perforated object of rock-crystal, in form of a jar, with two silver handles. It is pierced in its entire length by a silver pin.

To the right of the body lay two bronze swords. The handle of the upper sword is of bronze, but thickly plated with gold, which is covered all over with a magnificent intaglio-work of the most varied description.

My firm faith in the traditions made me undertake my late excavations in the Acropolis, and led me to the discovery of the five tombs with their immense treasures. Although I have found in these tombs a civilization very high from a technical point of view, yet, as in Ilium [Troy], I found there only hand-made or most ancient wheel-made pottery, and no iron. Further: writing was known in Troy, for I found there a number of short inscriptions in very ancient Cypriote characters, and, so far as we can judge, in a language which is essentially the same as Greek; whereas we have the certainty now that the alphabet was unknown in Mycenæ. Had it been known, the Mycenæan goldsmiths, who were always endeavoring to invent some new ornamentation, would have joyfully availed themselves of the novelty to introduce the strange characters in their decoration. Besides, in the remote antiquity to which the Homeric rhapsodies and the traditions of the Mycenæan tombs refer, there was as yet no commercial intercourse. Nobody travelled except on warlike or piratical expeditions. Thus there may have been a very high civilization at Mycenæ, while at the very same time the arts were only in the first dawn in Troy, and writing with Cypriote characters may have been in use in Troy more than a thousand years before any alphabet was known in Greece.

The five tombs of Mycenæ, or at least three of them, contained such enormous treasures, that they cannot but have belonged to members of the royal family. But the period of the kings of Mycenæ belongs to a very remote antiquity. Royalty ceased there at the Dorian invasion, the date of which has always been fixed at 1104 B.C. Thucydides says that it took place eighty years after the war of Troy, which has been hitherto supposed to have ended in 1184 B.C. But, in agreement with all archæologists, I hold to the conclusion that, on the evidence of the monuments of Troy, the capture and the destruction of that city, and consequently also the Dorian invasion, must have occurred at a much earlier date.

Mycenæ: A Narrative of Researches and Discoveries at Mycenæ and Tiryns (1877).

FAMOUS PASSAGES FROM ANCIENT GREEK POETS,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF DR. SCHLIEMANN'S DISCOVERIES AT MYCENÆ.

1. *From the "Agamemnon" of the Greek Tragic Poet Æschylus* (b. B.C. 525).

The translation is by John Stuart Blackie, late Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh (b. 1809).

[The opening scene of the "Agamemnon" is laid by Æschylus at Argos, the great maritime city of Agamemnon's kingdom. After ten weary years of siege Troy has at last fallen, and the leader of the victorious Greek forces is now impatiently ploughing his way homewards across the Ægean. The old sentinel, faithful when so many have proved false, watches anxiously for the first flash of the signal torch announcing the fall of Troy.]

I pray the gods a respite from these toils,
This long year's watch that, dog-like, I have kept
High on the Atrīdan's* battlements, beholding
The nightly council of the stars, the circling
Of the celestial signs, and those bright regents,
High swung in ether, that bring mortal men
Summer and winter. Here I watch the torch,
The appointed flame that wings a voice from Troy,
Telling of capture; thus I serve her hopes,
The masculine-minded who is sovereign here.
And when night-wandering shades encompass round
My dew-sprent dreamless couch (for fear doth sit
In slumber's chair, and holds my lids apart),
I chant some dolorous ditty, making song,
Sleep's substitute, surgeon my nightly care,
And the misfortunes of this house I weep,
Not now, as erst, by prudent counsels swayed.
Oh! soon may the wished-for sign relieve my toils,
Thrice-welcome herald, gleaming through the night!

[*The beacon is seen shining.*]

All hail, thou cresset of the dark! fair gleam
Of day through midnight shed, all hail! bright father
Of joy and dance in Argos, hail! all hail!
Hillo! Hilloa!
I will go tell the wife of Agamemnon
To shake dull sleep away, and lift high-voiced
The jubilant shout well-omened, to salute
This welcome beacon; if, indeed, old Troy
Hath fallen—as flames this courier torch to tell.

* Agamemnon was the grandson of Atreus.

Myself will dance the prelude to this joy.
My master's house hath had a lucky throw,
And thrice six falls to me, thanks to the flame!
Soon may he see his home; and soon may I
Carry my dear loved master's hand in mine!
The rest I whisper not, for on my tongue
Is laid a seal. These walls, if they could speak,
Would say strange things. Myself to those that know
Am free of speech; to whoso knows not, dumb.

2. *Ulysses' Interview with the Spirit of Agamemnon.*

HOMER: *Odyssey*, book xi. Translated by George Chapman (1557?-1634).

["Chapman's translations of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are masterpieces, and cannot die."—A. LANG.]

He knew me instantly, and forth a flood
Of springing tears gushed; out he thrust his hands
With will t' embrace me, but their old commands
Flowed not about him, nor their weakest part.
I wept to see, and moaned him from my heart,
And asked: "O Agamemnon! king of men!
What sort of cruel death hath rendered slain
Thy royal person? Neptune in thy fleet,
Heaven and his hellish billows making meet,
Rousing the winds? Or have thy men by land
Done thee this ill, for using thy command,
Past their consents, in diminution
Of those full shares their worths by lot had won
Of sheep or oxen?* Or of any town,
In covetous strife, to make their rights their own
In men or women prisoners?" He replied:
"By none of these in any right† I died,
But by Ægisthus and my murderous wife
(Bid to a banquet at his house) my life
Hath thus been reft me, to my slaughter led
Like to an ox pretended to be fed.
So miserably fell I, and with me
My friends lay massacred, as when you see
At any rich man's nuptials, shot,‡ or feast,
About his kitchen white-toothed swine lie drest.
The slaughters of a world of men thine eyes
Have personally witnessed; but this one
Would all thy parts have broken into moan,
To see how strewed about our cups and cates,
As tables set with feast, so we with fates,

* For using thy prerogative in demanding a king's share of the spoils, and so diminishing the shares which the other chieftains obtained by lot.

† Way. ‡ Joint-entertainment; pic-nic.

All gashed and slain lay, all the floor embrued
With blood and brain. But that which most I rued
Flew from the heavy voice that Priam's seed,
Cassandra, breathed, whom, she that wit doth feed
With baneful crafts, false Clytemnestra, slew,
Close sitting by me: up my hands I threw
From earth to heaven, and tumbling on my sword
Gave wretched life up; when the most abhorred,
By all her sex's shame, forsook the room,
Nor deigned, though then so near this heavy home,
To shut my lips, or close my broken eyes.*

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S "HOMER."

JOHN KEATS (1795-1821).

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

THE ODYSSEY.

ANDREW LANG.

[This sonnet Mr. Lang prefixes to the fine prose rendering of the *Odyssey* which he has executed in conjunction with Mr. S. H. Butcher.]

As one that for a weary space has lain,
Lulled by the song of Circë and her wine,
In gardens near the pale of Proserpine,†
Where that Ææan isle forgets the main,

* In his preface to Schliemann's "Mycenæ," Mr. Gladstone calls attention to the still open mouth and eye of the body found in the royal tomb.

† In the Greek myth, Pluto carried off Proserpine (trisyllable) from the plain of Enna in Sicily. Ææa, the island which Homer describes as the home of the enchantress Circë (dissyllable), was by later poets placed in the Sicilian strait.

And only the low lutes of love complain,
And only shadows of wan lovers pine;
As such a one were glad to know the brine
Salt on his lips and the large air again,
So gladly from the songs of modern speech
Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free
Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers,
And through the music of the languid hours
They hear, like ocean on a western beach,
The surge and thunder of the Odyssey.

THE GROWTH OF KEATS'S STYLE.

DAVID MASSON, Professor of English Literature in the University of Edinburgh (b. 1822).

From Edmonton, Keats was continually walking over to Enfield to see his young friend Cowden Clarke,* and to borrow books. It was some time in 1812 that he borrowed Spenser's *Faerie Queene*. The effect was immediate and extraordinary. "He ramped," says Mr. Clarke, "through the scenes of the romance;" he would talk of nothing but Spenser; he had whole passages by heart, which he would repeat; and he would dwell with an ecstasy of delight on fine particular phrases, such as, "the sea-shouldering whale." His first known poetical composition (he was then seventeen) was a piece expressly entitled, "In Imitation of Spenser:"—

"Now Morning from her orient chamber came,
And her first footsteps touched a verdant hill,
Crowning its lawny crest with amber flame,
Silvering the untainted gushes of its rill;
Which, pure from mossy beds," etc.

From that moment it seemed as if Keats lived only to read poetry and to write it. From Spenser he went to Chaucer, from Chaucer to Milton; and so on and on, with ever widening range, through all our sweeter and greater poets. He luxuriated in them by himself; he talked about them and read parts of them aloud to his friends; he became a critic of their thoughts, their words, their rhymes, their cadences. His chief partner in these tastes was Mr. Cowden Clarke, with whom he

* The husband of Mary Cowden Clarke (b. 1809), to whom Shakspearean students owe the "Concordance."

would take walks, or sit up whole evenings discoursing of poets and poetry; and he acknowledges, in one of his metrical epistles, the influence which Mr. Clarke had in forming his literary likings. Above all, it was Mr. Clarke that first introduced him to any knowledge of ancient Greek poetry. This was effected by lending him Chapman's "Homer;" his first acquaintance with which, and its effects on him, are celebrated in one of the finest and best known of his sonnets [see p. 195]. Thenceforward Greek poetry, as far as it was accessible to him in translation, had peculiar fascinations for him. By similar means he became fondly familiar with some of the softer Italian poets and with the stories of Boccaccio.* It was noted by one of his friends that his preferences at this time, whether in English or in other poetry, were still for passages of a sweet, sensuous description, or of sensuous-ideal beauty, such as are to be found in the minor poems of Milton, Shakspeare, and Chaucer, and in Spenser throughout; and that he rarely seemed to dwell with the same enthusiasm on passages of fervid feeling, of severe reference to life, or of powerful human interest. At this time, in fact, his feeling for poetry was very much that of an artist in language—observing effects which particularly delighted him, and studying them with a professional admiration of the exquisite. He brooded over fine phrases like a lover; and often, when he met a quaint or a delicious word in the course of his reading, he would take pains to make it his own by using it, as speedily as possible, in some poem he was writing. Ah! those days of genial, enjoying youth, when, over the fire, with a book in one's hand, one got fine passages by heart, and, in walks with one or two choice companions, there was an opening of the common stock, and hours and miles were whiled away with tit-bits of recent reading from a round of favorite poets! Those were the days when books were books; and it is a fact to be remembered, as regards literature, that one half of the human race is always under the age of twenty-one.

The most obvious characteristic of Keats's poetry is certainly its abundant *sensuousness*. Some of his finest little poems are all but literally lyrics of the sensuous, embodiments of the feelings of ennui, fatigue, physical languor, and the like, in tissues of fancied circumstance and sensation. Thus, in the well-known *Ode to the Nightingale*:—

* Boccaccio (pr. *bo-kat'-cho*), 1313–1375, Italian poet; author of "Decameron."

"My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk."

In this state he hears the nightingale, and straightway finds his cure:—

"O for a draught of vintage that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delvéd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
Dance, and Provençal* song, and sunburnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm south,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,†
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim
And purple-stained mouth,
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim!"

It is the same in those longer pieces of narrative phantasy which form the larger portion of his writings: selecting, as in *Endymion*, a legend of the Grecian mythology; or, as in *Isabella, or the Pot of Basil*, a story from Boccaccio; or, as in *The Eve of St. Agnes*, the hint of a middle-age superstition; or, as in *Lamia*, a story of Greek witchcraft, he sets himself to weave out the little text of substance so given into a linked succession of imaginary movements and incidents taking place in the dim depth of ideal scenery, whether of forest, grotto, sea-shore, the interior of a Gothic castle, or the marble vestibule of a Corinthian palace. In following him in these luxurious excursions into a world of ideal nature and life, we see his imagination winging about, as if it were his disembodied senses hovering, insect-like, in one humming group, all keeping together in harmony at the bidding of a higher intellectual power, and yet each catering for itself in that species of circumstance which is its peculiar food. Thus, the disembodied sense of Taste—

"Here is wine
Alive with sparkles—never, I aver,
Since Ariadne was a vintager,
So cool a purple: taste these juicy pears,
Sent me by sad Vertumnus,‡ when his fears

* Pr. *pro-von'g-sal* (here with the chief accent on middle syllable, but more properly it falls on last). Provence, a district of southern France, the home of the old Troubadours.

† Hippocrene (here three syllables, but as a Greek word pronounced in four syllables), a fountain on Mount Helicon in Greece, sacred to the Muses.

‡ Vertumnus, the god of gardens.

Were high about Pomōna: here is cream
Deepening to richness from a snowy gleam—
Sweeter than that nurse Amalthēa skimmed
For the boy Jupiter; and here, undimmed
By any touch, a bunch of blooming plums,
Ready to melt between an infant's gums."

Or, again, in the description of the dainties in the chapel, in *The Eve of St. Agnes*:—

"And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep
In blanchéd linen, smooth and lavendered,
While he from forth the closet brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd,
With jellies soother* than the creamy curd,
And lucent sirups tinct with cinnamon.
Manna and dates, in argosy transferred
From Fez, and spicéd dainties every one
From silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon."

As an instance of the disembodied delight in sweet odor, take the lines in *Isabella*:—

"Then in a silken scarf, sweet with the dews
Of precious flowers plucked in Araby,
And divine liquids come with odorous ooze
Through the cold serpent-pipe refreshfully,
She wrapped it up."

Delicacy and richness in ideal, sensations of touch and sound are found throughout. Thus, even the sensation of cold water on the hands:—

"When in an ante-chamber every guest
Had felt the cold full sponge to pleasure pressed
By ministering slaves upon his hands and feet;"

Or the ideal tremulation of a string:—

"Be thou in the van
Of circumstance; yea, seize the arrow's barb
Before the tense string murmur."

But let us pass to the sense of sight, with its various perceptions of color, light, and lustre. Here Keats is in some

* Keats has apparently confused the old adjective *soote*, "sweet" (in Surrey, etc.), with the old adjective *sooth*, "true."

respects "easily first," even among our most sensuous poets. Here is the description of Lamia while she was still a serpent:—

> "She was a Gordian shape of dazzling hue,
> Vermilion-spotted, golden, green, and blue;
> Striped like a zebra, freckled like a pard,
> Eyed like a peacock, and all crimson-barred;
> And full of silver moons that, as she breathed,
> Dissolved, or brighter shone, or interwreathed
> Their lustres with the gloomier tapestries."

Here is a passage somewhat more various; the description of the bower in which Adonis was sleeping:—

> "Above his head
> Four lily-stalks did their white honors wed
> To make a coronal; and round him grew
> All tendrils green, of every bloom and hue,
> Together intertwined and trammelled fresh:
> The vine of glossy sprout; the ivy mesh,
> Shading the Ethiop berries; and woodbine,
> Of velvet leaves and bugle blooms divine;
> Convolvulus in streakéd vases flush;
> The creeper, mellowing for an autumn blush;
> And virgin's bower, trailing airily;
> With others of the sisterhood."

These last quotations suggest a remark which does not seem unimportant. When critics or poets themselves speak of the love of nature, or the perception of natural beauty, as essential in the constitution of the poet, it will often be found that what they chiefly mean is an unusual sensibility to the pleasures of one of the senses—the sense of sight. What they mean is chiefly a fine sense of form, color, lustre, and the like. Now, though it may be admitted that, in so far as mistration of material for the intellect is concerned, sight is the most important of the senses, yet this all but absolute identification of love of nature with sensibility to visual pleasures seems erroneous. It is a kind of treason to the other senses, all of which are avenues of communication between nature and the mind, though sight may be the main avenue. In this respect I believe that one of the most remarkable characteristics of Keats is the universality of his sensuousness.

Macmillan's Magazine, Nov. 1860.

"WHITHER THE WIND THEIR COURSE DIRECTS."

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH (1819-1861).

["Clough [pr. Kluf] holds a high and permanent place among our poets, not only because, as Mr. Lowell says, he represents an epoch of thought, but because he represents it in a manner so rare, so individual. He is neither singer nor prophet; but he is a poet in virtue of the depth and sincerity with which he felt certain great emotions, and the absolute veracity with which he expressed them. 'His mind seems habitually to have been swayed by large, slow, deep-sea currents,' says one of the best of his critics,—currents partly general in their operations on his time, partly special to himself; and his utterances when so swayed are intensely real."—T. H. WARD: *The English Poets*, 1880. The motto of this poem is taken from Virgil's *Æneid*, iii. 269.]

As ships becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart descried:

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side:

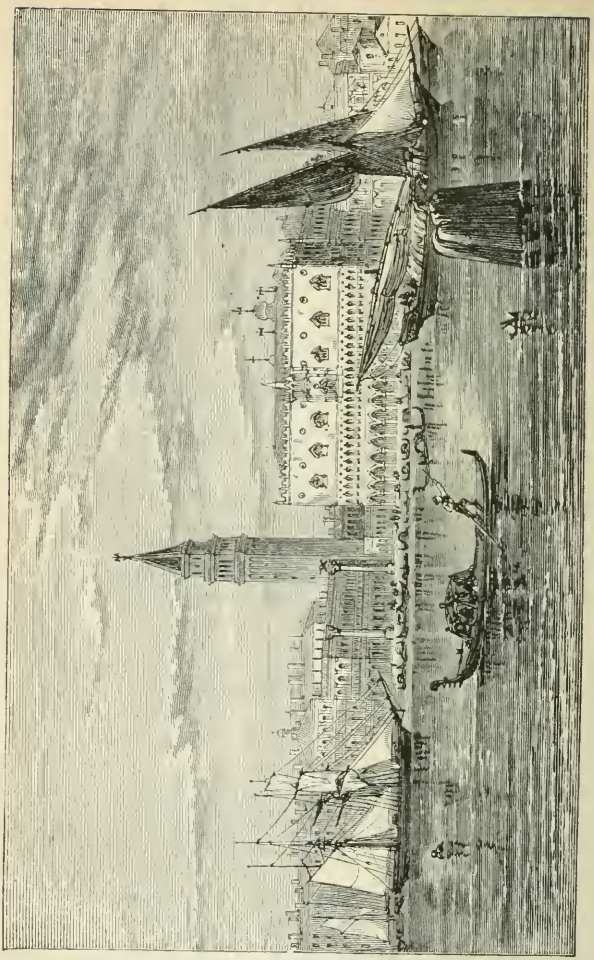
E'en so—but why the tale reveal
Of those, whom year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged?

At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each rejoicing steered—
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,
Or wist, what first with dawn appeared!

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
Brave barks! In light, in darkness too,
Through winds and tides one compass guides—
To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze! and O great seas!
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold where'er they fare,—
O bounding breeze! O rushing seas!
At last, at last, unite them there!



THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE.

IN A GONDOLA

ON THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH (1819-1861).

Afloat! we move!—delicious! ah,
What else is like the gon'dŏla?

This level floor of liquid glass
Begins beneath us swift to pass.
It goes as though it went alone
By some impulsion of its own.
(How light it moves! how softly! ah,
Were all things like the gondola!)

How light it moves! how softly! ah,
Could life as does our gondola,
Unvexed with quarrels, aims, and cares,
And moral duties and affairs,
Unswaying, noiseless, swift, and strong,
For ever thus—thus glide along!
(How light we move! how softly! ah,
Were life but as the gondola!)

With no more motion than should bear
A freshness to the languid air;
With no more effort than expressed
The need and naturalness of rest,
Which we beneath a grateful shade
Should take on peaceful pillows laid!
(How light we move! how softly! ah,
Were life but as the gondola!)

In one unbroken passage borne
To closing night from opening morn;
Uplift at whiles slow eyes to mark
Some palace front, some passing bark;
Through windows catch the varying shore,
And hear the soft turns of the oar!
(How light we move! how softly! ah,
Were life but as the gondola!)

LITERATURE: "CREATIVE AND SENTIMENTAL."

JOHN RUSKIN (b. 1819).

I think it probable that many readers may be surprised at my calling Scott the great representative of the mind of the age of literature. Those who can perceive the intense penetrative depth of Wordsworth, and the exquisite finish and melodious power of Tennyson, may be offended at my placing in higher rank that poetry of careless glance and reckless rhyme in which Scott poured out the fancies of his youth; and those

who are familiar with the subtle analysis of the French novelists, or who have in any wise submitted themselves to the influence of German philosophy, may be equally indignant at my ascribing a principality to Scott among the literary men of Europe, in an age which has produced De Balzac and Goethe.*

But the mass of sentimental literature concerned with the analysis and description of emotion, headed by the poetry of Byron, is altogether of lower rank than the literature which merely describes what it saw. The true seer feels as intensely as any one else, but he does not much describe his feelings. He tells you whom he met, and what they said; leaves you to make out from what they feel, and what he feels, but goes into little detail. And, generally speaking, pathetic writing and careful explanation of passion are quite easy, compared with this plain recording of what people said and did, or with the right invention of what they are likely to say and do; for this reason, that to invent a story, or admirably and thoroughly tell any part of a story, it is necessary to grasp the entire mind of every personage concerned in it, and know precisely how they would be affected by what happens: which to do, requires a colossal intellect; but to describe a separate emotion delicately, it is only needed that one should feel it one's self; and thousands of people are capable of feeling this or that noble emotion, for one who is able to enter into all the feelings of somebody sitting on the other side of the table. Even, therefore, where this sentimental literature is first-rate, as in passages of Byron, Tennyson, and Keats, it ought not to be ranked so high as the creative; and though perfection even in narrow fields is perhaps as rare as in the wider, and it may be as long before we have another "In Memoriam" as another "Guy Mannering,"† I unhesitatingly receive, as a greater manifestation of power, the right invention of a few sentences spoken by Pleydell and Mannering across their supper-table, than the most tender and passionate melodies of the self-examining verse.

Modern Painters.

* Honoré de Balzac (-zak'), 1799–1858, novelist; one of the greatest names in French literature since the Revolution.—Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (-tay), 1749–1832, the great German poet, dramatist, and philosopher.

† *In Memoriam*, a series of 130 short elegiac poems written by Tennyson (published May 1850) in memory of his dear friend Arthur Henry Hallam, who died 1833.—*Guy Mannering*, the second of the *Waverley Novels*, appeared anonymously in 1815. In chap. xxxvi. Paulus Pleydell is introduced as "a good scholar, an excellent lawyer, and a worthy man, practising the ancient and now forgotten pastime of high jinks."

GROWTH AND DECAY OF LANGUAGE.

FREDERICK MAX MÜLLER (b. 1823).
Professor of Comparative Philology, Oxford.

The language of Alfred is so different from the English of the present day that we have to study it in the same manner as we study Greek or Latin. We can read Milton and Bacon, Shakspeare and Hooker; we can make out Wycliffe and Chaucer; but when we come to the English of the thirteenth century, we can but guess its meaning, and we fail even in this with works previous to the Ormulum and Layamon. The historical changes of language may be more or less rapid, but they take place at all times and in all countries. They have reduced the rich and powerful idiom of the poets of the Veda* to the meagre and impure jargon of the modern sepoy. They have transformed the language of the Zend-Avesta and of the mountain records of Behistun into that of Firdusi and the modern Persians; the language of Virgil into that of Dante; the language of Ulfilas into that of Charlemagne; the language of Charlemagne into that of Goethe. We have reason to believe that the same changes take place with even greater violence and rapidity in the dialects of savage tribes, although, in the absence of a written literature, it is extremely difficult to obtain trustworthy information. But in the few cases where careful observations have been made on this interesting subject, it has been found that among the wild and illiterate tribes of Siberia, Africa, and Siam, two or three generations are sufficient to change the whole aspect of their dialects. The languages of highly civilized nations, on the contrary, become more and more stationary, and seem sometimes almost to lose their power of change. Where there is a classical literature, and where its language is spread to every town and village, it seems almost impossible that any further changes should take place. Nevertheless, the language of Rome, for so many centuries the queen of the civilized world, was deposed by the modern Romance dialects, and the ancient Greek was supplanted in the end by

* *Veda*, applied to the four sacred books of the Hindus; Zend-Avesta, sacred book (B.C. 490) attributed to Zoroaster; Firdūsi or Firdousee, the greatest of Persian poets (b. 940 A.D.); Virgil, the great epic poet of the Romans (B.C. 70-19); Dante (-tay), the greatest of Italian poets (1265-1321 A.D.); Ulfilas, Gothic scholar and writer (318-388 A.D.); Charlemagne (Charles I.), King of France and Emperor of Germany, reigned A.D. 823-877.

the modern Romaic. And though the art of printing, and the wide diffusion of Bibles and prayer-books and newspapers, have acted as still more powerful barriers to arrest the constant flow of human speech, we may see that the language of the authorized version of the Bible, though perfectly intelligible, is no longer the spoken language of England. In Booker's Scripture and Prayer-book Glossary, the number of words or senses of words which have become obsolete since 1611 amounts to 388, or nearly one-fifteenth part of the whole number of words used in the Bible. Smaller changes, changes of accent and meaning, the reception of new and the dropping of old words, we may watch as taking place under our own eyes. Rogers said that "*cóntemplate* is bad enough, but *bálcony** makes me sick;" whereas at present no one is startled by cóntemplate instead of contémplate, and bálcony has become more usual than balcóny. Thus *Roome* and *chaney*, *layloc* and *goold*, have but lately been driven from the stage by *Rome*, *china*, *lilac*, and *gold;* and some courteous gentlemen of the old school still continue to be *obleeged* instead of being *obliged*. *Force*, in the sense of a waterfall, and *gill*,† in the sense of a rocky ravine, were not used in classical English before Wordsworth. *Handbook*, though an old Anglo-Saxon word, has but lately taken the place of *manual;* and a number of words such as *cab* for cabriolet, *bus* for omnibus, and even a verb, such as *to shunt*, tremble still on the boundary line between the vulgar and the literary idioms. Though the grammatical changes that have taken place since the publication of the Authorized Version are yet few in number, still we may point out some. The termination of the third singular in *th* is now entirely replaced by *s*. No one now says *he liveth*, but only *he lives*. Several of the irregular imperfects and participles have assumed a new form. No one now uses *he spake*, and *he drave*, instead of *he spoke*, and *he drove; holpen* is replaced by *helped; holden* by *held; shapen* by *shaped*. The distinction between *ye* and *you*, the former being reserved for the nominative, the latter for all the other cases, is given up in modern English; and what is apparently a new grammatical form, the possessive *its*, has sprung into life since the beginning of the seventeenth century. It never occurs in the Bible; and though it is used three or four times by Shakspeare, Ben Jonson does not recognize it as yet in his English Grammar.

* From Italian *balcóne*. † Pron. jill.

Although there is a continuous change in language, it is not in the power of man either to produce or to prevent it. We might think as well of changing the laws which control the circulation of our blood, or of adding an inch to our height, as of altering the laws of speech, or inventing new words, according to our pleasure. As man is the lord of Nature, only if he knows her laws and submits to them, the poet and the philosopher become the lords of language only if they know its laws and obey them.

When the Emperor Tiberius had made a mistake, and was reproved for it by Marcellus, another grammarian of the name of Căpĭto, who happened to be present, remarked that what the emperor said was good Latin, or if it were not it would soon be so. Marcellus, more of a grammarian than a courtier, replied, "Capito is a liar; for, Cæsar, thou canst give the Roman citizenship to men, but not to words." A similar anecdote is told of the German Emperor Sigismund.* When presiding at the Council of Costnitz, he addressed the assembly in a Latin speech, exhorting them to eradicate the schism ("schismam") of the Hussites. He used the Latin *schisma* as a feminine noun, but was very unceremoniously called to order by a monk, who called out, "Most serene monarch, *schisma* is neuter!" The emperor, however, without losing his presence of mind, asked the impertinent monk, "How do you know it?" The old Bohemian schoolmaster replied, "Alexander Gallus says so." "And who is Alexander Gallus?" the emperor rejoined. The monk replied, "He was a monk." "Well," said the emperor, "and I am the Emperor of Rome; and my word, I trust, will be as good as the word of any monk." No doubt the laughers were with the emperor; but for all that, *schisma* remained a neuter, and not even an emperor could change its gender or termination. *Lectures† on the Science of Language.*

* Sigismund, Emperor of Germany (A.D. 1368-1437).—The Council of Constance (Costnitz) sat from 1414-1418.

† Delivered at the Royal Institution, London, 1861.

HYMNS FROM CHATTERTON.

(1752-1770.)

DANIEL WILSON, LL.D., President of University College, Toronto (b. 1816).

[Among the poets of the eighteenth century, Thomas Chatterton occupies a place altogether unique. He indeed claims scarcely less the interest of the psychologist as a marvellous example of matured intellectual precocity, than that of the student of English literature as a poet remarkable in an age of varied literary excellence. Fully to estimate the characteristics in which Chatterton stands out with such exceptional prominence, it has to be kept constantly in view that he was a posthumous child, the son of a poor widow, self-taught in all but the merest rudiments of education acquired at a charity school; that, so far from receiving encouragement, he was thwarted at every step in his strange, brief career; and that he was buried by strangers in a pauper's grave when only seventeen years of age.—Dr. Wilson's article "Chatterton," in *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 9th ed., vol. v., 1876.]

Chatterton's "Hymn for Christmas Day," written about eleven,—though remarkable when the age of its author is considered,—is chiefly interesting from the evidence it supplies of his religious emotions. On this account a stanza or two may be quoted here:—

"Almighty Framer of the skies!
O let our pure devotion rise
Like incense in thy sight!
Wrapt in impenetrable shade
The texture of our souls was made,
Till thy command gave light.

"The Sun of glory gleamed—the ray
Refined the darkness into day,
And bade the vapors fly;
Impelled by his eternal love,
He left his palaces above
To cheer our gloomy sky.

* * * *

"My soul, exert thy powers, adore,
Upon devotion's plumage soar
To celebrate the day;
The God from whom creation sprung
Shall animate my grateful tongue;
From him I'll catch the lay!"

Another beautiful hymn, entitled "Resignation," was copied by Sir Herbert Croft from the original in Mrs. Chatterton's possession—the boy having probably given it to his mother as a piece calculated to gratify her by its sentiment, if not by its poetical merit :—

On Resignation.

O God, whose thunder shakes the sky,
Whose eye this atom globe surveys,
To thee, my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the powers of human skill;
But what the Eternal acts is right.

O teach me in the trying hour,
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own thy power,
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but thee,
Encroaching sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
And mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain?
Why drooping seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
For God created all to bless.

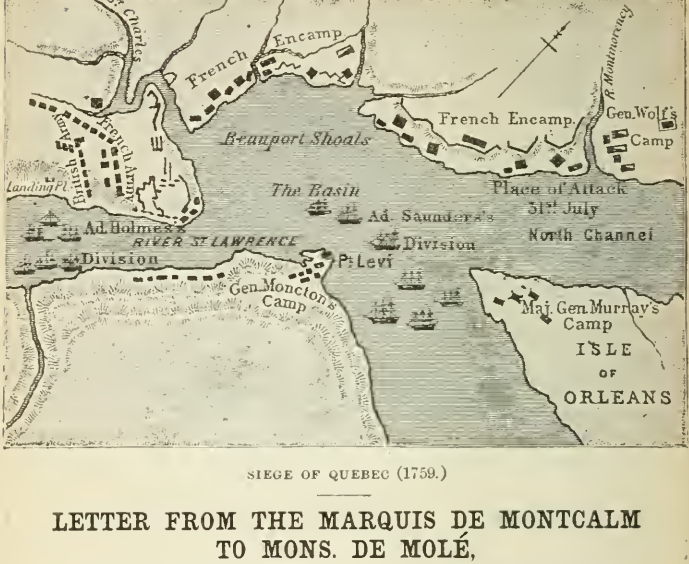
But, ah! my breast is human still;
The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill,*
The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resigned,
I'll thank the infliction of the blow,
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals.

Chatterton: A Biographical Study (1869).

* The feeble current of my languid heart.



SIEGE OF QUEBEC (1759.)

LETTER FROM THE MARQUIS DE MONTCALM TO MONS. DE MOLÉ,

FIRST PRESIDENT IN THE PARLIAMENT OF PARIS.

(August 24, 1759.)

[In 1777 a pamphlet (French and English), now exceedingly rare, was published in London by J. Almon, containing three letters of the Marquis de Montcalm,—two addressed to M. de Berryer, Minister of Marine in France, one to M. de Molé, the President of the Parliament of Paris; and Montcalm enclosed in one of his letters to De Berryer correspondence received from a Boston planter. The fact thus disclosed, that proposals for intervention had been made to France as early as 1757, doubtless gave the pamphlet its special interest in 1777. For us the chief interest lies in the singular forecast which the gallant Montcalm makes of a great military disaster; he had "caught its tone with death's prophetic ear." The heroism with which he confronts his fate is at once pathetic and sublime.]

Dear Cousin,—For more than three months has Mr. Wolfe been hanging on my hands; he ceases not, night or day, to bombard Quebec with a fury of which an example can hardly be produced in any siege of a place which the enemy wished to take and to preserve. They have already destroyed, by their artillery, almost the whole of the lower town, and a great part of the upper is demolished by their bombs; but though they should leave not one stone upon another, they will not be able

to carry their point while they content themselves with attacking us from the opposite shore, which we have abandoned to them from the moment of their landing. Yet, after three months attempting it, they are no farther advanced in the siege than they were on the first day. The enemy ruins us, but enriches not himself. The campaign cannot last above a month longer, on account of the approach of autumn, which is terrible to a fleet in these seas,* as the winds then blow, constantly and periodically, with a most violent and impetuous fury.

It should seem, then, that after such a happy prelude the security of the colony is not much in danger. Nothing, however, is less certain; the taking of Quebec depends on one masterly stroke. The English are masters of the river; they have only to effect a landing in that part where the city is situated, unfortified and defenceless. They are in a condition to give us battle, which I must not refuse, and which I cannot hope to gain. General Wolfe, indeed, if he understands his business, has only to receive our first fire, and then advancing briskly on my army, and giving one heavy and general discharge, my Canadians, undisciplined, deaf to the sound of the drum and other military instruments, thrown likewise into disorder by the slaughter, would no more return to their ranks. Besides, they have no bayonets to make their ground good against those of the enemy; nothing remains for them but to run, and thus I shall be totally defeated. Such is my situation—a situation most grievous to a general, and which indeed gives me many bitter moments. The confidence I have of this has induced me always to act on the defensive, which has hitherto succeeded;—but will it succeed in the end? The event must decide. But of one thing be certain, that I probably shall not survive the loss of the colony. There are situations in which it only remains to a general to fall with honor. Such this appears to me; and on this head posterity shall not reproach my memory. Though Fortune may decide upon my life, she shall not decide on my opinions; they are truly French, and shall be so even in the grave, if in the grave we are anything! I shall at least console myself on my defeat, and on the loss of the colony, by the full persuasion that this defeat will one day serve my country more than a victory, and that the conqueror, in aggrandizing himself, will find his tomb the country he gains from us.

* Rather "quarters" (*parages*); but Almon's translation has here been followed throughout.

[Montcalm anticipates a continually increasing alienation of the New England colonists from England; a conflict of American manufacturing interests with the English; a general revolt of the American possessions; an overwhelming disaster to England.]

See, then, what now consoles me, as a Frenchman, for the imminent danger my country runs of losing this colony; but, as a general, I will do my best to preserve it. The king, my master, orders me to do so; that is sufficient. You know we are of that blood which was always faithful to its kings, and it is not for me to degenerate from the virtue of my ancestors. I send you these reflections with this view, that if the fate of arms in Europe should ever oblige us to bend and to receive the law, you may make use of them in such manner as the love of your country shall direct you.—I have the honor to be, my dear cousin, your most humble, etc.,

MONTCALM.

CAMP BEFORE QUEBEC, *August 24, 1759.*

THE DEATH OF MONTCALM.

J. M. LE MOINE (b. at Quebec 1825).

[The Battle of the Plains of Abraham was fought on 13th September 1759; Wolfe died on the field. Montcalm was mortally wounded; he died early on the morning of the 14th, but whether within the fortifications or under the shelter of a private dwelling in the city remains unsettled.]

It is reported of Montcalm, that when his wounds were dressed he requested the surgeons in attendance to declare at once whether they were mortal. On being told that they were so, "I am glad of it," said he. He then inquired how long he might survive. He was answered, "Ten or twelve hours, perhaps less." "So much the better," replied he; "then I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec." On being afterwards visited by M. de Ramesay, who commanded the garrison, with the title of Lieutenant du Roy, and by the Commandant de Roussillon, he said to them, "Gentlemen, I commend to your keeping the honor of France. Endeavor to secure the retreat of my army to-night beyond Cape Rouge. For myself, I shall pass the night with God, and prepare myself for death." On M. de Ramesay pressing to receive his commands respecting the defence of Quebec, Montcalm exclaimed with emotion, "I will

neither give orders nor interfere any further. I have much business that must be attended to, of greater moment than your ruined garrison and this wretched country. My time is very short, so pray leave me. I wish you all comfort, and to be happily extricated from your present perplexities." He then addressed himself to his religious duties, and passed the night with the bishop and his own confessor. Before he died, he paid the victorious army this magnanimous compliment: "Since it was my misfortune to be discomfited and mortally wounded, it is a great consolation to me to be vanquished by so brave and generous an enemy. If I could survive this, gladly would I engage to beat three times the number of such forces as I commanded this morning with a third of British troops."

Almost his last act was to write a letter recommending the French prisoners to the generosity of the victors. He died at five o'clock in the morning of the 14th September, and was buried in an excavation made by the bursting of a shell within the precincts of the Ursuline Convent—a fit resting-place for the remains of a man who died fighting for the honor and defence of his country. De Ramesay's capitulation on 18th September 1759 brought round a momentous change. From the lofty cape, where, for more than one hundred and fifty years, the white flag of France had waved defiantly with but one short interruption (1629–32), now streamed the banner of St. George; a Hanoverian sovereign, who held his sceptre by virtue of the conquest of England by William the Norman, was called on to rule, by conquest, over a Norman colony. History has many of these mysterious teachings.

Quebec Past and Present.

SCENE FROM "SAUL."

CHARLES HEAVYSEGE (1816–1876).

[The career of Saul, king of Israel, so fascinated the poetic fancy of our Canadian dramatist Heavysege, that in his hands it became the subject of a sacred trilogy—three plays, each of five acts and many scenes, making in all some ten thousand lines of blank verse. Passages of undoubted power won high praise from Nathaniel Hawthorne, who sent a copy of "Saul" to the *North British Review*. The latter said of Heavysege: "Shakspeare he knows far better than most men know him, for he has discerned and adopted his method as no other dramatist has done."]

Saul. All's over here; let us withdraw, and weep
Down in the red recesses of our hearts;

Or, in our spirits, silent, curse the cravens
Whom uttered execrations too much honor.
Home, home, let us, dishonored—home, if there
Be yet for us a home, and the Philistines
Drive us not forth to miserable exile.
Will they allow us, like to a breathed hare,
Spent, to return and repossess our form? *
Will they endure us in Gibeah? or must we
Discover some dark den on Lebanon,
And dwell with lions? or must we with foxes
Burrow, and depend on cunning for our food?
Better with lions and with foxes making,
Than be companions of the brood of Israel;
Yea, better with the hill-wolf famishing,
Than battening with the drove that forms the world.

Jon. Alas, my sisters,—

Saul. Alas, thy mother! she
The silent critic on my life. Thy mother
And sisters may be forced, ere long, to dwell
In some dank cave, or o'er the borders flee
With us, and seek in some strange realm asylum.
Why, let it be so; we can live 'midst strangers.
Of all the myriads who followed us hither,
How many are left us?.....
O Jonathan, thy glorious deed at Geba,
Put out unto unworthy usury,
Is lost in Gilgal's issue!

Jon. Yearn not o'er me.
What we have done, O king and sire, is ours.
Part of ourselves—yea more, it will not die
When we shall, nor can any steal it;
For honor hath that cleaving quality,
It sticks upon us, and none may remove it,
Except ourselves by future deeds of baseness.

Saul. We never were so poor since we grew rich.

Jon. We will grow richer than we yet have been;
And, from this need, yet heap up such abundance,
That we shall wonder why we ever sorrowed
At this petty pilfering.

Saul. Pilfering! That's the word.
Yes, Jonathan, we have been meanly pilfered;
Rats have been stealing the grain from out our garner:
Each runaway was a rat; and for seven days
An ancient friend still oped our granary door,
Then snapped on me the recuperated † trap
That should have caught the vermin. *Saul* (2nd ed., 1859).

* Hare's bed. † To which the springs had been restored.

"THE TROUT IN YONDER WIMPLING BURN."

ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796).—Written by Burns in his last illness.

[The following pathetic lines were written by Burns during his last illness. They were discovered in 1874, written in the poet's autograph on the second, third, and fourth pages of a sheet of letter-paper, the following note occupying the first page: "Mrs. W. Riddell, Halcaths. The health you wished me in your morning's card is, I think, flown from me for ever. I have not been able to leave my bed to-day till about an hour ago. Those wickedly unlucky advertisements I lent (I did wrong) to a friend, and I am ill able to go in quest of him. The Muses have not quite forsaken me. The following detached stanzas I intend to interweave in some disastrous tale of a shepherd 'despairing beside a clear stream:'"—]

The trout in yonder wimpling burn*
  That glides a silver dart,
And safe beneath the shady thorn
  Defies the angler's art;
My life was once that careless stream,
  That wanton trout was I,
But love wi' unrelenting beam
  Has scorched my fountains dry.

That little flow'ret's peaceful lot
  In yonder cliff that grows,
Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
  No ruder visit knows,
Was mine, till love has o'er me passed
  And blighted a' my bloom;
And now beneath the withering blast
  My youth and joy consume.

The wakened lav'rock† warbling springs,
  And climbs the early sky,
Winnowing blithe his dewy wings
  In morning's rosy eye:
As little reckt I sorrow's power
  Until the flow'ry snare
O' witching love in luckless hour
  Made me the thrall‡ o' care.

* Winding stream. † Lark. ‡ Slave.

SCENES IN THE HEBRIDES.

WILLIAM BLACK (b. 1841).

[The following vivid sketches are from the *Princess of Thule*. In classical geography Thulë (dissyllable) vaguely designated a far north land, which has been identified with various islands from the Scottish coast up to Iceland itself.

The home of Sheila Mackenzie, the Princess of Thule, is Borva, an islet in Loch Roag, on the west of Lewis, which is the largest of the Hebrides. The *Princess of Thule* is the most popular of Mr. Black's novels. It has been translated into Russian, Swedish, and German.]

Summer Twilight and Sunrise.

It could not be the coming dawn that revealed to him the outlines of the shore and the mountains and the loch. The moon had already sunk in the south-west. Not from her came that strange clearness by which all these objects were defined. Then the young man bethought him of what Sheila had said of the twilight in these latitudes; and turning to the north, he saw there a pale glow which looked as if it were the last faint traces of some former sunset. All over the rest of the heavens something of the same metallic clearness reigned, so that the stars were pale, and a gray hue lay over the sea, and over the island, the white bays, the black rocks and the valleys, in which lay a scarcely perceptible mist.

He left the house and went vaguely down to the sea. The cold air, scented strongly with the sea-weed, blew about him, and was sweet and fresh on the lips and the forehead. How strange was the monotonous sound of the waves, mournful and distant, like the sound in a sea-shell! That alone spoke in the awful stillness of the night, and it seemed to be telling of those things which the silent stars and the silent hills had looked down on for ages and ages.

He left the shore, and blindly made his way up to the pasture-land above, careless whither he went. He knew not how long he had been away from the house, but here was a small fresh-water lake set round about with rushes, and far over there in the east lay a glimmer of the channels between Borva and Lewis. But soon there was another light in the east, high over the low mists that lay along the land. A pale blue-gray arose in the cloudless sky, and the stars went out one by one. The mists were seen to lie in thicker folds along the desolate valleys. Then a faintly yellow whiteness stole up into

the sky, and broadened and widened; and, behold! the little moorland loch caught a reflection of the glare, and there was a streak of crimson here and there on the dark-blue surface of the water. Loch Roag began to brighten. Suainabhal was touched with rose-red on its eastern slopes. The Atlantic seemed to rise out of its purple sleep with the new light of a new dawn; and then there was a chirruping of birds over the heath, and the first shafts of the sunlight ran along the surface of the sea, and lit up the white wavelets that were breaking on the beach. The new day struck upon him with a strange sense of wonder. Where was he? Whither had gone the wild visions of the night, the feverish dread, the horrible forebodings? The strong mental emotion that had driven him out now produced its natural reaction. He looked about in a dazed fashion at the revelation of light around him, and felt himself trembling with weakness. Slowly, blindly, and hopelessly he set to walk back across the island, with the sunlight of the fresh morning calling into life ten thousand audible things of the moorland around him.

A Wild Sunset.

Duncan sent the horses on, and Ingram looked out Sheila's waterproof and the rugs. The southern sky certainly looked ominous. There was a strange intensity of color in the dark landscape, from the deep purple of the Barvas Hills, coming forward to the deep green of the pasture-land around them, and the rich reds and browns of the heath and the peat-cuttings. At one point of the clouded and hurrying sky, however, there was a soft and vaporous line of yellow in the gray; and under that, miles away in the west, a great dash of silver light struck upon the sea, and glowed there so that the eye could scarcely bear it. Was it the damp that brought the perfumes of the moorland so distinctly toward them—the bog-myrtle, the water-mint, and the wild thyme? There were no birds to be heard. The crimson masses of heather on the gray rocks seemed to have grown richer and deeper in color, and the Barvas Hills had become large and weird in the gloom.

But this race to escape the storm was needless, for they were just getting within sight of Barvas when a surprising change came over the dark and thunderous afternoon. The hurrying masses of cloud in the west parted for a little space, and there was a sudden and fitful glimmer of a stormy blue sky. Then a

strange, soft, yellow and vaporous light shone across to the Barvas Hills, and touched up palely the great slopes, rendering them distant, ethereal, and cloud-like. Then a shaft or two of wild light flashed down upon the landscape beside them. The cattle shone red in the brilliant green pastures. The gray rocks glowed in their setting of moss. The stream going by Barvas Inn was a streak of gold in its sandy bed. And then the sky above them broke into great billows of cloud—tempestuous and rounded masses of golden vapor that burned with the wild glare of the sunset. The clear spaces in the sky widened, and from time to time the wind sent ragged bits of yellow cloud across the shining blue. All the world seemed to be on fire; and the very smoke of it—the majestic masses of vapor that rolled by overhead—burned with a bewildering glare. Then, as the wind still blew hard, and kept veering round to the north-west, the fiercely-lit clouds were driven over one by one, leaving a pale and serene sky to look down on the sinking sun and the sea. The Atlantic caught the yellow glow on its tumbling waves, and a deeper color stole across the slopes and peaks of the Barvas Hills. Whither had gone the storm? There were still some banks of clouds away up in the north-east, and in the clear green of the evening sky they had their distant grays and purples faintly tinged with rose. *The Princess of Thule* (1873).

POSSIBILITIES.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (born Feb. 27, 1807; died March 24, 1882).

Where are the Poets, unto whom belong
The Olympian heights; whose singing shafts were sent
Straight to the mark, and not from bows half-bent,
But with the utmost tension of the thong?
Where are the stately argosies of song,
Whose rushing keels made music as they went
Sailing in search of some new continent,
With all sail set, and steady winds and strong?
Perhaps there lives some dreamy boy, untaught
In schools, some graduate of the field or street,
Who shall become a master of the art,
An admiral sailing the high seas of thought,
Fearless and first, and steering with his fleet
For lands not yet laid down in any chart.

January 17, 1882. *In the Harbor* (1882).

STUDIES IN "LADY OF THE LAKE" AND "MARMION."

RICHARD H. HUTTON.

It was not till 1808, three years after the publication of *The Lay*, that *Marmion*, Scott's greatest poem, was published. But *Marmion* was composed in great part in the saddle, and the stir of a charge of cavalry seems to be at the very core of it. "For myself," said Scott, writing to a lady correspondent at a time when he was in active service as a volunteer, "I must own that to one who has, like myself, 'a somewhat excitable head,' the pomp and circumstance of war give, for a time, a very poignant and pleasing sensation." * And you feel this all through *Marmion*, even more than in *The Lay*. Mr. Darwin would probably say that Auld Wat of Harden † had about as

* Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, ii. 137.

† Scott's ancestor (six generations back) commemorated in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

much responsibility for *Marmion* as Sir Walter himself. "You will expect," he wrote to the same lady, who was personally unknown to him at that time, "to see a person who had dedicated himself to literary pursuits, and you will find me a rattle-skulled, half-lawyer, half-sportsman, through whose head a regiment of horse has been exercising since he was five years old." * And what Scott himself felt in relation to the martial elements of his poetry, soldiers in the field felt with equal force. "In the course of the day, when *The Lady of the Lake* first reached Sir Adam Fergusson, he was posted with his company on a point of ground exposed to the enemy's artillery, somewhere, no doubt, on the lines of Torrès Vedras. The men were ordered to lie prostrate on the ground. While they kept that attitude, the captain, kneeling at the head, read aloud the description of the battle in canto vi., and the listening soldiers only interrupted him by a joyous huzza when the French shot struck the bank close above them." † It is not often that martial poetry has been put to such a test, but we can well understand with what rapture a Scottish force lying on the ground to shelter from the French fire would enter into such passages as the following :—

"Their light-armed archers far and near
Surveyed the tangled ground;
Their centre ranks, with pike and spear,
A twilight forest frowned;
Their barbëd horsemen, in the rear,
The stern battalia crowned.
No cymbal clashed, no clarion rang,
Still were the pipe and drum;
Save heavy tread, and armor's clang,
The sullen march was dumb.
There breathed no wind their crests to shake,
Or wave their flags abroad;
Scarce the frail aspen seemed to quake
That shadowed o'er their road.
Their vanward scouts no tidings bring,
Can rouse no lurking foe,
Nor spy a trace of living thing
Save when they stirred the roe.
The host moves like a deep-sea wave,
Where rise no rocks its power to brave,
High-swelling, dark, and slow.

* Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, ii. 259. † *Ibid.* iii. 327.

The lake is passed, and now they gain
A narrow and a broken plain
Before the Trosach's rugged jaws,
And here the horse and spearmen pause,
While, to explore the dangerous glen,
Dive through the pass the archer-men.

"At once there rose so wild a yell
Within that dark and narrow dell
As all the fiends from heaven that fell
Had pealed the banner-cry of hell.
Forth from the pass, in tumult driven,
Like chaff before the wind of heaven,
The archery appear.
For life! for life! their plight they ply,
And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,
And plaids and bonnets waving high,
And broadswords flashing to the sky,
Are maddening in the rear.
Onward they drive, in dreadful race,
Pursuers and pursued.
Before that tide of flight and chase
How shall it keep its rooted place,
The spearmen's twilight wood?
'Down, down,' cried Mar, 'your lances down,
Bear back both friend and foe!'
Like reeds before the tempest's frown
That serried grove of lances brown
At once lay levelled low;
And, closely shouldering side to side,
The bristling ranks the onset bide,—
'We'll quell the savage mountaineer,
As their Tinchel* cows the game.
They came as fleet as forest deer;
We'll drive them back as tame.'"

But admirable in its stern and deep excitement as that is, the battle of Flodden in *Marmion* passes it in vigor, and constitutes perhaps the most perfect description of war, by one who was almost both poet and warrior, which the English language contains. And *Marmion* registers the high-water mark of Scott's poetical power, not only in relation to the painting of war, but in relation to the painting of nature. Critics from the beginning onward have complained of the six introductory epistles as breaking the unity of the story, but I cannot see that the remark has weight. No poem is written for those who read it as they do a novel—merely to follow the interest of the story;

* Cordon of huntsmen.

or, if any poem be written for such readers, it deserves to die. On such a principle—which treats a poem as a mere novel, and nothing else—you might object to Homer that he interrupts the battle so often to dwell on the origin of the heroes who are waging it; or to Byron that he deserts Childe Harold to meditate on the rapture of solitude. To my mind, the ease and frankness of these confessions of the author's recollections give a picture of his life and character while writing *Marmion* which adds greatly to its attraction as a poem. You have a picture at once not only of the scenery, but of the mind in which that scenery is mirrored, and are brought back frankly, at fit intervals, from the one to the other, in the mode best adapted to help you to appreciate the relation of the poet to the poem. At least, if Milton's various interruptions of a much more ambitious theme, to muse upon his own qualifications or disqualifications for the task he had attempted, be not artistic mistakes—and I never heard of any one who thought them so—I cannot see any reason why Scott's periodic recurrence to his own personal history should be artistic mistakes either. If Scott's reverie was less lofty than Milton's, so also was his story. It seems to me as fitting to describe the relation between the poet and his theme in the one case as in the other. What can be more truly a part of *Marmion*, as a poem, though not as a story, than that introduction to the first canto, in which Scott expresses his passionate sympathy with the high national feeling of the moment in his tribute to Pitt and Fox, and then reproaches himself for attempting so great a subject, and returns to what he calls his "rude legend," the very essence of which was, however, a passionate appeal to the spirit of national independence? What can be more germane to the poem than the delineation of the strength the poet had derived from musing in the bare and rugged solitudes of St. Mary's Lake, in the introduction to the second canto? or than the striking autobiographical study of his own infancy, in the introduction to the third? It seems to me that *Marmion*, without these introductions, would be like the hills which border Yarrow without the stream and lake in which they are reflected.

Never, at all events, in any later poem was Scott's touch as a mere painter so terse and strong. What a picture of a Scottish winter is given in these few lines:—

> "The sheep before the pinching heaven
> To sheltered dale and down are driven,

Where yet some faded herbage pines,
And yet a watery sunbeam shines.
In meek despondency they eye
The withered sward and wintry sky,
And from beneath their summer hill
Stray sadly by Glenkinnon's rill."

Again, if Scott is ever Homeric—which I cannot think he often is, in spite of Sir Francis Doyle's able criticism (he is too short, too sharp, and too eagerly bent on his rugged way, for a poet who is always delighting to find loopholes, even in battle, from which to look out upon the great story of human nature)—he is certainly nearest to it in such a passage as this :—

"The Isles-men carried at their backs
The ancient Danish battle-axe.
They raised a wild and wondering cry
As with his guide rode Marmion by.
Loud were their clamoring tongues, as when
The clanging sea-fowl leave the fen ;
And, with their cries discordant mixed,
Grumbled and yelled the pipes betwixt."

In hardly any of Scott's poetry do we find much of what is called the *curiosa felicitas* of expression—that is, the magic use of *words*—as distinguished from the mere general effect of vigor, purity, and concentration of purpose. But in *Marmion* occasionally we do find such a use. Take this description, for instance, of the Scotch tents near Edinburgh :—

"A thousand, did I say? I ween
Thousands on thousands there were seen,
That chequered all the heath between
The streamlet and the town ;
In crossing ranks extending far,
Forming a camp irregular ;
Oft giving way where still there stood
Some relics of the old oak wood
That darkly huge did intervene,
And tamed the glaring white with green ;
In these extended lines there lay
A martial kingdom's vast array."

The line I have italicized seems to me to have more of the poet's special magic of expression than is at all usual with Scott. The conception of the peaceful green oak-wood *taming* the glaring white of the tented field is as fine in idea as it is in

relation to the effect of the mere color on the eye. Judge Scott's poetry by whatever test you will: whether it be a test of that which is peculiar to it—its glow of national feeling, its martial ardor, its swift and rugged simplicity; or whether it be a test of that which is common to it with most other poetry—its attraction for all romantic excitements, its special feeling for the pomp and circumstance of war, its love of light and color,—and tested either way, *Marmion* will remain his finest poem. The battle of Flodden Field touches his highest point, in its expression of stern, patriotic feeling, in its passionate love of daring, and in the force and swiftness of its movement, no less than in the brilliancy of its romantic interests, the charm of its picturesque detail, and the glow of its scenic coloring. No poet ever equalled Scott in the description of wild and simple scenes, and the expression of wild and simple feelings. But I have said enough now of his poetry, in which, good as it is, Scott's genius did not reach its highest point. The hurried tramp of his somewhat monotonous metre is apt to weary the ears of men who do not find their sufficient happiness, as he did, in dreaming of the wild and daring enterprises of his loved Border-land. The very quality in his verse which makes it seize so powerfully on the imaginations of plain, bold, adventurous men, often makes it hammer fatiguingly against the brain of those who need the relief of a wider horizon and a richer world.

SCOTT, in *English Men of Letters.*

ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE "VEGA."

ADOLF ERIK NORDENSKIÖLD (pr. Nor'denshöld), b. 1832.

[Nordenskiöld had made two expeditions to the western part of the Siberian Polar Sea as far as the mouth of the Yenisei—one in 1875, and the other in 1876. Encouraged by finding for two successive years open navigable water, he now undertook to force a north-east passage to China and Japan, which for more than three hundred years had been an object of ambition to various nations and navigators. The *Vega* left Karlskrona June 22, 1878; anchored under North-East Cape August 19th; and after wintering over in the land of the Chukches, steamed into Behring Strait on July 19th, 1879. After coasting Japan, China, Ceylon, the *Vega* returned homewards by the Suez Canal, and finally, on the 24th April 1880, anchored off Stockholm amid a blaze of fireworks and salvos of artillery.]

1. *At North-East Cape.*

We had now reached a great goal, which for centuries had been the object of unsuccessful struggles. For the first time a

vessel lay at anchor off the northernmost cape of the Old World. No wonder, then, that the occurrence was celebrated by a display of flags and the firing of salutes; and, when we returned from our excursion on land, by festivities on board, by wine and toasts.

As on our arrival at the Yenisei, we were received here too by a large Polar bear, which, even before the vessel anchored, was seen to go backwards and forwards on the beach, now and then turning his glance and his nose uneasily out to sea in order to investigate what remarkable guests had now for the first time come to his kingdom. A boat was put off to kill him. Buissewitz was the chosen shot; but on this occasion the bear took care not to form any closer acquaintance with our guns. The firing of the salute put him so thoroughly to flight that he did not, as bears are wont, return the following day.

The north point of Asia forms a low promontory, which a bay divides into two, the eastern arm projecting a little further to the north than the western. A ridge of hills with gently-sloping sides runs into the land from the eastern point, and appears, within sight of the western, to reach a height of three hundred metres. Like the plains lying below, the summits of this range were nearly free of snow; only on the hill-sides, or in deep furrows excavated by the streams of melted snow, and in dales in the plains, were large white snow-fields to be seen. A low ice-foot still remained at most places along the shore, but no glacier rolled its bluish-white ice-masses down the mountain-sides, and no inland lakes, no perpendicular cliffs, no high mountain summits, gave any natural beauty to the landscape, which was the most monotonous and the most desolate I have seen in the high north. *Voyage of the "Vega,"* chap. vii.

2. *The North-East Passage Achieved.*

By 11 A.M. we were in the middle of the sound which unites the North Polar Sea with the Pacific, and from this point the *Vega* greeted the Old and New Worlds by a display of flags and the firing of a Swedish salute.

Thus, finally, was reached the goal towards which so many nations had struggled all along from the time when Sir Hugh Willoughby, with the firing of salutes from cannon and with hurrahs from the festive-clad seamen, in the presence of an innumerable crowd of jubilant men certain of success, ushered in

the long series of north-east voyages; but their hopes were grimly disappointed. Sir Hugh and all his men perished [A.D. 1554] as pioneers of England's navigation and of voyages to the ice-encumbered sea which bounds Europe and Asia on the north. Innumerable other marine expeditions have since then trodden the same path, always without success, and generally with the sacrifice of the vessel and of the life and health of many brave seamen. Now, for the first time, after the lapse of three hundred and thirty-six years, and when most men experienced in sea matters had declared the undertaking impossible, was the North-East Passage at last achieved. This has taken place, thanks to the discipline, zeal, and ability of our man-of-war's men and their officers, without the sacrifice of a single human life, without sickness among those who took part in the undertaking, without the slightest damage to the vessel, and under circumstances which show that the same thing may be done again in most, perhaps in all years, in the course of a few weeks. It may be permitted us to say that under such circumstances it was with pride we saw the blue-yellow flag rise to the mast-head and heard the Swedish salute in the sound where the Old and New Worlds reach hands to each other. The course along which we sailed is, indeed, no longer required as a commercial route between Europe and China, but it has been granted to this and the preceding Swedish expeditions to open a sea to navigation, and to confer on half a continent the possibility of communicating by sea with the oceans of the world.

Voyage of the "Vega" (1882), chap. xi.

APOSTROPHE TO HIS DECEASED WIFE
(Elizabeth Barrett Browning).

ROBERT BROWNING (b. 1812).

["*The Ring and the Book* is a wonderful production—the extreme of realistic art, and considered, not without reason, by the poet's admirers to be his greatest work. As the product of sheer intellect this surpasses them all. It is the story of a tragedy which took place at Rome one hundred and seventy years ago. The poet seems to have found his thesis in an old book—part print,-part manuscript—bought for eightpence at a Florence stall.

> 'A book in shape, but really pure crude fact,
> Secreted from man's life when hearts beat hard,
> And brains, high-blooded, ticked two centuries since.'

The versified narrative of the child Pompilia's sale to Count Guido, of his cruelty and violence, of her rescue by a young priest, the pursuit, the lawful

separation, the murder by Guido of the girl and her putative parents, the trial and condemnation of the murderer, and the affirmation of his sentence by the Pope,—all this is made to fill out a poem of twenty-one thousand lines; but these include ten different versions of the same tale, besides the poet's prelude, in which latter he gives a general outline of it, so that the reader plainly may understand it, and the historian then be privileged to wander as he chooses."—E. C. STEDMAN.]

O lyric Love, half-angel and half-bird,
And all a wonder and a wild desire,—
Boldest of hearts that ever braved the sun,
Took sanctuary within the holier blue,
And sang* a kindred soul out* to his face,—
Yet human at the red-ripe of the heart,
When the first summons from the darkling earth
Reached thee amid thy chambers, blanched their blue,
And bared them of the glory—to drop down,
To toil for man, to suffer or to die,—
This is the same voice: can thy soul know change?
Hail, then, and hearken from the realms of help!
Never may I commence my song, my due
To God who best taught song by gift of thee,
Except with bent head and beseeching hand—
That still, despite the distance and the dark,
What was, again may be; some interchange
Of grace, some splendor once thy very thought,
Some benediction anciently thy smile;—
Never conclude, but raising hand and head
Thither where eyes, that cannot reach, yet yearn
For all hope, all sustainment, all reward,
Their utmost up and on,†—so blessing back
In those thy realms of help, that heaven thy home,
Some whiteness which, I judge, thy face makes proud,
Some wanness where, I think, thy foot may fall!

From "The Ring and the Book," l. 1391–1416.

FAME.

See, as the prettiest graves will do in time,
Our poet's wants the freshness of its prime:
Spite of the sexton's browsing horse, the sods
Have struggled through its binding osier rods;
Headstone and half-sunk footstone lean awry,
Wanting the brick-work promised by-and-by;
How the minute gray lichens, plate o'er plate,
Have softened down the crisp-cut name and date!

R. BROWNING: *Earthly Immortalities.*

* "Sang.. out," out-sang. † Their highest aspirations and farthest goal.

THE FATHER OF HISTORY.

THOMAS BABINGTON (LORD) MACAULAY (1800-1859).

[The "Essay" from which this selection is made appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* for May 1828. It represents Macaulay's style after three years of brilliant achievement as a reviewer. The *excuse* for the article was Henry Neele's "Romance of History;" but in Macaulay's *review* neither Neele nor his book is even once referred to. The doubts here thrown upon the historical value of the later narrative of Herod'otus have been to a very great degree dispelled by recent research, and his account of the Persian war is now generally accepted as authentic.

"Take at hazard any three pages of Macaulay's Essays or History, and, glimmering below the stream of the narrative you, an average reader, see one, two, three, a half-score of allusions to other historic facts, characters, literature, poetry, with which you are acquainted. Your neighbor, who has *his* reading and *his* little stock of literature stowed away in his mind, shall detect more points, allusions, happy touches, indicating not only the prodigious memory and vast learning of this master, but the wonderful industry, the honest, humble, precious toil of this great scholar. He reads twenty books to write a sentence; he travels a hundred miles to make a line of description."—THACKERAY.]

Of the romantic historians Herodotus is the earliest and the best. His animation, his simple-hearted tenderness, his wonderful talent for description and dialogue, and the pure sweet flow of his language, place him at the head of narrators. He reminds us of a delightful child. There is a grace beyond the reach of affectation in his awkwardness, a malice in his innocence, an intelligence in his nonsense, an insinuating eloquence in his lisp. We know of no writer who makes such interest for himself and his book in the heart of the reader. At the distance of three-and-twenty centuries we feel for him the same sort of pitying fondness which Fontaine and Gay are said to have inspired in society. He has written an incomparable book. He has written something better, perhaps, than the best history; but he has not written a good history,—he is, from the first to the last chapter, an inventor. We do not here refer merely to those gross fictions with which he has been reproached by the critics of later times. We speak of that coloring which is equally diffused over his whole narrative, and which perpetually leaves the most sagacious reader in doubt what to reject and what to receive. The great events are, no doubt, faithfully related: so probably are many of the slighter circumstances; but which of them it is impossible to ascertain. The fictions are so much like the facts, and the facts so much like the fictions, that, with respect to many most interesting par-

ticulars, our belief is neither given nor withheld, but remains in an uneasy and interminable state of abeyance. We know that there is truth, but we cannot exactly decide where it lies.

The faults of Herodotus are the faults of a simple and imaginative mind. Children and servants are remarkably Herodotean in their style of narration. They tell everything dramatically. Their *says hes* and *says shes* are proverbial. Every person who has had to settle their disputes knows that, even when they have no intention to deceive, their reports of conversation always require to be carefully sifted. If an educated man were giving an account of the late change of administration he would say, "Lord Goderich resigned, and the king in consequence sent for the Duke of Wellington." A porter tells the story as if he had been hid behind the curtains of the royal bed at Windsor. "So Lord Goderich says, 'I cannot manage this business; I must go out.' So the king says, says he, 'Well, then, I must send for the Duke of Wellington, that's all.'" This is the very manner of the father of history.

Herodotus wrote as it was natural that he should write. He wrote for a nation susceptible, curious, lively, insatiably desirous of novelty and excitement; for a nation in which the fine arts had attained their highest excellence, but in which philosophy was still in its infancy. His countrymen had but recently begun to cultivate prose composition. Public transactions had generally been recorded in verse. The first historians might therefore indulge, without fear of censure, in the license allowed to their predecessors the bards. Books were few. The events of former times were learned from tradition and from popular ballads; the manners of foreign countries from the reports of travellers. It is well known that the mystery which overhangs what is distant, either in space or time, frequently prevents us from censuring as unnatural what we perceive to be impossible. We stare at a dragoon who has killed three French cuirassiers, as a prodigy; yet we read, without the least disgust, how Godfrey* slew his thousands, and Rinaldo* his ten thousands. Within the last hundred years stories about China and Bantam, which ought not to have imposed on an old nurse, were gravely laid down as foundations of political theories by eminent philosophers. What the time of the Crusades is to us, the generation

* Godfrey (Godefroi) de Bouillon, Crusader, Duke of Lorraine, King of Jerusalem 1058–1100 A.D.—Rinaldo, the Achilles of the Christian army in Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered."

of Crœsus and Solon was to the Greeks of the time of Herodotus. Babylon was to them what Pekin was to the French academicians of the last century.

For such a people was the book of Herodotus composed; and if we may trust to a report, not sanctioned, indeed, by writers of high authority, but in itself not improbable, it was composed not to be read, but to be heard. It was not to the slow circulation of a few copies, which the rich only could possess, that the aspiring author looked for his reward. The great Olympian festival—the solemnity which collected multitudes, proud of the Grecian name, from the wildest mountains of Doris* and the remotest colonies of Italy and Libya*—was to witness his triumph. The interest of the narrative and the beauty of the style were aided by the imposing effect of recitation, by the splendor of the spectacle, by the powerful influence of sympathy. A critic who could have asked for authorities in the midst of such a scene must have been of a cold and sceptical nature, and few such critics were there. As was the historian, such were the auditors—inquisitive, credulous, easily moved by religious awe or patriotic enthusiasm. They were the very men to hear with delight of strange beasts and birds and trees, of dwarfs and giants and cannibals, of gods whose very names it was impiety to utter, of ancient dynasties which had left behind them monuments surpassing all the work of later times, of towns like provinces, of rivers like seas, of stupendous walls and temples and pyramids, of the rites which the Magi performed at daybreak on the tops of the mountains, of the secrets inscribed on the eternal obelisks of Memphis. With equal delight they would have listened to the graceful romances of their own country. They now heard of the exact accomplishment of obscure predictions; of the punishment of crimes over which the justice of Heaven had seemed to slumber; of dreams, omens, warnings from the dead; of princesses for whom noble suitors contended in every generous exercise of strength and skill; of infants strangely preserved from the dagger of the assassin to fulfil high destinies.

As the narrative approached their own times the interest became still more absorbing. The chronicler had now to tell the story of that great conflict† from which Europe dates its intellectual and political supremacy—a story which, even at

* Doris, a central state of ancient Greece.—Libya, ancient Africa.

† The conflict between the Persian Empire and Greece.

this distance of time, is the most marvellous and the most touching in the annals of the human race—a story abounding with all that is wild and wonderful, with all that is pathetic and animating; with the gigantic caprices of infinite wealth and despotic power; with the mightier miracles of wisdom, of virtue, and of courage. He told them of rivers dried up in a day; of provinces famished for a meal; of a passage for ships hewn through the mountains; of a road for armies spread upon the waves; of monarchies and commonwealths swept away; of anxiety, of terror, of confusion, of despair!—and then of proud and stubborn hearts tried in that extremity of evil and not found wanting; of resistance long maintained against desperate odds; of lives dearly sold when resistance could be maintained no more; of signal deliverance, and of unsparing revenge. Whatever gave a stronger air of reality to a narrative so well calculated to inflame the passions and to flatter national pride was certain to be favorably received.

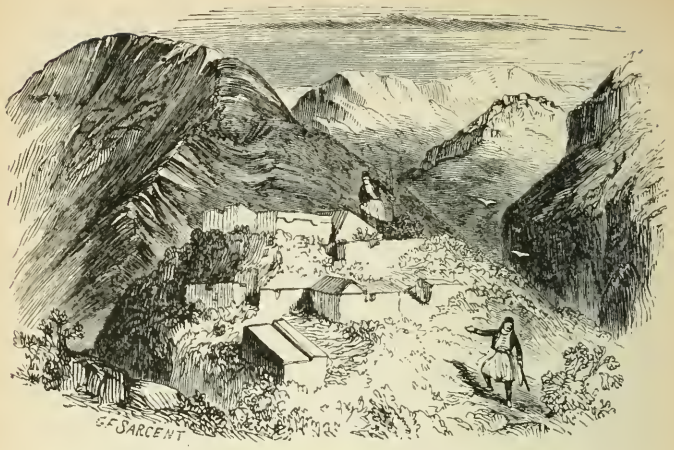
Edinburgh Review, May 1828.

GREECE.

LORD BYRON (1788–1824).

He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled—
Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers;
And marked the mild, angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there—
The fixed, yet tender traits, that streak
The languor of the placid cheek;
  And—but for that sad, shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not now;
And but for that chill, changeless brow,
  Where cold obstruction's apathy
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;—
Yes, but for these, and these alone,
Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power;
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
The first, last look, by Death revealed!

Such is the aspect of this shore.
'Tis Greece—but living Greece no more!



PASS OF THERMOPYLÆ, WITH TOMBS OF THE SPARTANS.

So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start—for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb—
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay—
The farewell beam of feeling passed away!
Spark of that flame, that flame of heavenly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished earth!

Clime of the unforgotten brave!
Whose land from plain to mountain cave
Was freedom's home, or glory's grave!
Shrine of the mighty! can it be,
That this is all remains of thee?
Approach, thou craven, crouching slave:
Say, is not this Thermop'ylæ?*

* Thermop'ylæ, a narrow mountain pass leading from Thessaly into Middle Greece. It is famous for the brave stand made here by Leonidas and his Spartans against the hosts of Xerxes the Persian invader (B.C. 480).

DEATH OF PERIKLES, THE ATHENIAN STATESMAN.

GEORGE GROTE (1794–1871).

[Perĭclēs, or Perikles, the greatest of Athenian statesmen, died in 429 B.C., soon after the commencement of the disastrous Peloponnesian War.
Grote, who is "incontestably *the* historian of Greece" (*Quarterly Review*), began his great work in 1823, and after twenty-three years of study, published the first two volumes. The remaining ten volumes filled in the years up to 1855. Grote's treatment of Greek politics strongly leans to the Athenian or democratic sentiment. His style is philosophical and argumentative.]

He lived about one year longer, and seems to have maintained his influence as long as his health permitted. Yet we hear nothing of him after this moment, and he fell a victim, not to the violent symptoms of the epidemic, but to a slow and wearing fever, which undermined his strength as well as his capacity. To a friend who came to ask after him when in this disease, Perikles replied by showing a charm or amulet which his female relations had hung about his neck,—a proof how low he was reduced and how completely he had become a passive subject in the hands of others. And according to another anecdote which we read, yet more interesting and equally illustrative of his character, it was during his last moments, when he was lying apparently unconscious and insensible, that the friends around his bed were passing in review the acts of his life and the nine trophies which he had erected at different times for so many victories. He heard what they said, though they fancied that he was past hearing, and interrupted them by remarking, "What you praise in my life belongs partly to good fortune, and is, at best, common to me with many other generals. But the peculiarity of which I am most proud you have not noticed —no Athenian has ever put on mourning on my account."

Such a cause of self-gratulation, doubtless more satisfactory to recall at such a moment than any other, illustrates that long-sighted calculation, aversion to distant or hazardous enterprise, and economy of the public force, which marked his entire political career, a career long beyond all parallel in the history of Athens—since he maintained a great influence, gradually swelling into a decisive personal ascendency, for between thirty and forty years. His character has been presented in very different lights by different authors, both ancient and modern, and our materials for striking the balance are not so good as we could

wish. But his immense and long-continued ascendency, as well as his unparalleled eloquence, are facts attested not less by his enemies than by his friends,—nay, even more forcibly by the former than by the latter. The comic writers, who hated him, and whose trade it was to deride and hunt down every leading political character, exhaust their powers of illustration in setting forth the one and the other. Telekleidês, Kratīnus, Eu'pŏlis, Aristoph'ănês, all hearers and all enemies, speak of him like Olympian Zeus, hurling thunder and lightning,—like He'raklês and Achilles,—as the only speaker on whose lips persuasion sat, and who left his sting in the minds of his audience; while Plato the philosopher, who disapproved of his political working and of the moral effects which he produced upon Athens, nevertheless extols his intellectual and oratorical ascendency—"his majestic intelligence"—in language not less decisive than Thucydidês. There is another point of eulogy, not less valuable, on which the testimony appears uncontradicted: throughout his long career, amidst the hottest political animosities, the conduct of Perikles towards opponents was always mild and liberal. The conscious self-esteem and arrogance of manner with which the contemporary poet Ion reproached him, contrasting it with the unpretending simplicity of his own patron Kimon, though probably invidiously exaggerated, is doubtless in substance well founded, and those who read the last speech given above out of Thucydides will at once recognize in it this attribute. His natural taste, his love of philosophical research, and his unwearied application to public affairs, all contributed to alienate him from ordinary familiarity, and to make him careless, perhaps improperly careless, of the lesser means of conciliating public favor.....

Taking him altogether, with his powers of thought, speech, and action,—his competence, civil and military, in the council as well as the field,—his vigorous and cultivated intellect, and his comprehensive ideas of a community in pacific and many-sided development,—his incorruptible public morality, caution, and firmness, in a country where all these qualities were rare, and the union of them in the same individual of course much rarer,—we shall find him without a parallel throughout the whole course of Grecian history.

History of Greece.

EVANGELINE: A TALE OF ACADIE.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807–1882).

[In 1713, by the Treaty of Utrecht, Acadia, or, as it is now named, Nova Scotia, was ceded to Great Britain by the French. The French colonists were with difficulty induced to take the oath of allegiance, and in some districts they refused outright. In June 1755 an expedition came from Boston under Monckton to reduce the French stronghold of Beauséjour (Fort Cumberland), and after a fortnight's siege it capitulated. As was natural, the Acadians sympathized with the besieged. They rashly furnished them with ammunition and supplies; and, after the fort was taken, three hundred Acadians were found with arms in their hands. During the summer unsuccessful attempts were renewed to administer the oath of allegiance to the French inhabitants of Minas and Pizéquid. On the 2nd of September, Colonel Winslow, acting under the instructions of the Home Government to Governor Lawrence, issued a written order to the French inhabitants of Grand Pré, Minas, and neighboring localities to attend the church at Grand Pré; and eight days later Winslow announced to the astonished assemblage, "It is peremptorily His Majesty's orders that the whole French inhabitants of these districts be removed." The orders, while providing transports to the New England colonies, prescribed the destruction of all means of subsistence, and even shelter, at the present homes of these unfortunates. The miseries that followed the execution of this stern ukase may be easily conceived without the help of Abbé Raynal's romantic narrative, which Longfellow evidently adopted with an easy faith, and made the groundwork of his poem. The poet, writing to a Canadian inquirer on February 9th 1882, said, "The poem of 'Evangeline' is so far historical only as it is founded on the dispersion of the Acadians. The story itself, of a maiden separated from her lover and after life-long wanderings finding him dying in a hospital, is a legend of tradition. The name 'Evangeline' is of my own invention, as are all the details of the poem. I am sorry to say that I was never at Grand Pré."

Within ten years from its first publication in 1847, 37,000 copies of "Evangeline" had been sold. To Canadians the poem is of the deepest interest. M. Lemay, a French-Canadian, has executed a graceful translation into French.

"Evangeline" is written in dactylic hexameter verse, which, *in external form*, is the representative of the metre of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer and the *Æneid* of Virgil. In reading the poem with care and expression, we notice in each line an ebb and a flow, with a momentary pause (cæsura) between the outgoing and returning wave. This rhythmical movement yields effects of great beauty, and throws over the shores and woodlands of old Acadie the dreamy languor of the Indian Summer.]

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmer had raised with labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the flood-gates
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards, and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the northward

Blomidon* rose, and the forests old; and aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.
There, in the midst of its farm, reposed the Acadian village.
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of chestnut,
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and gables projecting
Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps, and in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and the songs of the maidens.
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.
Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry
Softly the Angelus† sounded, and over the roofs of the village
Columns of pale-blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers,—
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.
.....Then followed that beautiful season
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints!‡
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape
Lay as if new created in all the freshness of childhood.
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farm-yards,
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors around him;
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,

* Cape Blom'idon, at the entrance to the Basin of Minas. Here the cliff, which in some parts is 400 feet high, is composed of red sandstone surmounted by trap.

† At the ringing of a bell, morning, noon, and night, the prayer to the Virgin is recited. The prayer begins in Latin with the words, *Angelus Domini* ("The angel of the Lord").

‡ Indian Summer, which usually begins about the first of November (All-Saints' Day).

Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest
Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels.*

[Evangeline is formally betrothed to Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith; on the following day, after the betrothal feast, is heard the military summons of the people to the church of Grand-Pré. The sentence of exile is pronounced amid the wild dismay of the people. Then speedily followed the embarkation, under charge of a strong military force.]

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking.
Busily plied the freighted boats: and in the confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children

* Herodotus tells us (vii. 31) that Xerxes took a mad fancy for a plane-tree, clothed it in rich apparel, and set a watch over it.

Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.
So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.
Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the twilight
Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the refluent ocean
Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-beach
Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery sea-weed.
Farther back, in the midst of the household goods and the waggons,
Like to a gipsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,
All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them,
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.
Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,
Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving
Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors.
Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their pastures;
Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk from their udders;
Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the farm-yard,—
Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the milkmaid.
Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no Angelus sounded,
Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from the windows.....
Many a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-Pré,
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into exile,
Exile without an end, and without an example in story.
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed;
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow when the wind from the north-east
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks of Newfoundland.
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city,
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern savannas,—
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of Waters
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean,
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth.
Friends they sought and homes; and many, despairing, heart-broken,
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fireside.
Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the churchyards.
Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered,
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things.
Fair was she and young; but, alas! before her extended,
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its pathway
Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered before her,
Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and abandoned,
As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by

Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the sunshine.
Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished;
As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine,
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.
Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever within her,
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the spirit,
She would commence again her endless search and endeavor;
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the crosses and tombstones,
Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its bosom
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him.
Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward.
Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved and known him,
But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said they; "O yes! we have seen him.
He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies;
*Coureurs-des-bois** are they, and famous hunters and trappers."
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others; "O yes! we have seen him.
He is a *voyageur*† in the lowlands of Louisiana."

[Evangeline reached Gabriel's new home to find, alas! that he had left it. Then she followed his traces to the prairies, to Michigan and elsewhere, but was ever too late in arriving. After many years of hopeless search, Evangeline became a Sister of Mercy, and attended on the sick and dying in a hospital of Philadelphia.]

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped from her fingers,
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,
That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.
Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples;
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood;
So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,

* Literally "bush-rangers." They collected furs among the Indian tribes, and sold them to exporters.

† Canoeman.

As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals,
That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,
Darkness of slumber and death, for ever sinking and sinking.
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,
"Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into silence.
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood;
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under their shadow,
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.
Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken.
Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow;
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing;
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father, I thank thee!"

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy;
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of home-spun,
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

THE TIDE-WAVE IN THE BAY OF FUNDY: ITS GEOLOGICAL VALUE.

JOHN WILLIAM DAWSON, LL.D., F.R.S. (b. 1820), Principal of M'Gill University, Montreal.

The tide-wave that sweeps to the north-east, along the Atlantic coast of the United States, entering the funnel-like mouth of the Bay of Fundy, becomes compressed and elevated as the sides of the bay gradually approach each other. In the narrower parts, the water runs at the rate of six or seven miles an hour, and the vertical rise of the tide amounts to sixty feet or more! At some points these tides, to an unaccustomed spectator, have rather the aspect of some rare convulsion of nature than of an ordinary daily occurrence.

At low tide, wide flats of brown mud are seen to extend for miles, as if the sea had altogether retired from its bed; and the distant channel appears as a mere strip of muddy water. At the commencement of flood, a slight ripple is seen to break over the edge of the flats. It rushes swiftly forward, and, covering the lower flats almost instantaneously, gains rapidly on the higher swells of mud, which appear as if they were being dissolved in the turbid waters.

At the same time the torrent of red water enters all the channels, creeks, and estuaries; surging, whirling, and foaming, and often having in its front a white, breaking wave, or "bore," which runs steadily forward, meeting and swallowing up the remains of the ebb still trickling down the channels. The mud flats are soon covered; and then, as the stranger sees the water gaining with noiseless and steady rapidity on the steep sides of banks and cliffs, a sense of insecurity creeps over him, as if no limit could be set to the advancing deluge. In a little time, however, he sees that the fiat, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further," has been issued to the great bay tide: its retreat commences, and the waters rush back as rapidly as they entered.

Much interest attaches to the marine sediment of the Bay of Fundy, from the great breadth of it laid bare at low tide, and the facilities which it in consequence affords for the study of sun-cracks, impressions of rain-drops, foot-prints of animals, and other appearances which we find imitated on many ancient rocks. The genuineness of these ancient traces, as well as their mode of preservation, can be illustrated and proved only by the

study of modern deposits. We quote a summary of facts of this kind from a paper on Rain-prints by Sir Charles Lyell, who was the first to direct attention to these phenomena as exhibited in the Bay of Fundy.

FOOT-PRINTS OF ANIMALS ON A SLAB OF STONE.

"The sediment with which the waters are charged is extremely fine, being derived from the destruction of cliffs of red sandstone and shale, belonging chiefly to the coal measures. On the borders of even the smallest estuaries communicating with a bay in which the tides rise sixty feet and upwards, large areas are laid dry for nearly a fortnight, between the spring and the neap tides; and the mud is then baked in summer by a hot sun, so that it becomes solidified and traversed by cracks. Portions of the hardened mud may then be taken up and removed without injury.

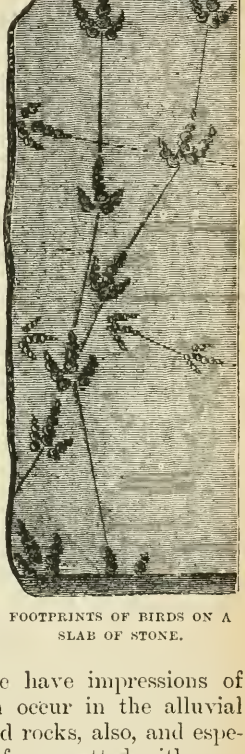
"On examining the edges of each slab, we observe numerous layers, formed by successive tides, usually very thin—sometimes only one-tenth of an inch thick; of unequal thickness, however, because, according to Dr. Webster, the night tides, rising a foot higher than the day tides, throw down more sediment.

"When a shower of rain falls, the highest portion of the mud-covered flat is usually too hard to receive any impressions; while that recently uncovered by the tide, near the water's edge, is too soft. Between these areas a space occurs almost as smooth and even as a looking-glass, on which every drop forms a cavity of circular or oval form. If the shower be transient these pits retain their shape permanently, being dried by the sun, and being then too firm to be effaced by the action of the succeeding tide, which deposits upon them a new layer of mud. Hence we find, on splitting open a slab an inch or more thick, on the upper surface of which the marks of recent rain occur, that an inferior layer, deposited perhaps ten or fourteen tides

previously, exhibits on its under surface perfect casts of rain-prints which stand out in relief, the moulds of the same being seen in the layer below."

After mentioning that a continuous shower of rain obliterates the more regular impressions, and produces merely a blistered surface, Sir Charles adds:—

"On some of the specimens there are seen the winding tubular tracks of worms, which have been bored just beneath the surface. Sometimes the worms have dived, and then reäppeared. Occasionally the same mud is traversed by the foot-prints of birds, and of musk-rats, minks, dogs, sheep, and cats. The leaves also of elm, maple, and oak trees have been scattered by the winds over the soft mud, and, having been buried under the deposits of succeeding tides, are found on dividing the layers. When the leaves themselves are removed, very faithful impressions, not only of their outline, but of their minutest veins, are left imprinted on the clay."



FOOTPRINTS OF BIRDS ON A SLAB OF STONE.

We have here a perfect instance, in a modern deposit, of appearances which we notice in some of the most ancient rocks; and it is only by such minute studies of existing nature that we can hope to interpret those older appearances. In some very ancient rocks we have impressions of rain-marks quite similar to those which occur in the alluvial mud of the Bay of Fundy. In those old rocks, also, and especially in the coal formation, we find surfaces netted with sun-cracks precisely like those on the dried surfaces of the modern mud flats, and faithful casts of these taken by the beds next deposited.

A striking geological fact connected with the marshes, is the presence beneath them of stumps of trees still rooted in the soil, and other indications which prove that much, if not the whole of this marine deposit, rests on what once was upland soil supporting forest trees; and that, by some change of level,

these ancient forests had been submerged and buried under the tidal deposits. *Acadian Geology*, 3rd ed., 1878.

HOW COAL IS MADE.

Rev. Charles Kingsley (1819–1875).

When it was first seen that coal had been once vegetable, the question arose, How did all these huge masses of vegetable matter get there? The Yorkshire and Derbyshire coal-fields, I hear, cover seven hundred or eight hundred square miles, the Lancashire about two hundred. How large the North Wales and the Scotch fields are I cannot say. But doubtless a great deal more coal than can be got at lies under the sea, especially in the north of Wales. Coal probably exists over vast sheets of England and France, buried so deeply under later rocks that it cannot be reached by mining. As an instance, a distinguished geologist has long held that there are beds of coal under London itself, which rise, owing to a peculiar disturbance of the strata, to within one thousand or one thousand two hundred feet of the surface, and that we or our children may yet see coal-mines in the marshes of the Thames. And more: it is a provable fact that only a portion of the coal-measures is left. A great part of Ireland must once have been covered with coal, which is now destroyed. Indeed, it is likely that the coal now known of in Europe and America is but a remnant of what has existed there in former ages, and has been eaten away by the inroads of the sea.

Now whence did all that enormous mass of vegetable soil come? From some neighboring land, was the first and most natural answer. It was a rational one. It proceeded from the known to the unknown. It was clear that these plants had grown on land, for they were land-plants. It was clear that there must have been land close by, for between the beds of coal, as you all know, the rock is principally coarse sandstone, which could only have been laid down in very shallow water.

It was natural, then, to suppose that these plants and trees had been swept down by rivers into the sea, as the sands and muds which buried them had been. And it was known that at the mouths of certain rivers—the Mississippi, for instance—vast rafts of dead floating trees accumulated; and that the bottoms of the rivers were often full of snags, etc., trees which

had grounded and stuck in the mud; and why should not the coal have been formed in the same way?

Because—and this was a serious objection—then surely the coal would be impure, mixed up with mud and sand till it was not worth burning. Instead of which, the coal is usually pure vegetable, parted sharply from the sandstone which lies on it. The only other explanation was, that the coal vegetation had grown in the very places where it was found. But that seemed too strange to be true, till that great geologist, Sir W. Logan, who has since done such good work in Canada, showed that every bed of coal had a bed of clay under it, and that that clay always contained fossils called stigmaria. Then it came out that the stigmaria in the under clay had long filaments attached to them, while, when found in the sandstones or shales, they had lost their filaments, and seemed more or less rolled; in fact, that the natural place of the stigmaria was in the under clay. Then Mr. Binney discovered a tree—a sigillaria—standing upright in the coal-measures with its roots attached. Those roots penetrated into the under clay of the coal, and those roots were stigmarias. That seems to have settled the question. The sigillarias, at least, had grown where they were found, and the clay beneath the coal-beds was the original soil on which they had grown. Just so, if you will look at any peat-bog, you will find it bottomed by clay, which clay is pierced everywhere by the roots of the moss forming the peat, or of the trees—birches, alders, poplars, and willows—that grew in the bog. So the proof seemed complete that the coal had been formed out of vegetation growing where it was buried. If any further proof for that theory was needed, it would be found in this fact, most ingeniously suggested by Mr. Boyd Dawkins:—The resinous spores or seeds of the lepidodendra made up a great part of the bituminous coal. Now those spores are so light, that if the coal had been laid down by water they would have floated on it, and have been carried away; and therefore the bituminous coal must have been formed, not under water, but on dry land.

If, therefore, the reader wishes to picture to himself the scenery of what is now central England during the period when our coal was being laid down, he has only, I believe, to transport himself in fancy to any great alluvial delta, in a moist and warm climate favorable to the growth of vegetation. He has only to conceive wooded marshes at the mouth of great rivers slowly

sinking beneath the sea, the forests in them killed by the water, and then covered up by layers of sand, brought down from inland, till that new layer became dry land to carry a fresh crop of vegetation. He has thus all that he needs to explain how coal-measures were formed. I myself saw once a scene of that kind, which I should be sorry to forget; for there was, as I conceived, coal, making or getting ready to be made, before my eyes—a sheet of swamp sinking slowly into the sea—for there stood trees still rooted below high-water mark, and killed by the waves, while inland huge trees stood dying or dead from the water at their roots. But what a scene!—a labyrinth of narrow creeks, so narrow that a canoe could not pass up, haunted with alligators and boa-constrictors, parrots and white herons, amid an inextricable confusion of vegetable mud, roots of the alder-like mangroves, and tangled creepers hanging from tree to tree; and overhead huge fan-palms, delighting in the moisture, mingled with still huger broad-leaved trees in every stage of decay: the drowned vegetable soil of ages beneath me; above my head, for a hundred feet, a mass of stems and boughs, and leaves and flowers, compared with which the richest hothouse in England was poor and small. But if the sinking process which was going on continued a few hundred years, all that huge mass of wood and leaf would be sunk beneath the swamp, and covered up in mud washed down from the mountains and sand driven in from the sea; to form a bed many feet thick, of what would be first peat, then lignite, and last, it may be, coal, with the stems of killed trees standing up out of it into the new mud and sand-beds above it, just as the sigillarias and other stems stand up in the coal-beds both of Britain and of Nova Scotia; while over it a fresh forest would grow up, to suffer the same fate—if the sinking process went on—as that which had preceded it.

Town Geology.

THE EXPLOITS OF DRAKE.

(A.D. 1587.)

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY (b. 1814).

[At the time referred to, it was well known that Philip of Spain was making great preparations for the invasion of England. Drake's object was to inflict damage on the enemy, and to retard his operations as much as possible. Drake was a Devonshire man, having been born at Tavistock in 1545. On his return from a voyage round the world in 1580, he was knighted by Elizabeth. His exploit of 1587 he described as "singeing the Spanish

monarch's beard." In the following year he commanded as vice-admiral under Lord Howard, and helped to defeat the Armada. He died in the midst of a successful cruise among the West India Islands, and was buried at sea, 1596.]

On the 2nd April, Francis Drake sailed from Plymouth with four ships belonging to the Queen, and with twenty-four furnished by the merchants of London and other private individuals. It was a bold buccaneering expedition—combining chivalrous enterprise with the chance of enormous profit—which was most suited to the character of English adventurers at that expanding epoch. For it was by England, not by Elizabeth, that the quarrel with Spain was felt to be a mortal one. It was England, not its sovereign, that was instinctively arming, at all points, to grapple with the great enemy of European liberty. It was the spirit of self-help, of self-reliance, which was prompting the English nation to take the great work of the age into its own hands.

"The wind commands me away," said Drake, on the 2nd April 1587; "our ship is under sail. God grant that we may so live in his fear that the enemy may have cause to say that God doth fight for Her Majesty abroad as well as at home!" In latitude 40° he spoke two Zeeland ships, homeward bound, and obtained information of great warlike stores accumulating in Cadiz and Lisbon. His mind was instantly made up. Fortunately, the pinnace which the Queen had despatched with orders to stay his hand in the very act of smiting her great adversary did not sail fast enough to overtake the swift corsair and his fleet. Sir Francis had too promptly obeyed the wind when it "commanded him away," to receive the royal countermand.

On the 19th April, the English ships entered the harbor of Cadiz and destroyed ten thousand tons of shipping, with their contents, in the very face of a dozen great galleys, which the nimble English vessels soon drove under their forts for shelter. Two nights and a day Sir Francis, that "hater of idleness," was steadily doing his work—unloading, rifling, scuttling, sinking and burning those transport ships which contained a portion of the preparations painfully made by Philip for his great enterprise. Pipe-staves and spikes, horse-shoes and saddles, timber and cutlasses, wine, oil, figs, raisins, biscuits, and flour, a miscellaneous mass of ingredients, long brewing for the trouble of England, were emptied into the harbor; and before the second night the blaze of an hundred and fifty burning vessels played

merrily upon the grim walls of Philip's fortresses. Some of these ships were of the largest size then known. There was one belonging to Marquis Santa Cruz of 1,500 tons; there was a Biscayan of 1,200; there were several others of 1,000, 800, and of nearly equal dimensions. At Lisbon, Marquis Santa Cruz, Lord High Admiral of Spain, and Generalissimo of the invasion, looked on mortified and amazed, but offered no combat, while the Plymouth privateersman swept the harbor of the greatest monarch of the world. After thoroughly accomplishing his work, Drake sent a message to Santa Cruz, proposing to exchange his prisoners for such Englishmen as might then be confined in Spain. But the marquis denied all prisoners. Thereupon Sir Francis decided to sell his captives to the Moors, and to appropriate the proceeds of the sale towards the purchase of English slaves out of the same bondage. Such was the fortune of war in the sixteenth century.

Having dealt these great blows, Drake set sail again from Lisbon, and, twenty leagues from St. Michael, fell in with one of those Spanish East Indiamen called caracks, then the great wonder of the seas. This vessel, *San Felipe* by name, with a cargo of extraordinary value, was easily captured, and Sir Francis now determined to return. He had done a good piece of work in a few weeks, but he was by no means of opinion that he had materially crippled the enemy. On the contrary, he gave the government warning as to the enormous power and vast preparations of Spain. "There would be forty thousand men under way ere long," he said, "well equipped and provisioned;" and he stated, as the result of personal observation, that England could not be too energetic in its measures of resistance. Perhaps the most precious result of the expedition was the lesson which the Englishmen had thus learned in handling the great galleys of Spain. It might soon stand them in stead. The little war-vessels which had come from Plymouth had sailed round and round these vast unwieldy hulks, and had fairly driven them off the field, with very slight damage to themselves. Sir Francis had already taught the mariners of England, even if he had done nothing else by this famous Cadiz expedition, that an armada of Spain might not be so invincible as men imagined.

History of the United Netherlands (1861).

DEATH OF RALEIGH.

SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER.

[Sir Walter Raleigh, traveller, statesman, and man of letters, had been the trusted and honored friend of Queen Elizabeth, but on the accession of James I., fell into disgrace, from his share in the proposal to place Arabella Stuart on the throne, and was long imprisoned in the Tower. Released in order to prosecute a scheme of exploration on the Orinoco, he came into collision with the Spaniards on the river, was defeated, and forced to retreat. Through the Spanish influence at Court, James suffered Raleigh to be beheaded, October 29, 1618.

Mr. Gardiner has made a special study of the seventeenth century, and he is the latest and best authority on the reigns of James I. and Charles II.

"Of living authors, few, if any, are gifted at once with Mr. Gardiner's impartiality, his breadth of view, his soundness, and his radical respect for facts."—*Athenæum*, 1881.]

It was in vain that Raleigh begged for a few days to complete some writings which he had on hand; he was told that he must prepare for execution on the following morning. As he was to suffer in Palace Yard, he was taken to the Gatehouse at Westminster to pass the night. With the certainty of death he had regained the composure to which he had long been a stranger. In the evening, Lady Raleigh came to take her farewell of her husband. Thinking that he might like to know that the last rites would be paid to his remains, she told him that she had obtained permission to dispose of his body. He smiled, and answered, "It is well, Bess, that thou mayest dispose of that dead which thou hadst not always the disposing of when it was alive." At midnight she left him, and he lay down to sleep for three or four hours. When he awoke he had a long conference with Dr. Townson, the Dean of Westminster, who was surprised at the fearlessness which he exhibited at the prospect of death, and begged him to consider whether it did not proceed from carelessness or vainglory. Raleigh, now as ever unconscious of his real faults, did his best to disabuse him of this idea, and told him that he was sure that no man who knew and feared God could die with fearlessness and courage, except he was certain of God's love and favor to him. Reassured by these words, Townson proceeded to administer the communion to him; after he had received it, he appeared cheerful and even merry. He spoke of his expectation that he would be able to persuade the world of his innocence. The good Dean was troubled with talk of this kind, and begged him not to speak against the justice of the realm. Raleigh acknowledged that

he had been condemned according to the law, but said that, for all that, he must perish in asserting his innocence.

At eight the officers came to fetch him away. As he passed out to the scaffold he noticed that one of his friends, who had come to be near him at the last, was unable to push through the throng. "I know not," he said, "what shift you will make, but I am sure to have a place." A minute after, catching sight of an old man with a bald head, he asked him whether he wanted anything. "Nothing," he replied, "but to see you, and to pray God to have mercy on your soul." "I thank thee, good friend," answered Raleigh. "I am sorry I have no better thing to return thee for thy good will; but take this nightcap, for thou hast more need of it now than I."

As soon as he had mounted the scaffold, he asked leave to address the people. His speech had been carefully prepared. Every word he spoke was, as far as we can judge, literally true; but it was not the whole truth, and it was calculated in many points to produce a false impression on his hearers. He spoke of the efforts which it had cost him to induce his men to return to England, and denied having wished to desert his comrades whilst he was lying at the mouth of the Orinoco. He then adverted to a foolish tale which had long been current against him, to the effect that at the execution of the Earl of Essex he had taken his place at a window in order to see him die, and had puffed tobacco at him in derision. The story, he said, was a pure fiction.

As soon as the preparations were completed, Raleigh turned to the executioner, and asked to see the axe. "I prithee," said he as the man held back, "let me see it; dost thou think that I am afraid of it?" He ran his finger down the edge, saying to himself, "This is sharp medicine, but it is a sound cure for all diseases." He then knelt down and laid his head upon the block. Some one objected that he ought to lay his face towards the east. "What matter," he said, "how the head lie, so the heart be right?" After he had prayed for a little while, he gave the appointed signal. Seeing that the headsman was reluctant to do his duty, he called upon him to strike. In two blows the head was severed from the body. His remains were delivered to his wife, and were by her buried in St. Margaret's at Westminster.

A copy of verses written by Raleigh the night before his execution was discovered, and was soon passed from hand to

hand. It was a strange medley, in which faith and confidence in God appear side by side with sarcasms upon the lawyers and the courtiers. It was perhaps at a later hour that he wrote on the fly-leaf of his Bible those touching lines in which the higher part of his nature alone is visible :—

"Even such is Time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, and all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days!
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
The Lord shall raise me up, I trust."

History of England.

O THOU WHO DRIEST THE MOURNER'S TEARS!

THOMAS MOORE (1779–1852).

"He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds."—PSALM cxlvii. 3.

["Moore's most beautiful hymn."—F. W. NEWMAN.]

O thou who driest the mourner's tear!
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!
The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
But thou wilt heal that broken heart
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And even the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimmed and vanished too,—
Oh, who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above?
Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day!

HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE, IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.*

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (1772–1834).

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, O sovereign Blanc! †
The Arvë and the Arveiron ‡ at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form,
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee, and above,
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it
As with a wedge. But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity.
O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought; entranced in prayer
I worshipped the Invisible alone.
Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,
Thou the meanwhile wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life, and life's own secret joy,
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven.

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy! § Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart! awake,
Green vales and icy cliffs! all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the Vale! ‖
Oh, struggling with the darkness all the night,

* Cha'mouni, a celebrated village and valley in Savoy, at the foot of Mont Blanc.—This hymn should be compared with "Adam and Eve's Morning Hymn," from Milton's *Paradise Lost*; and also with Thomson's "Hymn" appended to *The Seasons*.

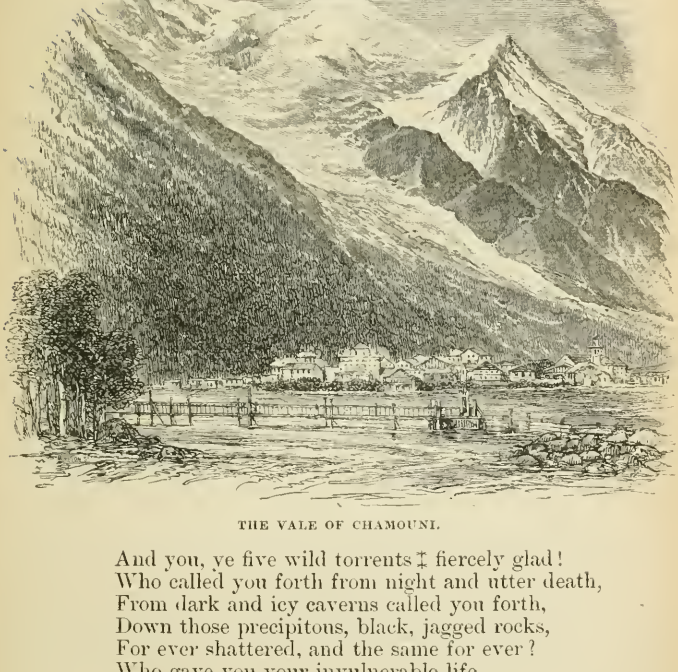
† Blanc, the highest mountain in Europe; *lit.* "the white mountain," from its peak being perpetually snow-clad. Height, 15,810 feet. It is in France, on the borders of Savoy and Piedmont.

‡ The Ar'vë (-vay) and Arvei'ron, torrents which have their sources in the glaciers of Mont Blanc.

§ Ec'stasy, transport; a degree of delight which withdraws the mind from other emotions; *lit.* a standing out of oneself. [Gr. *ek-stasis*, a standing out.]

‖ "Sovereign of the Vale," an apostrophe, or address to Mont Blanc.

And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink,—
Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself Earth's rosy star,* and of the dawn
Co-herald,† wake, O wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?



THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

And you, ye five wild torrents‡ fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shattered, and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,

* "Earth's rosy star." A reference to beautiful colors which the snow crystals assume in the sunshine, especially at sunrise.

† "Of the dawn co-herald." Because, from its great height, it catches and reflects the first rays of light long before surrounding objects.

‡ "Five wild torrents." Besides the Arvë and Arveiron, already mentioned, five smaller torrents rush down the sides of the mountain.

Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder, and eternal foam?
And who commanded, (and the silence came,)—
"Here let the billows stiffen and have rest"?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents!* silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who with living flowers
Of loveliest blue† spread garlands at your feet?—
GOD! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice plains echo, GOD!
GOD! sing, ye meadow streams, with gladsome voice!
Ye pine groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they, too, have a voice, you piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, GOD!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth GOD! and fill the hills with praise!

GIBBON'S POWER AS AN HISTORIAN.

JAMES COTTER MORRISON, M.A., Lincoln College, Oxford.

Over all this immense field Gibbon moves with a striking attitude of power, which arose from his consciousness of complete preparation. What there was to be known of his subject he felt sure that he knew. His method of treatment is very simple, one might say primitive, but it is very effective. He masters his materials, and then condenses and clarifies them into a broad,

* "Motionless torrents." This and the preceding lines describe glaciers—slowly moving streams of ice which are formed in the higher parts of the Alps, and gradually move down to the warmer regions, where they melt away. In point of fact glaciers are not "motionless," and not always "silent." Their motion, which resembles that of a river—the centre advancing faster than the sides—varies in rate from 100 to 400 feet in a year. The different rates at which the different parts of a glacier move often cause rents to be made across it, and these are accompanied by loud explosions like the reports of cannon.

† "Living flowers of loveliest blue"—the blue gentian, which grows luxuriantly on the very skirts of the glaciers. See also seven lines below—"Ye living flowers," etc.

well-filled narrative, which is always or nearly always perfectly lucid through his skill in grouping events and characters, and his fine boldness in neglecting chronological sequence for the sake of clearness and unity of action. It is doing the book injustice to consult it only as a work of reference, or even to read it in detached portions. It should be read through, if we would appreciate the art with which the story is told. No part can be fairly judged without regard to the remainder. In fact, Gibbon was much more an artist than perhaps he suspected, and less of a philosophic thinker on history than he would have been willing to allow. His short-comings in this latter respect will be adverted to presently; we are now considering his merits. And among these the very high one of lofty and vigorous narrative stands pre-eminent. The campaigns of Julian, Belisarius, and Herac'lius* are painted with a dash and clearness which few civil historians have equalled. His descriptive power is also very great. The picture of Constantinople in the seventeenth chapter is, as the writer of these pages can testify, a wonderful achievement, both for fidelity and brilliancy, coming from a man who had never seen the place:—

"If we survey Byzan'tium in the extent which it acquired with the august name of Constantinople, the figure of the imperial city may be represented under that of an unequal triangle. The obtuse point, which advances towards the east and the shores of Asia, meets and repels the waves of the Thracian Bos'phŏrus. The northern side of the city is bounded by the harbor; and the southern is washed by the Propon'tis, or Sea of Marmŏra. The basis of the triangle is opposed to the west, and terminates the continent of Europe. But the admirable form and division of the circumjacent land and water cannot, without a more ample explanation, be clearly or sufficiently understood.

"The winding channel† through which the waters of the Euxine flow with rapid and incessant course towards the Mediterranean

* Flavius Claudius Juliānus, nephew of Constantine the Great, reigned as Roman emperor A.D. 361–363. His successful campaign against the Germans (355) led to his elevation.—Belisarius, the great general under Justinian. After a brilliant career he was accused of conspiring against the emperor. According to tradition, his eyes were put out, and he was forced to beg through the streets of Constantinople ("Give Belisarius a farthing!"). He died A.D. 565.—Heraclius, Emperor of the East (A.D. 612–641), conducted to a successful issue three campaigns against the Persians.

† This celebrated passage of Gibbon's *History* ought to be read with a good map open before the student. In pronouncing the names that follow great care is to be taken to maintain the "quantities" of the middle vowels.

received the appellation of Bos'phŏrus, a name not less celebrated in the history than in the fables of antiquity. A crowd of temples and of votive altars, profusely scattered along its steep and woody banks, attested the unskilfulness, the terrors, and the devotion of the Grecian navigators, who, after the example of the Ar'gŏnauts, explored the dangers of the inhospitable Euxine. On these banks tradition long preserved the memory of the palace of Phinēūs, infested by the obscene Harpies; and of the sylvan reign of Am'ycus, who defied the son of Leda to the combat of the cestus. The straits of the Bosphorus are terminated by the Cy̆ănĕan rocks, which, according to the description of the poets, had once floated on the surface of the waters, and were destined by the gods to protect the entrance of the Euxine against the eye of profane curiosity. From the Cyanean rocks to the ruin and harbor of Byzan'tium the winding length of the Bosphorus extends about sixteen miles, and its most ordinary breadth may be computed at about one mile and a half. The *new* castles of Europe and Asia are constructed on either continent upon the foundations of two celebrated temples of Serāpis and Jupiter Urĭus. The *old* castles, a work of the Greek emperors, command the narrowest part of the channel, in a place where the opposite banks advance within five hundred yards of each other. These fortresses were destroyed and strengthened by Mahomet the Second when he meditated the siege of Constantinople; but the Turkish conqueror was most probably ignorant that near two thousand years before his reign Darius had chosen the same situation to connect the two continents by a bridge of boats. At a small distance from the old castles we discover the little town of Chrysop'ŏlis or Scutări, which may almost be considered as the Asiatic suburb of Constantinople. The Bosphorus, as it begins to open into the Propon'tis, passes between Byzantium and Chalcēdon. The latter of these two cities was built by the Greeks a few years before the former, and the blindness of its founders, who overlooked the superior advantages of the opposite coast, has been stigmatized by a proverbial expression of contempt.

"The harbor of Constantinople, which may be considered as an arm of the Bosphorus, obtained in a very remote period the denomination of the *Golden Horn*. The curve which it describes might be compared to the horn of a stag, or as it should seem with more propriety, to that of an ox. The epithet of *golden* was expressive of the riches every wind wafted from the most

distant countries into the secure and capacious port of Constantinople. The river Lȳcus, formed by the conflux of two little streams, pours into the harbor a perpetual supply of fresh water, which serves to cleanse the bottom and to invite the periodical shoals of fish to seek their retreat in that convenient recess. As the vicissitudes of the tides are scarcely felt in those seas, the constant depth of the harbor allows goods to be landed on the quays without the assistance of boats, and it has been observed that in many places the largest vessels may rest their prows against the houses while their sterns are floating in the water. From the mouth of the Lycus to that of the harbor, this arm of the Bos′phōrus is more than seven miles in length. The entrance is about five hundred yards broad, and a strong chain could be occasionally drawn across it, to guard the port and the city from an attack of an hostile navy.

"Between the Bosphorus and the Hellespont, the shores of Europe and Asia receding on either side include the Sea of Marmŏra, which was known to the ancients by the denomination of the Propon′tis. The navigation from the issue of the Bosphorus to the entrance of the Hellespont is about one hundred and twenty miles. Those who steer their westward course through the middle of the Propontis may at once descry the highlands of Thrace and Bithȳnĭa and never lose sight of the lofty summit of Mount Olympus, covered with eternal snows. They leave on the left a deep gulf, at the bottom of which Nicomēdia was seated, the imperial residence of Diocletian, and they pass the small islands of Cyzĭcus and Proconnēsus before they cast anchor at Gallip′ŏli, where the sea which separates Asia from Europe is again contracted to a narrow channel.

"The geographers, who with the most skilful accuracy have surveyed the form and extent of the Hellespont, assign about sixty miles for the winding course and about three miles for the ordinary breadth of those celebrated straits. But the narrowest part of the channel is found to the northward of the old Turkish castles between the cities of Sestos and Abȳdos. It was here that the adventurous Leander braved the passage of the flood for the possession of his mistress. It was here, likewise, in a place where the distance between the opposite banks cannot exceed five hundred paces, that Xerxes imposed a stupendous bridge of boats for the purpose of transporting into Europe an hundred and seventy myriads of barbarians. A sea contracted within such narrow limits may seem but ill to deserve the

singular epithet of *broad*, which Homer, as well as Orphēus, has frequently bestowed on the Hellespont. But our ideas of greatness are of a relative nature: the traveller, and especially the poet, who sailed along the Hellespont, who pursued the windings of the stream and contemplated the rural scenery which appeared on every side to terminate the prospect, insensibly lost the remembrance of the sea, and his fancy painted those celebrated straits with all the attributes of a mighty river flowing with a swift current in the midst of a woody and inland country, and at length through a wide mouth discharging itself into the Ægēan or Archipelago. Ancient Troy, seated on an eminence at the foot of Mount Ida, overlooked the mouth of the Hellespont, which scarcely received an accession of waters from the tribute of those immortal rivulets the Simoïs and Scamander. The Grecian camp had stretched twelve miles along the shore, from the Sigæan to the Rhœtīan promontory, and the flanks of the army were guarded by the bravest chiefs who fought under the banners of Agamem'non. The first of these promontories was occupied by Achilles with his invincible Myrm'idons, and the dauntless Ajax pitched his tents on the other. After Ajax had fallen a sacrifice to his disappointed pride and to the ingratitude of the Greeks, his sepulchre was erected on the ground where he had defended the navy against the rage of Jove and Hector, and the citizens of the rising town of Rhœtīum celebrated his memory with divine honors. Before Constantine gave a just preference to the situation of Byzan'tium, he had conceived the design of erecting the seat of empire on this celebrated spot, from whence the Romans derived their fabulous origin. The extensive plain which lies below ancient Troy towards the Rhœtīan promontory was first chosen for his new capital; and though the undertaking was soon relinquished, the stately remains of unfinished walls and towers attracted the notice of all who sailed through the straits of the Hellespont.

"We are at present qualified to view the advantageous position of Constantinople, which appears to have been formed by nature for the centre and capital of a great monarchy. Situated in the forty-first degree of latitude, the imperial city commanded from her seven hills the opposite shores of Europe and Asia; the climate was healthy and temperate; the soil fertile; the harbor secure and capacious; and the approach on the side of the continent was of small extent and easy defence. The Bos'phŏrus and the Hellespont may be considered as the two

gates of Constantinople, and the prince who possesses those important passages could always shut them against a naval enemy and open them to the fleets of commerce. The preservation of the eastern provinces may in some degree be ascribed to the policy of Constantine, as the barbarians of the Euxine, who in the preceding age had poured their armaments into the heart of the Mediterranean, soon desisted from the exercise of piracy, and despaired of forcing this insurmountable barrier. When the gates of the Hellespont and Bosphorus were shut, the capital still enjoyed within their spacious enclosure every production which could supply the wants or gratify the luxury of its numerous inhabitants. The sea-coasts of Thrace and Bithȳnĭa, which languish under the weight of Turkish oppression, still exhibit a rich prospect of vineyards, of gardens, and of plentiful harvests; and the Propon'tis has ever been renowned for an inexhaustible store of the most exquisite fish, that are taken in their stated seasons without skill and almost without labor. But when the passages of the straits were thrown open for trade, they alternately admitted the natural and artificial riches of the north and south, of the Euxine and the Mediterranean. Whatever rude commodities were collected in the forests of Germany and Scȳthĭa, and as far as the sources of the Tăn'aïs and Borys'thĕnēs; whatsoever was manufactured by the skill of Europe or Asia, the corn of Egypt, the gems and spices of the farthest India, were brought by the varying winds into the port of Constantinople, which for many ages attracted the commerce of the ancient world.

"The prospect of beauty, of safety, and of wealth, united in a single spot, was sufficient to justify the choice of Constantine. But as some mixture of prodigy and fable has in every age been supposed to reflect a becoming majesty on the origin of great cities, the emperor was desirous of ascribing his resolution not so much to the uncertain counsels of human policy as to the eternal and infallible decrees of divine wisdom. In one of his laws he has been careful to instruct posterity that in obedience to the commands of God he laid the everlasting foundations of Constantinople; and though he has not condescended to relate in what manner the celestial inspiration was communicated to his mind, the defect of his modest silence has been liberally supplied by the ingenuity of succeeding writers, who describe the nocturnal vision which appeared to the fancy of Constantine as he slept within the walls of Byzan'tium. The tutelar genius

of the city, a venerable matron sinking under the weight of years and infirmities, was suddenly transformed into a blooming maid, whom his own hands adorned with all the symbols of imperial greatness. The monarch awoke, interpreted the auspicious omen, and obeyed without hesitation the will of Heaven. The day which gave birth to a city or a colony was celebrated by the Romans with such ceremonies as had been ordained by a generous superstition; and though Constantine might omit some rites which savored too strongly of their pagan origin, yet he was anxious to leave a deep impression of hope and respect on the minds of the spectators. On foot, with a lance in his hand, the emperor himself led the solemn procession; and directed the line which was traced as the boundary of the destined capital; till the growing circumference was observed with astonishment by the assistants, who at length ventured to observe that he had already exceeded the most ample measure of a great city. 'I shall still advance,' replied Constantine, 'till HE, the invisible Guide who marches before me, thinks proper to stop.'"

Gibbon's conception of history was that of a spacious panorama, in which a series of tableaux pass in succession before the reader's eye. He adverts but little, far too little, to that side of events which does not strike the visual sense. He rarely generalizes or sums up a widely-scattered mass of facts into pregnant synthetic views. But possibly he owes some of the permanence of his fame to this very defect. As soon as ever a writer begins to support a thesis, to prove a point, he runs imminent danger of one-sidedness and partiality in his presentation of events. Gibbon's faithful transcript of the past has neither the merit nor the drawback of generalization, and he has come in consequence to be regarded as a common mine of authentic facts to which all speculators can resort.

The first volume, which was received with such warm acclamation, is inferior to those that followed. He seems to have been partly aware of this himself, and speaks of the "concise and superficial narrative from Commŏdus to Alexander." But the whole volume lacks the grasp and easy mastery which distinguish its successors. No doubt the subject-matter was comparatively meagre and ungrateful. The century between Commodus and Diocletian was one long spasm of anarchy and violence, which was, as Niebuhr said, incapable of historical treatment. The obscure confusion of the age is aggravated into

almost complete darkness by the wretched materials which alone have survived, and the attempt to found a dignified narrative on such scanty and imperfect authorities was hardly wise. Gibbon would have shown a greater sense of historic proportion if he had passed over this period with a few bold strokes, and summed up with brevity such general results as may be fairly deduced. We may say of the first volume that it was tentative in every way. In it the author not only sounded the public, but he was also trying his instrument, running over the keys in preparatory search for the right note. He strikes it full and clear in the two final chapters on the Early Church: these, whatever objections may be made against them on other grounds, are the real commencement of the "Decline and Fall."

From this point onwards he marches with the steady and measured tramp of a Roman legion. His materials improve both in number and quality. The fourth century, though a period of frightful anarchy and disaster if compared with a settled epoch, is a period of relative peace and order when compared with the third century. The fifth was calamitous beyond example; but ecclesiastical history comes to the support of secular history in a way which might have excited more gratitude in Gibbon than it did. From Constantine to Augus'tŭlus Gibbon is able to put forth all his strength. His style is less superfine as his matter becomes more copious; and the more definite cleavage of events brought about by the separation between the Eastern and Western Empires, enables him to display the higher qualities which marked him as an historian.

GIBBON, in *English Men of Letters*.

BALDER'S FUNERAL-SHIP.

MATTHEW ARNOLD (b. 1822).

[In Scandinavian mythology, Balder, the son of Odin and Frea, is the impersonation of light, peace, and day. With his wife Nanna he lives in the palace Breidablik ("wide-shining") amid the Milky Way. His blind brother Hoder, or Höder, is the god of darkness and night. At a sportive trial which the gods of the Valhalla were making of Balder's invulnerability, Hoder unwittingly slew his brother with a branch of the mistletoe, against which Balder had no charm. In his grief Hoder threw himself on his sword. On the general intercession of the gods, Balder was some time afterwards restored to life. References to this myth occur in Longfellow, Carlyle (*Heroes and Hero-Worship*), and other English writers. It is the basis of Sydney Dobell's "Balder," and of Arnold's "Balder Dead." The passage here given from Arnold's beautiful poem is characterized by Bishop Alexander as "that matchless description of the burning of Balder's ship in the funeral."]

But when the gods and heroes heard, they brought
The wood to Balder's ship, and built a pile,
Full the deck's breadth, and lofty; then the corpse
Of Balder on the highest top they laid,
With Nanna on his right, and on his left
Hoder, his brother, whom his own hand slew.
And they set jars of wine and oil to lean
Against the bodies, and stuck torches near,
Splinters of pine-wood soaked with turpentine:
And brought his arms and gold, and all his stuff,
And slew the dogs who at his table fed,
And his horse, Balder's horse, whom most he loved,
And threw them on the pyre; and Odin threw
A last choice gift thereon—his golden ring.
The mast they fixt, and hoisted up the sails;
Then they put fire to the wood; and Thor
Set his stout shoulder hard against the stern,
To push the ship through the thick sand;—sparks flew
From the deep trench she ploughed, so strong a god
Furrowed it; and the water gurgled in,
And the ship floated on the waves, and rocked.
But in the hills a strong east wind arose,
And came down moaning to the sea; first squalls
Ran black o'er the sea's face, then steady rushed
The breeze, and filled the sails, and blew the fire;
And wreathed in smoke the ship stood out to sea.
Soon with a roaring rose the mighty fire,
And the pile crackled; and between the logs
Sharp quivering tongues of flame shot out, and leapt,
Curling and darting, higher, until they licked
The summit of the pile, the dead, the mast,
And all the shrivelling sails; but still the ship
Drove on, ablaze above her hull with fire.
And the gods stood upon the beach, and gazed.
And while they gazed, the sun went lurid down
Into the smoke-wrapt sea, and night came on.
Then the wind fell, with night, and there was calm;
But through the dark they watched the burning ship
Still carried o'er the distant waters on,
Farther and farther, like an eye of fire.
And long, in the far dark, blazed Balder's pile;
But fainter, as the stars rose high, it flared.
The bodies were consumed, ash choked the pile;
And as, in a decaying winter-fire,
A charred log, falling, makes a shower of sparks,
So with a shower of sparks the pile fell in,
Reddening the sea around—and all was dark.

Balder Dead, part iii.

BYRON'S PLACE IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

JOHN NICHOL (b. 1833).

(Professor of English Literature in the University of Glasgow.)

Byron's life was passed under the fierce light that beats upon an intellectual throne. He succeeded in making himself—what he wished to be—the most notorious personality in the world of letters of our century. Almost every one who came in contact with him has left on record various impressions of intimacy or interview. Those whom he excluded or patronized maligned; those to whom he was genial loved him. Mr. Southey, in all sincerity, regarded him as the principle of Evil incarnate; an American writer of tracts in the form of stories is of the same opinion: to the Countess Guiccioli * he is an archangel. Mr. Carlyle considers him to have been a mere "sulky dandy." Goethe ranks him as the first English poet after Shakspeare, and is followed by the leading critics of France, Italy, and Spain.

Lord Jeffrey, at the close of a once famous review, quaintly laments: "The tuneful quartos of Southey are already little better than lumber, and the rich melodies of Keats and Shelley, and the fantastical emphasis of Wordsworth, and the plebeian pathos of Crabbe, are melting fast from the field of our vision. The novels of Scott have put out his poetry, and the blazing star of Byron himself is receding from its place of pride." Of the poets of the early part of this century, Lord John Russell thought Byron the greatest; then Scott; then Moore. "Such an opinion," wrote a *National* reviewer in 1860, "is not worth a refutation; we only smile at it." Nothing in the history of literature is more curious than the shifting of the standard of excellence, which so perplexes criticism. But the most remarkable feature of the matter is the frequent return to power of the once discarded potentates. Byron is resuming his place: his spirit has come again to our atmosphere; and every budding critic, as in 1820, feels called on to pronounce a verdict on his genius and character. The present times are, in many respects, an aftermath of the first quarter of the century, which was an era of revolt, of doubt, of storm. There succeeded an era of exhaustion, of quiescence, of reflection. The first years of the third quarter saw a revival of turbulence and agitation; and,

* Pr. *Gw-eet'-cho-lee.*—"My Recollections of Lord Byron, and those of Eye-witnesses of his Life" (1869).

more than our fathers, we are inclined to sympathize with our grandfathers.

Byron has no relation to the master-minds whose works reflect a nation or an era, and who keep their own secrets. His verse and prose are alike biographical, and the inequalities of his style are those of his career. He lived in a glass case, and could not hide himself by his habit of burning blue lights. He was too great to do violence to his nature, which was not great enough to be really consistent. It was thus natural for him to pose as the spokesman of two ages—as a critic and as an author; and of two orders of society—as a peer, and as a poet of revolt. Sincere in both, he could never forget the one character in the other. To the last he was an aristocrat in sentiment, a democrat in opinion. "Vulgarity," he writes, with a pithy half-truth, "is far worse than downright blackguardism; for the latter comprehends wit, humor, and strong sense at all times, while the former is a sad, abortive attempt at all things, signifying nothing." He could never reconcile himself to the English Radicals; and it has been acutely remarked that part of his final interest in Greece lay in the fact that he found it a country of classic memories, "where a man might be the champion of liberty without soiling himself in the arena." He owed much of his early influence to the fact of his moving in the circles of rank and fashion; but though himself steeped in the prejudices of caste, he struck at them at times with fatal force. Aristocracy is the individual asserting a vital distinction between itself and "the muck o' the world." Byron's heroes all rebel against the associative tendency of the nineteenth century; they are self-worshippers at war with society; but most of them come to bad ends. He maligned himself in those caricatures, and has given more of himself in describing one whom, with special significance, we call a brother poet. "Allan," he writes in 1813, "has lent me a quantity of Burns's unpublished letters.....What an antithetical mind!—tenderness, roughness—delicacy, coarseness—sentiment, sensuality—soaring and grovelling—dirt and deity—all mixed up in that one compound of inspired clay!" We have only to add to these antitheses, in applying them with slight modification to the writer. Byron had, on occasion, more self-control than Burns, who yielded to every thirst or gust, and could never have lived the life of the soldier at Mesolonghi; but, partly owing to meanness, partly to a sound instinct, his memory has

been severely dealt with. The fact of his being a nobleman helped to make him famous, but it also helped to make him hated. No doubt it half-spoiled him, in making him a show; and the circumstance has suggested the remark of a humorist, that it is as hard for a lord to be a perfect gentleman as for a camel to pass through a needle's eye. But it also exposed to the rancors of jealousy a man who had nearly everything but domestic happiness to excite that most corroding of literary passions; and when he got out of gear he became the quarry of Spenser's "blatant beast." On the other hand, Burns was, beneath his disgust at Holy Fairs and Willies, sincerely reverential—much of "Don Juan" would have seemed to him "an atheist's laugh;" and—a more certain superiority—he was absolutely frank.

We find Byron at once munificent and careful about money; calmly asleep amid a crowd of trembling sailors, yet never going to ride without a nervous caution; defying augury, yet seriously disturbed by a gipsy's prattle. He could be, the most genial of comrades, the most considerate of masters, and he secured the devotion of his servants, as of his friends; but he was too overbearing to form many equal friendships, and apt to be ungenerous to his real rivals. His shifting attitude towards Lady Byron, his wavering purposes, his impulsive acts, are a part of the character we trace through all his life and work—a strange mixture of magnanimity and brutality, of laughter and tears, consistent in nothing but his passion and his pride, yet redeeming all his defects by his graces, and wearing a greatness that his errors can only half obscure.

Alternately the idol and the horror of his contemporaries, Byron was, during his life, feared and respected as "the grand Napoleon of the realms of rhyme." His works were the events of the literary world. The chief among them were translated into French, German, Italian, Danish, Polish, Russian, Spanish. On the publication of Moore's "Life," Lord Macaulay had no hesitation in referring to Byron "as the most celebrated Englishman of the nineteenth century." Nor have we now; but in the interval between 1840–1870 it was the fashion to talk of him as a sentimentalist, a romancer, a shallow wit, a nine days' wonder, a poet for "green unknowing youth." It was a reaction such as leads us to disestablish the heroes of our crude imaginations till we learn that to admire nothing is as sure a sign of immaturity as to admire everything.

BYRON, in *English Men of Letters*.

LAKE OF GENEVA.

LORD BYRON (1788-1824).

Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.

This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction; once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darkened Jura, whose capped heights appear
Precipitously steep: and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood: on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more;

He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill:
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
But that is fancy; for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep;—
All heaven and earth are still: from the high host
Of stars, to the lulled lake and mountain coast,
All is concentred in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

Childe Harold, canto iii., stanzas 85-87, and 89.

ANCIENT AND MODERN EMPIRES.

JOHN HENRY (CARDINAL) NEWMAN, D.D. (b. 1801).

While bodily strength is the token of barbarian power, mental ability is the honorable badge of civilized states. The one is like Ajax, the other like Ulysses; civilized nations are constructive, barbarous are destructive. Civilization spreads by the ways of peace—by moral suasion, by means of literature,

the arts, commerce, diplomacy, institutions; and though material power can never be superseded, it is subordinate to the influence of mind. Barbarians can provide themselves with swift and hardy horses, can sweep over a country, rush on with a shout, use the steel and fire-brand, and frighten and overwhelm the weak and cowardly; but in the wars of civilized countries, even the implements of carnage are scientifically constructed, and are calculated to lessen or supersede it; and a campaign becomes co-ordinately a tour of *savants*, or a colonizing expedition, or a political demonstration. When Sesos'tris marched through Asia to the Euxine, he left upon his road monuments of himself which have not utterly disappeared even at this day; and the memorials of the rule of the Pharaohs are still engraved on the rocks of Libya and Arabia. Alexander, again, in a later age, crossed from Macedonia to Asia with the disciples of Aristotle in his train. His march was the diffusion of the arts and commerce, and the acquisition of scientific knowledge. The countries he passed through were accurately described as he proceeded, and the intervals between halt and halt regularly measured. His naval armaments explored nearly the whole distance from Attock on the Upper Indus to the Isthmus of Suez; his philosophers noted down the various productions and beasts of the unknown East; and his courtiers were the first to report to the Western World the singular institutions of Hindustan.

Again: while Attīla boasted that his horse's hoof withered the grass it trod on, and Zengis could gallop over the site of the cities he had destroyed, Seleucus, or Ptolemy, or Trajan covered the range of his conquests with broad capitals, marts of commerce, noble roads, and spacious harbors. Lucullus collected a magnificent library in the East, and Cæsar converted his northern expeditions into an antiquarian and historical research.

Nor is this an accident in Roman annals. She was a power pre-eminently military; yet what is her history but the most remarkable instance of political development and progress? More than any power she was able to accommodate and expand her institutions according to the circumstances of successive ages, extending her municipal privileges to the conquered cities, yielding herself to the literature of Greece, and admitting into her bosom the rites of Egypt and Phrygia. At length, by an effort of versatility unrivalled in history, she was able to reserve

one main article of her policy; and as she had already acknowledged the intellectual supremacy of Greece, so did she humble herself in a still more striking manner before a religion which she had persecuted.

All human power has its termination sooner or later: states rise to fall; and, secure as they may be now, so one day they will be in peril and in course of overthrow. Nineveh, Tyre, Babylon, Persia, Egypt, and Greece,—each has had its day: and this was so clear to mankind two thousand years ago, that the conqueror of Carthage wept as he gazed upon its flames, for he saw in them the conflagration of her rival, his own Rome. "Once Troy stood." The Saracens, the Moguls, have had their day. Those European States, so great three centuries ago, Spain and Poland, Venice and Genoa, are now either extinct or in decrepitude. What is the lot of all states is still more strikingly fulfilled in the case of empires; kingdoms indeed are of slow growth, but empires commonly are but sudden manifestations of power, which are as short-lived as they are sudden. Even the Roman Empire, which is an exception, did not last beyond five hundred years; the Saracenic, three hundred; the Spanish, three hundred; the Russian has lasted about a hundred and fifty—that is, since the Czar Peter; the British not a hundred; the Ottoman has reached four or five. If there be an empire which does not at all feel the pressure of this natural law, but lasts continuously, repairs its losses, renews its vigor, and with every successive age emulates its antecedent fame, such a power must be more than human, and has no place in our present inquiry. Times and moments are in the decrees of the All-wise, and known to Him alone; and so are the occurrences to which they give birth.

Lectures: Barbarism and Civilization (1853).

THE DISCOVERY OF THE TEMPLE OF THE EPHESIAN DIANA.

J. J. Wood.

[Mr. Wood's excavations at Ephesus were carried on for nearly eleven years under the auspices of the Trustees of the British Museum. They were finally discontinued March 25, 1874, when the total expenditure had reached £16,000. Mr. Wood's chief purpose was to find remains of the great Temple of Diana, which in ancient times was reckoned among the great wonders of the world, but which for many centuries had been so completely buried that

its very existence began to be disputed. The excavations first yielded valuable information respecting the great Theatre and the Odeum or Lyric Theatre. The former, a vast building capable of seating twenty-five thousand persons, was the theatre mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles as the scene of the uproar caused by the makers of silver shrines for the Temple of Diana; and Latin inscriptions were there discovered by Mr. Wood recording the dedication of silver images. The tomb of St. Luke was, in Mr. Wood's opinion, also identified. The discovery of the Temple of Diana is recorded below. Mr. Wood is a trained architect, and was practising his profession at Smyrna when the excavations commenced. His technical skill has enabled him to restore in drawings the plan of the Great Temple, which was thought to be hopelessly lost.

In 1882 a committee for the resumption of Mr. Wood's excavations was formed in England of persons eminent in art and archæology.]

December 1st [1870] is marked in my journal as a red-letter day: for on this day I have recorded that at last we found part of the base of the column to which the group of drums belonged; and, in position, a large square block of marble which proved afterwards to be the plinth-stone of the base of a column belonging to a more ancient temple, indeed of the last temple but two, the foundations of which were commenced 500 B.C.

On *December 9th* was found one of the capitals, which, although much mutilated, gave a good idea of its boldness and grandeur. On seeing this I felt more assured of the fact that I had discovered the temple, and I determined that Pliny and Vitruvius should no longer mislead me, for what building could this be but the great Temple of Diana?

December 16.—This day the celebrated Dr. Schliemann, the discoverer of Troy, visited the excavations. He was kindly enthusiastic in his congratulations when he placed his foot upon the "veritable" pavement of the temple. He had been digging in the Troad, but had been stopped by the Turks, and he now asked my opinion whether he could get a firman to dig in the Troad in search of the city of Troy. I expressed my doubts, as the Turks had made known their determination to grant no more firmans for excavations. He said they might have what was found, as he was anxious only to prove by excavations his own theory about the position of Troy; and being a rich retired merchant, he could well afford to spend out of his income ten thousand francs a year.

Before the close of the year, I had removed about four thousand cubic yards from the large excavation, besides sinking a number of pits over the site of the temple. We had unusually hot weather, slight shocks of earthquake, and rumors of a band of brigands at Ephesus, towards the close of this month.

April 7th [1871] was a notable day at Ephesus. The workmen, in opening up new ground on the north side of the excavations, came upon an earthenware vessel about five feet under ground, containing more than two thousand coins and some lumps of the metal of which the coins were made. The three cavasses [foremen] then employed were fortunately on the spot, and prevented what might otherwise have proved a general scramble for the treasure.

[When examined at the British Museum, these coins proved to belong to the period between 1285 and 1370 A.D., the greater number being issued by Robert I. of Naples.]

The discovery of the remains of three temples on the same site and of the same size accounts for Pliny's statement that the temple was two hundred and twenty years in building, the earliest of the three having been probably commenced, as I have supposed, about 500 B.C., and the latest in the time of Alexander the Great. Nearly four feet above the lowest of the three pavements was found the highly polished white marble pavement of the last temple but one—the temple burned by Heros'tratus. Large patches remained in position, and were only discovered on the removal of the foundation-piers of the church. Connected with this pavement were found near the west wall of the *cella** two large marble blocks, resting upon a massive and solid foundation, in which was cut the groove for the outer bronze wheel on which the door of the temple moved; also the corresponding sinking for the inner wheel. The groove was eight inches wide and three and a quarter inches deep, and was much worn. The mortise for the door-frame was also cut in one of these stones. The exact width of the whole door was thus ascertained—namely, fourteen feet eight and a half inches in two parts as folding doors. It must therefore have been nearly thirty-five feet high.

The temple itself was one hundred and sixty-three feet nine and a half inches, by three hundred and forty-two feet six and a half inches, and was *octastyle*†—*i.e.*, having eight columns in front; and *dip'teral—i.e.*, having two rows of columns round the cella. These columns were, as Pliny described them, one hundred in number, twenty-seven of which were the gifts of kings,

* The part of the temple where the image of the goddess stood.
† Trisyllable; *octastyle* and *dipteral* are explained in context.

SWINBURNE'S "ATALANTA IN CALYDON."

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN (b. 1833).

[The *Atalanta in Calydon* appeared in 1864. Three years previously Mr. Swinburne had published the *Queen Mother and Rosamond*, a drama in the Elizabethan manner. The stride from Catherine de' Medici back to the dawn of Greek mythology was scarcely greater than the poet's advance from his first volume to the artistic perfection of his classical tragedy.]

I wish to speak upon the one faculty in which Swinburne excels any living English poet; in which I doubt if his equal has existed among recent poets of any tongue, unless Shelley be excepted, or possibly some lyrist of the modern French school.

This is his miraculous gift of rhythm, his command over the unsuspected resources of a language. That Shelley had a like power is, I think, shown in passages like the choruses of *Prometheus Unbound;** but he flourished half a century ago, and did not have (as Swinburne has) Shelley for a predecessor! A new generation, refining upon the lessons given by Shelley and Keats, has carried the art of rhythm to extreme variety and finish. Were Shelley to have a second career, his work, if no finer in single passages, would have, all in all, a range of musical variations such as we discover in Swinburne's. So close is the resemblance in quality of these two voices, however great the difference in development, as almost to justify a belief in metempsychosis. A master is needed to awake the spirit slumbering in any musical instrument. Before the advent of Swinburne we did not realize the full scope of English verse. In his hands it is like the violin of Paganini. The range of his fantasias, roulades, arias, new effects of measure and sound, is incomparable with anything hitherto known. The first emotion of one who studies even his immature work is that of wonder at the freedom and richness of his diction, the susurrus† of his rhythm, his unconscious alliterations, the endless change of his syllabic harmonies,—resulting in the alternate softness and strength, height and fall, riotous or chastened music, of his affluent verse. How does he produce it? Who taught him all the hidden springs of melody? He was born a tamer of words; a subduer of this most stubborn yet most copious of the literary tongues. In his poetry we discover qualities we did not know were in the language,—a softness that seemed Italian,

* See Professor Masson's studies in Shelley, reprinted in this Reader.

† Literally "whisper;" here "the murmuring ripple."

a rugged strength we thought was German, a "blithe and debonair"* lightness we despaired of capturing from the French. He has added a score of new stops and pedals to the instrument. He has introduced, partly from other tongues, stanzaic forms, measures, and effects untried before; and has brought out the swiftness and force of metres like the anapæstic, carrying each to perfection at a single trial. Words in his hands are like the ivory balls of a juggler, and all words seem to be in his hands.....

There is a resemblance, both of temperament and intellect, between Swinburne and what is known of Landor in his youth. The latter remained for a comparatively brief time at college, but the younger poet, like the elder, was a natural scholar and linguist. He profited largely by his four years at Oxford, and the five at Eton which preceded them; for his intuitive command of languages is so unusual, that a year of his study must be worth a lustrum† of other men's, and he had developed this gift by frequent and exquisite usage. No other Englishman has been so able to vary his effects by modes drawn, not only from classical and Oriental literatures, but from the haunting beauty of mediæval song. I should suppose him to be as familiar with French verse, from Ronsard to Hugo,‡ as most of us are with the poetry of our own language; and he writes either in Greek or Latin, old and new, or in troubadour French, as if his thoughts came to him in the diction for the time assumed. No really admirable work, I think, can be produced in a foreign tongue, until this kind of lingui-naturalization has been attained.....

Whatever may be said of the genuineness of any reproduction of the antique, the *Atalanta in Calydon* is the best of its kind. One who undertakes such work has the knowledge that his theme is removed from popular sympathy, and must be content with a restricted audience. Swinburne took up the classical dramatic form, and really made the dry bones live,—as even Landor and Arnold had not; as no man had before or after Shelley; that is to say, as no man has: for the *Prometheus Unbound*, grand as it is, is classical only in some of its personages and in the mythical germ of its conception,—a sublime poem, full of absorbing beauty, but antique neither in spirit nor

* Quoted from Milton's *Allegro*, 24.

† The Roman term for a period of five years.

‡ Ronsard, Pierre de, French poet of sixteenth century (1524-1585); Victor Hugo, a contemporary French poet and novelist (b. 1802).

in form. *Atalanta* is upon the severest Greek model, that of Æs'chylus or Soph'ocles, and reads like an inspired translation. We cannot repeat the antique as it existed, though a poem may be better or worse. But consider the nearness of this success, and the very great poetry involved.

Poetry and all, this thing has for once been done as well as possible, and no future poet can safely attempt to rival it. *Atalanta* is Greek in unity and simplicity, not only in the technical unities—utterly disregarded in *Prometheus Unbound*—but in maintenance of a single pervading thought, the impossibility of resisting the inexorable high gods.

Victorian Poets (1875).

FROM THE CHORUSES IN "ATALANTA IN CALYDON."

[The story of Atalanta (or Atalante) and the Calydonian Boar-hunt, is said to have formed the subject of one of the lost tragedies of the Greek poet Æschylus. Mr. Swinburne's skill is shown in the transfusion of Greek thought, feeling, and belief, into English poetry of marvellous sweetness and music. The opening chorus is an invocation to Artĕmis (Diāna) the goddess of the chase. The fourth line has already become famous as the most perfect example of alliterative word-painting in the language:—

"Lisp of leaves and ripple of rain."]

FIRST CHORUS.

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;
And the brown bright nightingale amorous
Is half assuaged for Itўlus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,
Maiden most perfect, lady of light,
With a noise of winds and many rivers,
With a clamor of waters, and with might;
Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,
Over the splendor and speed of thy feet;
For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,
Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

SECOND CHORUS.

Before the beginning of years,
There came to the making of man
Time, with a gift of tears;
Grief, with a glass that ran;

Pleasure, with pain for leaven;
  Summer, with flowers that fell;
Remembrance fallen from heaven,
  And Madness risen from hell;
Strength without hands to smite;
  Love that endures for a breath;
Night, the shadow of light;
  And Life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand
  Fire, and the falling of tears,
And a measure of sliding sand
  From under the feet of the years;
And froth and drift of the sea;
  And dust of the laboring earth;
And bodies of things to be
  In the houses of death and of birth;
And wrought with weeping and laughter,
  And fashioned with loathing and love,
With life before and after
  And death beneath and above,
For a day and a night and a morrow,
  That his strength might endure for a span
With travail and heavy sorrow,
  The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and the south
  They gathered as unto strife;
They breathed upon his mouth,
  They filled his body with life;
Eyesight and speech they wrought
  For the veils of the soul therein,
A time for labor and thought,
  A time to serve and to sin;
They gave him light in his ways,
  And love, and a space for delight,
And beauty and length of days,
  And night, and sleep in the night.
His speech is a burning fire;
  With his lips he travaileth;
In his heart is a blind desire,
  In his eyes foreknowledge of death;
He weaves, and is clothed with derision;
  Sows, and he shall not reap;
His life is a watch or a vision
  Between a sleep and a sleep.

THE WEAVER'S FLOWERS.

ROBERT BUCHANAN (b. 1841).

Blessings on the flowers!
They were his children: father never loved
His little darlings more, or for their sakes
Fretted so dumbly! Father never bent
More tenderly above his little ones,
In the still watches of the night, when sleep
Breathes balm upon their eyelids! Night and day
Poor Hugh was careful for the gentle things
Whose presence brought a sunshine to the place
Where sickness dwelt: this one was weak and small,
And needed watching like a sickly child;
This one so beauteous that it shamed its mates,
And made him angry with its beauteousness.
"I cannot rest!" cried Hughie with a smile;
"I scarcely snatch a moment to myself,
They plague me so!" Part fun, part earnest this:
He loved the pansies better than he knew.
E'en in the shadow of his weaving-room
They haunted him, and brightened on his soul:
Daily, while busy working at the loom,
The humming, humming seemed a melody
To which the pansies sweetly grew and grew,—
A leaf unrolling soft to every note,
A change of colors with a change of sound;
And walking to the door to rest himself,
Still with the humming, humming in his ears,
He saw the flowers and heard a melody
They made in growing. *Hugh Sutherland's Pansies.*

THE ENGLISH NATION

JOHN MILTON (1608–1674).

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing [moulting] her mighty youth and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their endless gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.

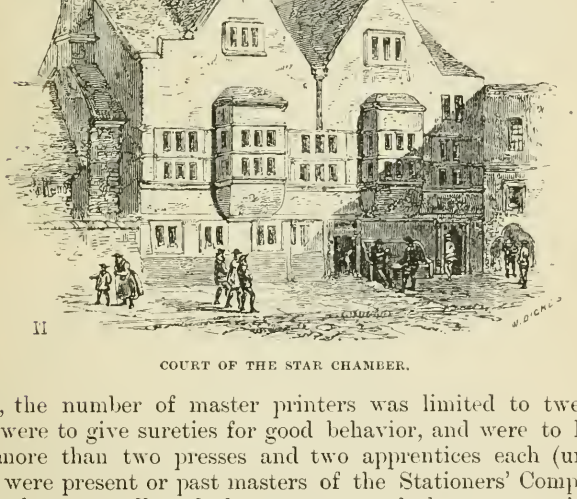
Areopagitica: A Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing (1644).

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

T. P. Taswell-Langmead.

[Mr. Taswell-Langmead is one of the latest writers on the constitutional aspect of English history. The chief value of his work resides in its wide research, which has embraced a close study of the Rolls of Parliament, the Mediæval Chroniclers, and other original authorities.]

Under James I. and Charles I. political and religious discussion was repressed by the Star Chamber with the greatest severity. By an ordinance of the Star Chamber, issued in July



COURT OF THE STAR CHAMBER.

1637, the number of master printers was limited to twenty, who were to give sureties for good behavior, and were to have not more than two presses and two apprentices each (unless they were present or past masters of the Stationers' Company, when they were allowed three presses and three apprentices); and the number of letter-founders was limited to four. The penalty for practising the arts of printing, book-binding, letter-founding, or making any part of a press, or other printing materials, by persons disqualified or not apprenticed thereto, was whipping, the pillory, and imprisonment. Even books which had been once examined and allowed were not to be reprinted without a fresh license; and books brought from

abroad were to be landed in London only, and carefully examined by licensers appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, who were empowered to seize and destroy all such as were "seditious, schismatical, or offensive." Periodical searches both of booksellers' shops and private houses were also enjoined and authorized. Yet it was during this inauspicious period that the first newspaper, the *Weekly News*, made its appearance, late in the reign of James I.; and after the abolition of the Star Chamber (February 1640–1) tracts and newspapers issued forth in shoals during the contest between the Crown and the Parliament. The Long Parliament, however, while abolishing the Star Chamber, continued the censorship of the press; and endeavored to silence all royalist and prelatical writers by most tyrannical ordinances "to repress disorders in printing," by which the messengers of the Government were empowered to break open doors and locks, by day or by night, in order to discover unlicensed printing-presses, and to apprehend authors, printers, and others. These proceedings called forth the "Areopagītica" of Milton, in which he branded the suppression of Truth by the licenser as the slaying of "an immortality rather than a life," maintained that "she needs no policies, no stratagems, no licensings to make her victorious," and nobly, but ineffectually, pleaded for "the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely, according to conscience, above all [other] liberties."

After the Restoration the entire control of printing was placed in the hands of the Government by the Licensing Act of 1662, which, though originally passed only for three years, was continued by subsequent renewals until 1679. Printing was strictly confined to London, York, and the two universities; the number of master printers was limited, as in the ordinances of the Star Chamber in 1637, to twenty; and no private person was to publish any book or pamphlet unless it were first licensed —law books by the Lord Chancellor or one of the chiefs of the Common Law Courts, historical or political books by a Secretary of State, books of heraldry by the Earl Marshal, and all other books by the Archbishop of Canterbury, or the Bishop of London, or by the chancellor or vice-chancellor of one of the universities. Authors and printers of obnoxious works were hung, quartered, mutilated, exposed in the pillory, flogged, or simply fined and imprisoned, according to the temper of the judges; and the works themselves were burned by the common

hangman. After the Licensing Act had been temporarily suffered to expire in 1679, the twelve judges with Chief Justice Scroggs at their head declared it to be criminal at common law to publish anything concerning the Government, whether true or false, of praise or censure, without the royal license. All newspapers were in consequence stopped; and the people were reduced for political intelligence and instruction to two Government publications, the official *London Gazette*, which furnished a scanty supply of news without comment, and the *Observator*, which consisted of comment without news. In the absence of newspapers, the coffee-houses became the chief organs through which the public opinion of the metropolis vented itself, while the inhabitants of provincial towns and the great body of the gentry and country clergy depended almost exclusively on *Newsletters* from London for their knowledge of political events.

At the accession of James II. in 1685 the Licensing Act was revived for seven years, and was thus in force at the Revolution. It was once more renewed in 1692 for one year and until the end of the following session of Parliament; but a further attempt to renew it in 1695 was negatived by the Commons, and henceforth the censorship of the press has ceased to form part of the law of England.

English Constitutional History (2nd ed., 1880), chap. xvii.

MISUSE OF PARLIAMENTARY PRIVILEGE.

SPENCER WALPOLE.

(Author of "The History of England from 1815.")

Privilege has passed through many phases. Claimed originally by the Commons to help them in their contest with the Crown, it was subsequently used by them in their contest with the people; it fell into comparative disuse when the cause of the nation became the cause of the House of Commons. In the present time no British sovereign would force himself into the legislature and demand the arrest of members obnoxious to himself; but no House of Commons would go out of its way to declare an article in the *Times* a seditious libel or venture to reprimand the printer of a newspaper who published its debates. Modern sovereigns have had the good sense to refrain from the

conduct which cost Charles I. throne and life; and recent Parliaments have had the wisdom to abstain from imitating the examples of the legislatures in the early years of the reign of George III. The supremacy for which the King was contending in the early years of the seventeenth century, and which the House of Commons temporarily obtained in the concluding years of the eighteenth century, has virtually passed to the people, and both the Crown and the aristocracy have practically recognized the facts which it is no longer possible for them to ignore. It would, perhaps, be well for them, even now, occasionally to reflect on the consequences of the contrary policy which their ancestors pursued. The cause of freedom is the holiest which history commemorates; and the persons who have struck a blow in freedom's cause are the favorite heroes of the historian. In ancient Athens, Hipparchus used his power to cultivate wisdom and virtue; Harmŏd'ius gave his days to degrading vices; yet the Athenians forgave the one because he slew the other. The private life of George III. was excellent, like that of Hipparchus; the private life of Wilkes was only less degraded than that of Harmodius; yet Wilkes lives in history as freedom's champion—the Government of George III. is condemned as unconstitutional. Callis'tratus composed his sole surviving lyric in Harmodius' honor; and Byron described in one of his most pungent stanzas the memorable conduct of Wilkes. May future generations take warning from such examples. That policy must at least be unfortunate which holds up rulers such as George III. and Hipparchus to reproach, and which turns characters such as Harmodius and Wilkes into heroes.

The Electorate and the Legislature (1881).

MACAULAY: ESSAYIST, ORATOR, POET, HISTORIAN.

Rev. William Morley Punshon, D.D. (1824-1881).

[The eloquent lecture from which the following passages are selected was first delivered early in 1860.]

1. *Essays.*

The world is now familiar with that series of inimitable Essays, which were poured out in rapid and apparently inexhaustible succession, for the space of twenty years. To criticise them, either in mass or in detail, is no part of the lecturer's province; and even to enumerate them would entail a pilgrimage to many and distant shrines. As we surrender

ourselves to his masterly guidance, we are fascinated beneath a life-like biography, or are enchained by some sweet spell of travel; we pronounce upon canons of criticism, and solve problems of government with a calm dogmatism which is troubled by no misgivings; we range unquestioned through the Court at Potsdam, and mix in Italian intrigues, and settle Spanish successions; and under the robe of the sagacious Burleigh, we peer out upon starched ruffs and colossal head-dresses in the presence-chamber of Elizabeth herself. Now, with Clive and Hastings, we tread the sultry Ind—our path glittering with "barbaric pearl and gold;"* now on bloody Chalgrove we shudder to see Hampden fall; and anon we gaze upon the glorious dreamer,† as he listens musingly to the dull plash of the water from his cell on Bedford Bridge. We stand aside, and are awed while Byron raves, and charmed while Milton sings. Addison condescendingly writes for us, and Chatham declaims in our presence; Madame d'Arblay trips lightly along the corridor, and Boswell comes ushering in his burly idol,‡ and smirking like the showman of a giant. We watch the process curiously as an unfortunate poet is impaled amid the scattered Sibyllines of the reviews which puffed him;§ and we hold our breath while the Něm′ĕsis descends to crucify the miscreant Barère.‖ In all moods of mind, in all varieties of experience, there is something for us of instruction or of warning. If we

* The quotation is from the opening lines of *Paradise Lost*, book ii. Milton himself borrowed the phrase "barbaric gold" from Virgil's *Æneid*, ii. 504. In Virgil and Milton, "barbaric" simply means "brought from a far-off land."

† John Bunyan. The dream is, of course, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, which was written during his twelve years' imprisonment in Bedford jail.

‡ Dr. Johnson. The reference is to Macaulay's review of Croker's edition of Boswell's "Life of Johnson" (*Edinburgh Review*, 1831).

§ In the *Edinburgh Review* for April 1830, Macaulay mercilessly criticised Robert Montgomery's *Poems*, of which, at that date, one had passed into the second edition, and another had reached the eleventh. The puffing reviews and predictions ("Sibyllines") of certain literary critics were unsparingly rebuked.

‖ Barère, a French Jacobin ("the Anacreon of the guillotine"), is the reputed author of all the worst excesses of the Revolution: yet he escaped the penalty of his crimes, and even obtained lucrative offices under Napoleon I. and Louis-Philippe. He died a natural death in 1841, at the advanced age of eighty-five. His *Memoirs* appeared in Paris 1843, and Macaulay's terrific criticism speedily followed in the *Edinburgh Review* (April 1844). A single sentence will indicate the quality of this retributive justice ("Nemesis"): "Barère approached nearer than any person mentioned in history or fiction, whether man or devil, the idea of universal and consummate depravity."

pause, it is from astonishment; if we are wearied, it is from excess of splendor: we are in a gorgeous saloon, superbly draped, and from whose walls flash out upon us a long array of pictures, many of them Pre-Raphaelite * in color; and we are so dazzled by the brilliant hues, and by the effective grouping, that it is long ere we can ask ourselves whether they are true to nature, or to those deeper convictions which our spirits have struggled to attain. Criticism, for a season, becomes the vassal of delight; and we know not whether most to admire—the prodigality of knowledge, or the precision of utterance; the sagacity which foresees, or the fancy which embellishes; the tolerant temper, or the moral courage.....

The first essay, that on Milton, at once established Macaulay's fame. In later years, he spoke of it as overloaded with gaudy and ungraceful ornament, and "as containing scarcely a paragraph such as his matured judgment approved." There are many yet, however, with whom its high moral tone, courage, and healthy freshness of feeling will atone for its occasional dogmatism, and for the efflorescence of its youthful style. Who has not glowed to read that description of the Puritan worthies: "Whose palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt: for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language; nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand"?†

2. *Speeches.*

Macaulay's Speeches, published by himself in self-defence against the dishonest publication of them by other people, bear the stamp and character of the essay rather than of the oration, and reveal all the mental qualities of the man—his strong sense and vast learning, his shrewdness in the selection of his materials, and his mastery over that sort of reasoning which silences if it does not convince. They betray, also, very largely the idiosyncrasy ‡ which is, perhaps, his most observable faculty, the disposition to regard all subjects in the light of the past, and to

* Pre-Raphaelism in painting is a rigid adherence to natural forms and effects, as opposed to the style or treatment of certain masters or schools.

† Quoted from the article "Milton" in *Edinburgh Review*, 1825.

‡ Personal characteristic.

treat them historically, rather than from the experience of actual life. Thus, in his speeches on the East India Company's Charter, on the motion of want of confidence in the Melbourne Ministry, on the state of Ireland, on the Factories Bill, on the question of the exclusion of the Master of the Rolls from Parliament, he ransacks for precedents and illustrations in the histories of almost every age and clime, while he gives but vague and hesitating solutions on the agitating problems of the day. Hence, though his last recorded speech is said to have been unrivalled in the annals of parliamentary oratory for the number of votes which it won, the impression of his speeches in the general was not so immediate as it will perhaps be lasting. Men were conscious of a despotism while he spoke, and none wished to be delivered from the sorcery; but when he ceased the spell was broken, and they woke as from a pleasant dream. They were exciting discussions in which he had to engage, and he did not wholly escape from the acrimony of party strife. There are passages in his speeches of that exacerbated * bitterness which has too often made it seem as if our politicians acted upon the instructions which are said to have been once endorsed upon the brief of an advocate—"No case, but abuse the plaintiff's attorney." It was in one of these irritating debates—that on the enlarged grant to Maynooth—that he made use of what his friend Mr. Adam Black calls "his unguarded expression" about the "bray of Exeter Hall."

3. *Poetry.*

It has not been an unfrequent charge against Macaulay that he had no heart, and that he was wanting in that human sympathy which is so large an element of strength. He who has no heart of his own cannot reach mine and make it feel. There are instincts in the soul of a man which tell him unerringly when a brother-soul is speaking. Let me see a man in earnest, and his earnestness will kindle mine. I apply this test in the case of Macaulay. I am told of the greatest anatomist of the age † suspending all speculations about the mast'odon, and all analyses of the lesser mammalia, beneath the spell of the sorcerer who drew the rout at Sedgemoor and the siege of

* Festered.

† Richard Owen (b. 1804) reconstructed from miscellaneous heaps of fossils several extinct families of vertebrata. His famous mastodon stands in the British Museum.

Derry. I see Robert Hall lying on his back at sixty years of age, to learn the Italian language, that he might verify Macaulay's description of Dante, and enjoy the "Inferno" and the "Paradiso" in the original. I remember my own emotions when first introduced to the Essays; the strange, wild heart-throbs with which I revelled in the description of the Puritans; and the first article on Bunyan. There is something in all this more than can be explained by artistic grouping or by the charms of style. The man has convictions and sympathies of his own, and the very strength of those convictions and sympathies forces an answer from the "like passions" to which he appeals. It is just so with the poetry. It were easy to criticise it, and perhaps to find in it some shortcomings from the rules of refined melody, and a ruggedness which the "linked sweetness" * of the Lakers † might not tolerate: but try it in actual experiment;—sound it in the ears of a Crimean regiment, and see how it will inspirit them to the field; rehearse it with earnestness and passion to a company of ardent schoolboys, at the age when the young imagination has just been thrilled with its first conscious sense of beauty and of power, and you shall have the bard's best guerdon in their kindling cheeks and gleaming eyes. "The Prophecy of Capys" is perhaps the most sustained, "Virginia" the most eloquent, and "The Battle of the Lake Regillus" the one which contains the finest passages; but I confess to a fondness for "Horatius," my first and early love, which all the wisdom which ought to have come with maturity has not been able to change.

4. *History.*

It is undoubtedly as the historian that Macaulay will be longest remembered. His work, which, fragment though it is, yet possesses a sort of dramatic unity, will survive at once the adulation of servile flattery and the snarl of cynical criticism, and will be shrined among the classics of our literature in calmer times than ours. It is amusing to read the various opinions of reviewers, each convinced after the manner of such literary craftsmen that he is "nothing if not critical," ‡ and gloat-

* Milton's *L'Allegro*, 140.

† Lake Poets—Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, who resided in the lake district of Westmoreland and Cumberland. The term got currency from an article in the *Edinburgh Review*. The "Lakers" are sometimes considered to include Wilson ("Christopher North"), Lamb, and Lloyd.

‡ Shakspeare, *Othello*, ii. 1.

ing over some atom of inaccuracy or some discovery of Oriental coloring, as if he had found hidden treasure. I deemed it my duty in the preparation for this lecture to go through a course of review reading, if haply I might find confirmation of the sentiments I had entertained, or some reason to change them; and while I have been delighted with and proud of the vast and varied talent of the articles, the result as to opinion has been only to unsettle my own, and to induce a mental dyspepsia from which I have hardly yet recovered. I have been told that it is *the* History of England—*a* History of England—an attempt at history—a mistaken notion of history—an historiette—an historical picture-gallery—an historical novel. I have been informed that it is thoroughly impartial, and I have been informed that it is thoroughly factious: one critic tells me that his first object is to tell the story truly; another, that his first object is picturesque effect. Some christen him Thucyd'ides, and others Walter Scott. One eulogist exalts my confidence by assuring me that "he does not lie, even for the Whigs;" and just as I have made up my mind to trust him thoroughly, I am thrown into terrible bewilderment by the averment of another learned Theban, that "his work is as full of political prejudice as any of his partisan speeches, and is written with bad taste, bad feeling, and bad faith." The impression left upon my mind by all this conflict of testimony is a profound conviction of Macaulay's power. All the faults which his censors charge upon him reappear in their own writings, as among the supple courtiers of Mac'edon was reproduced the wry neck of Alexander. They charge him with carelessness, but it is in flippant words. If they call him vituperative, they become atrabilious.* If he is said to exaggerate, not a few of them out-Herod him; and his general impartiality may be inferred from the fact, that while his critics are indignant at the caricatures which they allege that he has drawn of their own particular idols, they acknowledge the marvellous fidelity of his likenesses of all the world besides. Moreover, for the very modes of their censorship they are indebted to him. They bend Ulysses' bow.† They wield the Douglas brand.† His style is antithetical, and therefore they condemn him in antith-

* May be paraphrased: "If they call him abusive, they themselves fairly overflow with gall."

† Two forms of saying, "They unskilfully use formidable weapons which they have stolen from Macaulay's armory."

eses. His sentences are peculiar, and they denounce him in his own tricks of phrase. There can be no greater compliment to any man. The critics catch the contagion of the malady which provokes their surgery. The eagle is aimed at by the archers, but "he nursed the pinion which impelled the steel."* To say that there are faults in the history, is but to say that it is a human production; and they lie on the surface and are patent to the most ordinary observer. That he was a "good hater" † there can be no question; and Dr. Johnson, the while he called him a vile Whig, and a sacrilegious heretic, would have hugged him for the heartiness with which he lays on his dark shades of color. That he exaggerated rather for effect than for partisanship, may be alleged with great show of reason, and they have ground to stand upon who say that it was his greatest literary sin. There are some movements which he knew not how to estimate, and many complexities of character which he was never born to understand. Still, if his be not history, there is no history in the world. Before his entrance, history was as the marble statue; he came, and by his genius struck the statue into life. *Biographical and Historical Lectures.*

ON MACAULAY'S "LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME."

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR (1775-1864).

The dreamy rhymer's measured snore
Falls heavy on our ears no more;
And by long strides are left behind
The dear delights of womankind,
Who wage their battles like their loves,
In satin waistcoats and kid gloves,
And have achieved the crowning work
When they have trussed and skewered a Turk.
Another comes with stouter tread,
And stalks among the statelier dead:
He rushes on, and hails by turns
High-crested Scott, broad-breasted Burns;
And shows the British youth, who ne'er
Will lag behind, what Romans were,
When all the Tuscans and their Lars
Shouted, and shook the towers of Mars.

* The quotation is from Byron's apostrophe to Kirke White in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.*

† A phrase of Dr. Johnson's, who declared that he admired a "good hater."

MR. PICKWICK'S SPEECH AT THE CLUB.

CHARLES DICKENS (1812-1870).

A casual observer, adds the secretary, to whose notes we are indebted for the following account—a casual observer might possibly have remarked nothing extraordinary in the bald head and circular spectacles; but to those who knew that the gigantic brain of Pickwick was working beneath that forehead, and that the beaming eyes of Pickwick were twinkling behind those glasses, the sight was indeed an interesting one. There sat the man who had traced to their source the mighty ponds of Hampstead, and agitated the scientific world with his Theory of Tittlebats, as calm and unmoved as the deep waters of the one on a frosty day, or as a solitary specimen of the other in the inmost recesses of an earthen jar. And how much more interesting did the spectacle become when, starting into full life and animation, as a simultaneous call for "Pickwick" burst from his followers, that illustrious man slowly mounted into the Windsor chair, on which he had been previously seated, and addressed the club himself had founded! What a study for an artist did that exciting scene present! The eloquent Pickwick, with one hand gracefully concealed behind his coat-tails, and the other waving in air, to assist his glowing declamation; his elevated position revealing those tights and gaiters which, had they clothed an ordinary man, might have passed without observation, but which, when Pickwick clothed them—if we may use the expression—inspired voluntary awe and respect; surrounded by the men who had volunteered to share the perils of his travels, and who were destined to participate in the glories of his discoveries.

"Mr. Pickwick observed" (says the secretary) "that fame was dear to the heart of every man. Poetic fame was dear to the heart of his friend Snodgrass; the fame of conquest was equally dear to his friend Tupman; and the desire of earning fame in the sports of the field, the air, and the water was uppermost in the breast of his friend Winkle. He (Mr. Pickwick) would not deny that he was influenced by human passions and human feelings [cheers]—possibly by human weaknesses [loud cries of "No"]; but this he would say, that if ever the fire of self-importance broke out in his bosom, the desire to benefit the human race in preference effectually quenched it. The praise

of mankind was his swing; philanthropy was his insurance office. [Vehement cheering.] He had felt some pride—he acknowledged it freely, and let his enemies make the most of it —he had felt some pride when he presented his Tittlebatian Theory to the world; it might be celebrated or it might not. [A cry of "It is," and great cheering.] He would take the assertion of that honorable Pickwickian whose voice he had just heard—it was celebrated; but if the fame of that treatise were to extend to the farthest confines of the known world, the pride with which he should reflect on the authorship of that production would be as nothing compared with the pride with which he looked around him on this, the proudest moment of his existence. [Cheers.] He was a humble individual. ["No, no."] Still, he could not but feel that they had selected him for a service of great honor and of some danger. Travelling was in a troubled state, and the minds of coachmen were unsettled. Let them look abroad, and contemplate the scenes which were enacting around them. Stage-coaches were upsetting in all directions, horses were bolting, boats were overturning, and boilers were bursting. [Cheers—a voice, "No."] No! [Cheers.] Let that honorable Pickwickian who cried "No" so loudly come forward and deny it, if he could. [Cheers.] Who was it that cried 'No?' [Enthusiastic cheering.] Was it some vain and disappointed man—he would not say haberdasher—[loud cheers]—who, jealous of the praise which had been—perhaps undeservedly —bestowed on his (Mr. Pickwick's) researches, and smarting under the censure which had been heaped upon his own feeble attempts at rivalry, now took this vile and calumnious mode of—"

"Mr. Blotton (of Aldgate) rose to order. Did the honorable Pickwickian allude to him? [Cries of "Order," "Chair," "Yes," "No," "Go on," "Leave off," etc.]

"Mr. Pickwick would not put up to be put down by clamor. He *had* alluded to the honorable gentleman. [Great excitement.]

"Mr. Blotton would only say, then, that he repelled the honorable gentleman's false and scurrilous accusation with profound contempt. [Great cheering.] The honorable gentleman was a humbug. [Immense confusion, and loud cries of "Chair" and "Order."]

"Mr. A. Snodgrass rose to order. He threw himself upon the chair. ["Hear."] He wished to know whether this dis-

graceful contest between two members of that club should be allowed to continue. ["Hear, hear."]

"The chairman was quite sure the honorable Pickwickian would withdraw the expression he had just made use of.

"Mr. Blotton, with all possible respect for the chair, was quite sure he would not.

"The chairman felt it his imperative duty to demand of the honorable gentleman whether he had used the expression which had just escaped him in a common sense.

"Mr. Blotton had no hesitation in saying that he had not—he had used the term in its Pickwickian sense. ["Hear, hear."] He was bound to acknowledge that, personally, he entertained the highest regard and esteem for the honorable gentleman; he had merely considered him a humbug in a Pickwickian point of view. ["Hear, hear."]

"Mr. Pickwick felt much gratified by the fair, candid, and full explanation of his honorable friend. He begged it to be at once understood that his own observations had been merely intended to bear a Pickwickian construction. ["Cheers."]"

Pickwick Papers (1836-37).

TO CHARLES DICKENS ON HIS "OLIVER TWIST."

THOMAS NOON TALFOURD (1795-1854).

Not only with the author's happiest praise
Thy work should be rewarded; 'tis akin
To deeds of men who, scorning ease, to win
A blessing for the wretched, pierce the maze
Which heedless ages spread around the ways
Where fruitful Sorrow tracks its parent Sin;
Content to listen to the wildest din
Of passion, and on fellest shapes to gaze,
So they may earn the power which intercedes
With the bright world and melts it: for within
Wan childhood's squalid haunts, where basest needs
Make tyranny more bitter, at thy call
An angel face with patient sweetness pleads
For infant suffering to the heart of all.

DICKENS IN CAMP.*

FRANCIS BRET HARTE (b. 1839).

Above the pines, the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth;

Till one arose, and, from his pack's scant treasure,
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
To hear the tale anew;

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of "Little Nell."†

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy,—for the reader
Was youngest of them all,—
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall:

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray;
While the whole camp, with "Nell" on English meadows,
Wandered and lost their way.

And so, in mountain solitudes, o'ertaken
As by some spell divine—
Their cares dropped from them, like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire:—
And he who wrought that spell?
Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp! but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills.‡

And on that grave§ where English oak and holly
And laurel wreaths entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly,—
This spray of Western pine!

* Camp of the gold miners of California.
† Dickens's story of Little Nell in *The Old Curiosity Shop*.
‡ Dickens's residence was at Gadshill, near Rochester, England.
§ Dickens died June 9, 1870, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

TIS-SA-ACH: THE INDIAN LEGEND OF THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

REV. JOHN TODD, D.D.

[In 1851, during a border war, the Yosem'ité—that is, "Grizzly Bear"—Indians retreated, and were pursued to their fastnesses between the east and west ranges of the American Sierra Nevada. In this way for the first time the wonders of the Yosemite Valley became known to the outer world. The whole district was afterwards ceded by the American Congress to the State of California on the condition that it should be for ever preserved as a national park. The following poetic legend still survives among the aborigines, and to them it is a sufficient explanation of the wild and romantic features of their valley.]

A long, long time ago, the children of the setting sun dwelt in the Yosemite Valley. They had peace and plenty; and the glorious Tutochahnulah, their chief, dwelt upon the great rock that now bears his name. One glance of his eye saw all that his people below were doing. Swifter on foot than the elk, he herded the wild deer as easily as if they were sheep, and gave his people meat. He roused the grizzly bear from his cavern in the mountains, and sent his young men to hunt him. From that lofty rock, so near heaven, the Great Spirit could easily hear his prayer, and send rain upon the valley. The smoke of his pipe curled up in the sunshine that gladdened his tribe. When he laughed, the river below rippled and smiled in sympathy. When he sighed, the pines caught up the sigh, and repeated it from tree to tree. When he spoke, the cataract hushed its voice and listened. When he whooped over the bear that he had slain, all the mountains echoed the shout from summit to summit, till it was lost in the distance. His form was straight like the arrow, and elastic as the manzanita bow. His eye flashed like the lightning, and his foot outstripped the wind.

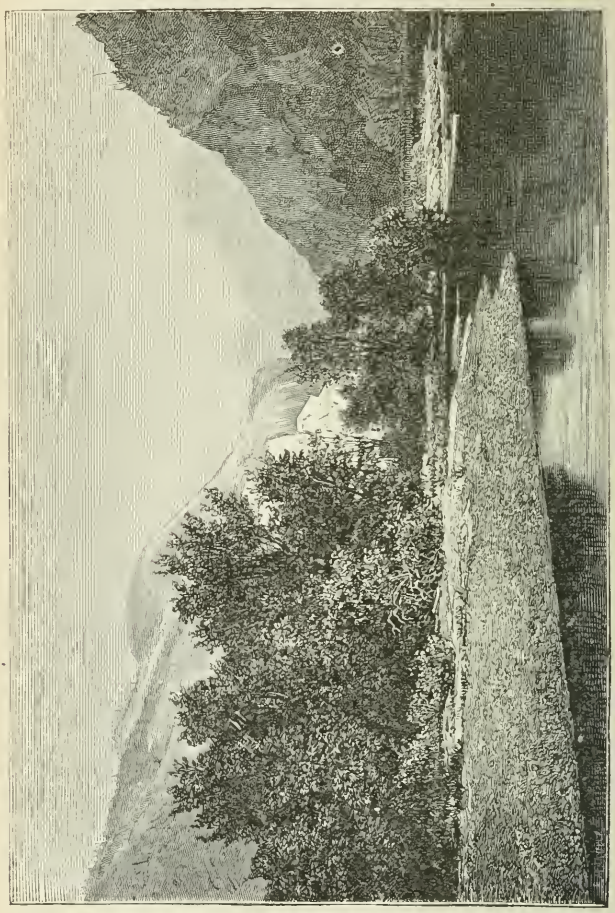
But once, when hunting, his eye moistened at the vision of a beautiful maiden sitting alone on the very summit of the South Dome. Unlike the dark maidens of his tribe, her golden hair rolled over her dazzling form, as waters of gold would linger over silver rocks. Her brow was like the moon hanging in a soft mist; and her eyes gleamed like the far-off blue mountains bathed in sunset. Her little foot shone white and bright as the silver waters of the Yosemite Falls. She had small white wings on her shoulders; and her voice was like the silvery tones of the night-bird on the hillside. She softly pronounced the name

VIEW IN YOSEMITE VALLEY.

of "Tutochahnulah," and was gone out of sight. Flashing was the eye, swift the foot as Tutochahnulah sprang from crag to crag, leaping over gorges and across streams; but he only felt the down of her wings filling his eyes, and he saw her no more. Every day did the young chief wander up and down the mountains, leaving sweet acorns on her dome. Once more his ear caught her footstep, light as the falling snow-flake. Once more he caught a glimpse of her form, and saw a silver beam fall from her eye. But he had no power to speak to her, and her voice was drowned in the river of silence. She was sitting on her dome. In his love for the maiden he forgot his people:—the valley became parched; the beautiful flowers laid down their heads and died; the winds lost their strength, and could no longer fan the valley; the waters dried up, and the beaver came on the dry land to die. Tutochahnulah saw nothing of this; he kept his eyes on the maiden of the rock, and saw nothing else. Early one morning, as she stood on her dome and saw the valley neglected and perishing, her soft eyes wept; then, kneeling down, she prayed the Great Spirit to pity the valley, and bring again the green grass, the green trees, and sweet fruits, and the yellow flowers, and especially the beautiful white mariposa (violet). In a moment the great dome on which she was kneeling was cleft asunder, and fell down, down, deep into the valley. At the same time the melting snows of the Nevada Mountains sent the River of Mercy (the Merced) down the cliffs and through the valley; while the fallen rock stopped the waters just enough to make the mirror lake. All was altered: the waters now murmured; the fish leaped up in their joy; the birds hastened back with song; the flowers sent out their sweets, and hung them on the wings of the wind; the sap bounded up to give the tree new life, and busy life was everywhere at work. But in that awful convulsion which rent the mountain the maiden disappeared for ever. But the half dome bears her name, "Tis-sa-ach," and the little lake catches and mirrors her dome. The morning and the setting sun place their rosy mantle on that dome every day. As she flew away, the downy feathers from her wings fell on the margin of the lake; and there you may see them still, in the form of a thousand little white violets.

When Tutochahnulah found that she had gone for ever, he forsook his lofty home, and having carved his head and form on the side of his rock, a thousand feet above the valley, that the

people of his beautiful valley might never forget him, he went in search of his lost one. On reaching the other side of the valley, loath to leave it, he sat down, looking far away towards the



NORTH AND SOUTH DOMES, YOSEMITE VALLEY.

setting sun, where he thought she had gone; and there his grief was so great that he turned into stone; and there every visitor to the valley may see him, still looking for the loved and the lost!

THE POETICAL EPISTLES OF ROBERT BURNS.

JOHN WILSON, "Christopher North" (1785–1854).

Of all Burns's friends, the most efficient was Graham of Fintry. To him he owed exciseman's diploma; settlement as a gauger in a district of ten parishes, when he was gudeman at Ellisland; translation as gauger to Dumfries, support against insidious foes, despicable yet not to be despised, with rumor at their head; vindication at the Excise Board; a local and temporary supervisorship; and, though he knew not of it, security from dreaded degradation on his death-bed. "His First Epistle to Mr. Graham of Fintry" is in the style—shall we say it?—of Dryden and Pope. It is a noble composition; and these fine, vigorous, rough, and racy lines truly and duly express at once his independence and gratitude:—

"Come, thou who giv'st with all a courtier's grace;
Friend of my life, true patron of my rhymes!
Prop of my dearest hopes for future times.
Why shrinks my soul, half blushing, half afraid,
Backward, abashed, to ask thy friendly aid?
I know my need, I know thy giving hand,
I crave thy friendship at thy kind command;
But there are such who court the tuneful nine—*
Heavens! should the branded character be mine!—
Whose verse in manhood's pride sublimely flows,
Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose.
Mark how their lofty, independent spirit,
Soars on the spurning wing of injured merit!
Seek not the proofs in private life to find;—
Pity the best of words should be but wind!
So to heaven's gates the lark's shrill song ascends,
But grovelling on the earth the carol ends.
In all the clam'rous cry of starving want,
They dun benevolence with shameless front.
Oblige them, patronize their tinsel lays,
They persecute you all their future days!
Ere my poor soul such deep damnation stain,
My horny fist assume the plough again:
The piebald jacket let me patch once more;—
On eighteenpence a-week I've lived before.
Though, thanks to Heaven, I dare even that last shift,
I trust, meantime, my boon is in thy gift;

* The nine Muses.

That, placed by thee upon the wished-for height,
Where, man and nature fairer in her sight,
My muse may imp* her wing for some sublimer flight."

Read over again the last three lines! The favor requested was removal from the laborious and extensive district which he *surveyed* for the Excise at Ellisland to one of smaller dimensions at Dumfries! In another epistle he renews the request, and says most affectingly—

"I dread thee, Fate, relentless and severe,
With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear!
Already one stronghold of hope is lost—
Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust
(Fled, like the sun eclipsed at noon appears,
And left us darkling† in a world of tears);
Oh! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish prayer!—
Fintry, my other stay, long bless and spare!‡
Through a long life his hopes and wishes crown;
And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down!
May bliss domestic smooth his private path,
Give energy to life, and soothe his latest breath,
With many a filial tear circling the bed of death!"

The favor asked of Fintry was granted, and in another epistle was requited with immortal thanks:—

"I call no goddess to inspire my strains,
A fabled muse may suit a bard that feigns:
Friend of my life! my ardent spirit burns,
And all the tribute of my heart returns,
For boons accorded, goodness ever new,
The gift still dearer, as the giver, you.§

"Thou orb of day! thy other paler light!
And all ye many sparkling stars of night!
If aught that giver from my mind efface,
If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace;
Then roll to me, along your wandering spheres,
Only to number out a villain's years!"

Genius and Character of Burns (1841).

* "To mend" (not unusual in olden writers), by replacing lost or broken feathers. *Imp* was originally "a graft." (See Skeat's *Etym. Dict.*)

† Adv. "in the dark;" Burns also uses the form *darklings*.

‡ Addressed to Fate, who is apostrophized seven lines back.

§ All the dearer inasmuch as you are the giver.

A STUDY IN "JOHNSONESE."

LESLIE STEPHEN.

For reasons sufficiently obvious, few men whose lives have been devoted to letters for an equal period have left behind them such scanty and inadequate remains. Johnson, as we have seen, worked only under the pressure of circumstances; a very small proportion of his later life was devoted to literary employment. The working hours of his earlier years were spent for the most part in productions which can hardly be called literary. Seven years were devoted to the *Dictionary*, which, whatever its merits, could be a book only in the material sense of the word, and was of course destined to be soon superseded. Much of his hack-work has doubtless passed into oblivion, and though the ordinary relic-worship has gathered together fragments enough to fill twelve decent octavo volumes (to which may be added the two volumes of parliamentary reports), the part which can be called alive may be compressed into very moderate compass. Johnson may be considered as a poet, an essayist, a pamphleteer, a traveller, a critic, and a biographer. Among his poems, the two imitations of Juvenal, especially the *Vanity of Human Wishes*, and a minor fragment or two, probably deserve more respect than would be conceded to them by adherents of modern schools. His most ambitious work, *Irēnë*, can be read only by men in whom a sense of duty has been abnormally developed. Among the two hundred and odd essays of the *Rambler*, there is a fair proportion which deserve, but will hardly obtain, respectful attention. *Ras'selas*, one of the philosophical tales popular in the last century, gives the essence of much of the *Rambler* in a different form; and to these may be added the essay upon Soame Jenyns, which deals with the same absorbing question of human happiness. The political pamphlets, and the *Journey to the Hebrides*, have a certain historical interest; but are otherwise readable only in particular passages. Much of his criticism is pretty nearly obsolete; but the child of his old age—the *Lives of the Poets*—a book in which criticism and biography are combined, is an admirable performance in spite of serious defects. It is the work that best reflects his mind, and intelligent readers who have once made its acquaintance will be apt to turn it into a familiar companion.

If it is easy to assign the causes which limited the quantity of Johnson's work, it is more curious to inquire what was the quality which once gained for it so much authority, and which now seems to have so far lost its savor. The peculiar style which is associated with Johnson's name must count for something in both processes. The mannerism is strongly marked, and of course offensive; for by "mannerism," as I understand the word, is meant the repetition of certain forms of language in obedience to blind habit and without reference to their propriety in the particular case. Johnson's sentences seem to be contorted, as his gigantic limbs used to twitch, by a kind of mechanical spasmodic action. The most obvious peculiarity is the tendency which he noticed himself, to "use too big words and too many of them." He had to explain to Miss Reynolds that the Shakspearian line,—

"You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth,"*

had been applied to him because he used "big words, which require the mouth of a giant to pronounce them." It was not, however, the mere bigness of the words that distinguished his style, but a peculiar love of putting the abstract for the concrete, of using awkward inversions, and of balancing his sentences in a monotonous rhythm, which gives the appearance, as it sometimes corresponds to the reality, of elaborate logical discrimination. With all its faults the style has the merit of masculine directness. The inversions are not such as to complicate the construction. As Boswell remarks, he never uses a parenthesis; and his style, though ponderous and wearisome, is as transparent as the smarter snipsnap of Macaulay.

This singular mannerism appears in his earliest writings; it is most marked at the time of the *Rambler:* whilst in the *Lives of the Poets*, although I think that the trick of inversion has become commoner, the other peculiarities have been so far softened, as (in my judgment, at least) to be inoffensive. It is perhaps needless to give examples of a tendency which marks almost every page of his writings. A passage or two from the *Rambler* may illustrate the quality of his style, and the oddity of the effect produced, when it is applied to topics of a trivial kind. The author of the *Rambler* is supposed to receive a

* Quoted from *As You Like It*, iii. 2. *Gargan'tua* is the famous giant of Rabelais' satirical romance, "Gargantua and Pantagruel," written in the sixteenth century.

remonstrance upon his excessive gravity from the lively Flirtilla, who wishes him to write in defence of masquerades. Conscious of his own incapacity, he applies to a man of "high reputation in gay life;" who, on the fifth perusal of Flirtilla's letter breaks into a rapture, and declares that he is ready to devote himself to her service. Here is part of the apostrophe put into the mouth of this brilliant rake:—"Behold, Flirtilla, at thy feet a man grown gray in the study of those noble arts by which right and wrong may be confounded; by which Reason may be blinded, when we have a mind to escape from her inspection, and Caprice and Appetite instated in uncontrolled command and boundless dominion! Such a casuist may surely engage with certainty of success in vindication of an entertainment which in an instant gives confidence to the timorous and kindles ardor in the cold; an entertainment where the vigilance of jealousy has so often been clouded, where the heart is laid open without a blush, where bashfulness may survive virtue, and no wish is crushed under the frown of modesty."

Here is another passage, in which Johnson is speaking upon a topic more within his proper province; and which contains sound sense under its weight of words. A man, he says, who reads a printed book, is often contented to be pleased without critical examination. "But," he adds, "if the same man be called to consider the merit of a production yet unpublished, he brings an imagination heated with objections to passages which he has never yet heard; he invokes all the powers of criticism, and stores his memory with Taste and Grace, Purity and Delicacy, Manners and Unities, sounds which having been once uttered by those that understood them, have been since re-echoed without meaning, and kept up to the disturbance of the world by constant repercussion from one coxcomb to another. He considers himself as obliged to show, by some proof of his abilities, that he is not consulted to no purpose, and therefore watches every opening for objection, and looks round for every opportunity to propose some specious alteration. Such opportunities a very small degree of sagacity will enable him to find; for, in every work of imagination, the disposition of parts, the insertion of incidents, and use of decorations, may be varied in a thousand ways with equal propriety; and, as in things nearly equal that will always seem best to every man which he himself produces, the critic, whose business is only to propose without the care of execution, can never want the

satisfaction of believing that he has suggested very important improvements, nor the power of enforcing his advice by arguments, which, as they appear convincing to himself, either his kindness or his vanity will press obstinately and importunately, without suspicion that he may possibly judge too hastily in favor of his own advice or inquiry whether the advantage of the new scheme be proportionate to the labor."—We may still notice a "repercussion" of words from one coxcomb to another; though somehow the words have been changed or translated.

Neither his education nor the manners acquired in Grub Street had qualified him to be an observer of those lighter foibles which were touched by Addison with so dexterous a hand. When he ventures upon such topics he flounders dreadfully, and rather reminds us of an artist who should attempt to paint miniatures with a mop. No man, indeed, took more interest in what is called the science of human nature; and, when roused by the stimulus of argument, he could talk, as has been shown, with almost unrivalled vigor and point. But his favorite topics are the deeper springs of character, rather than superficial peculiarities; and his vigorous sayings are concentrated essence of strong sense and deep feeling, not dainty epigrams or graceful embodiments of delicate observation. Johnson was not, like some contemporary antiquarians, a systematic student of the English literature of the preceding centuries, but he had a strong affection for some of its chief masterpieces. Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* was, he declared, the only book which ever got him out of bed two hours sooner than he wished. Sir Thomas Browne was another congenial writer, who is supposed to have had some influence upon his style. He never seems to have directly imitated any one, though some nonsense has been talked about his "forming a style;" but it is probable that he felt a closer affinity to those old scholars, with their elaborate and ornate language and their deep and solemn tone of sentiment, than to the brilliant but comparatively superficial writers of Queen Anne's time. He was, one may say, a scholar of the old type, forced by circumstances upon the world, but always retaining a sympathy for the scholar's life and temper. Accordingly, his style acquired something of the old elaboration, though the attempt to conform to the canons of a later age renders the structure disagreeably monotonous.

JOHNSON, in *English Men of Letters*.

GOLDSMITH'S "GOOD-NATURED MAN."

WILLIAM BLACK (b 1841).

On the evening of Friday, the 29th of January 1768, when Goldsmith had now reached the age of forty, the comedy of *The Good-natured Man* was produced at Covent Garden Theatre. The Prologue had, according to promise, been written by Johnson; and a very singular prologue it was. Even Boswell was struck by the odd contrast between this sonorous piece of melancholy and the fun that was to follow. "The first lines of this Prologue," he conscientiously remarks, "are strongly characteristical of the dismal gloom of his mind; which, in his case, as in the case of all who are distressed with the same malady of imagination, transfers to others its own feelings. Who could suppose it was to introduce a comedy, when Mr. Bensley solemnly began—

> "'Pressed with the load of life, the weary mind
> Surveys the general toil of humankind'?

But this dark ground might make Goldsmith's humor shine the more." When we come to the comedy itself, we find but little bright humor in the opening passages. The author is obviously timid, anxious, and constrained. There is nothing of the brisk, confident vivacity with which *She Stoops to Conquer** opens. The novice does not yet understand the art of making his characters explain themselves; and accordingly the benevolent uncle and honest Jarvis indulge in a conversation which, laboriously descriptive of the character of young Honeywood, is spoken "at" the audience. With the entrance of young Honeywood himself, Goldsmith endeavors to become a little more sprightly; but there is still anxiety hanging over him, and the epigrams are little more than merely formal antitheses.

"*Jarvis.* This bill from your tailor; this from your mercer; and this from the little broker in Crooked Lane. He says he has been at a great deal of trouble to get back the money you borrowed.

* Goldsmith's comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer*, appeared five years later, its first representation being given at Covent Garden Theatre, March 15, 1773.

"*Hon.* That I don't know; but I'm sure we were at a great deal of trouble in getting him to lend it.

"*Jar.* He has lost all patience.

"*Hon.* Then he has lost a very good thing.

"*Jar.* There's that ten guineas you were sending to the poor gentleman and his children in the Fleet. I believe that would stop his mouth—for a while at least.

"*Hon.* Ay, Jarvis, but what will fill their mouths in the meantime?"

This young Honeywood, the hero of the play, is, and remains throughout, a somewhat ghostly personage. He has attributes, but no flesh or blood. There is much more substance in the next character introduced—the inimitable Croaker, who revels in evil forebodings and drinks deep of the luxury of woe. These are the two chief characters; but then a play must have a plot. And perhaps it would not be fair, so far as the plot is concerned, to judge of *The Good-natured Man* merely as a literary production. Intricacies that seem tedious and puzzling on paper appear to be clear enough on the stage: it is much more easy to remember the history and circumstances of a person whom we see before us, than to attach these to a mere name—especially as the name is sure to be clipped down from *Honeywood* to *Hon.*, and from *Leontine* to *Leon.* However, it is in the midst of all the cross-purposes of the lovers that we once more come upon our old friend Beau Tibbs—though Mr. Tibbs is now in much better circumstances, and has been renamed by his creator Jack Lofty. Garrick had objected to the introduction of Jack, on the ground that he was only a distraction. But Goldsmith, whether in writing a novel or a play, was more anxious to represent human nature than to prune a plot, and paid but little respect to the unities, if only he could arouse our interest. And who is not delighted with this Jack Lofty and his "duchessy" talk—his airs of patronage, his mysterious hints, his gay familiarity with the great, his audacious lying?

"*Lofty.* Waller? Waller? Is he of the house?

"*Mrs. Croaker.* The modern poet of that name, sir.

"*Lof.* Oh, a modern! We men of business despise the moderns; and as for the ancients, we have no time to read them. Poetry is a pretty thing enough for our wives and daughters; but not for us. Why, now, here I stand that know nothing of books. I say, madam, I know nothing of books; and yet, I believe, upon a land-carriage

fishery, a stamp act, or a jaghire,* I can talk my two hours without feeling the want of them.

"*Mrs. Cro.* The world is no stranger to Mr. Lofty's eminence in every capacity.

"*Lof.* I vow, madam, you make me blush. I'm nothing, nothing, nothing in the world; a mere obscure gentleman. To be sure, indeed, one or two of the present ministers are pleased to represent me as a formidable man. I know they are pleased to bespatter me at all their little dirty levees. Yet, I wonder what they see in me to treat me so! Measures, not men, have always been my mark; and I vow, by all that's honorable, my resentment has never done the men, as mere men, any manner of harm—that is, as mere men.

"*Mrs. Cro.* What importance, and yet what modesty!

"*Lof.* Oh, if you talk of modesty, madam, there, I own, I'm accessible to praise: modesty is my foible: it was so the Duke of Brentford used to say of me. 'I love Jack Lofty,' he used to say; 'no man has a finer knowledge of things; quite a man of information; and when he speaks upon his legs, he's prodigious—he scouts them: and yet all men have their faults; too much modesty is his,' says his grace.

"*Mrs. Cro.* And yet, I daresay, you don't want assurance when you come to solicit for your friends.

"*Lof.* Oh, there indeed I'm in bronze. Apropos! I have just been mentioning Miss Richland's case to a certain personage; we must name no names. When I ask, I am not to be put off, madam. No, no; I take my friends by the button. 'A fine girl, sir; great justice in her case. A friend of mine—borough interest—business must be done, Mr. Secretary—I say, Mr. Secretary, her business must be done, sir.' That's my way, madam.

"*Mrs. Cro.* Bless me! you said all this to the Secretary of State, did you?

"*Lof.* I did not say the Secretary, did I? Well, since you have found me out, I will not deny it. It was to the Secretary."

Strangely enough, what may now seem to some of us the very best scene in the *Good-natured Man*—the scene, that is, in which young Honeywood, suddenly finding Miss Richland without, is compelled to dress up the two bailiffs in possession of his house and introduce them to her as gentleman friends—was very nearly ruining the play on the first night of its production. The pit was of opinion that it was "low;" and subsequently the critics took up the cry, and professed themselves to be so deeply shocked by the vulgar humors of the bailiffs that Goldsmith had to cut them out. But on the opening night

* *Jaghire* (*-eer*), a land grant in the East Indies appropriated to a specific (generally military) object.

the anxious author, who had been rendered nearly distracted by the cries and hisses produced by this scene, was somewhat reassured when the audience began to laugh again over the tribulations of Mr. Croaker. To the actor who played the part he expressed his warm gratitude when the piece was over; assuring him that he had exceeded his own conception of the character, and that "the fine comic richness of his coloring made it almost appear as new to him as to any other person in the house."

The new play had been on the whole favorably received; and, when Goldsmith went along afterwards to the Club, his companions were doubtless not at all surprised to find him in good spirits. He was even merrier than usual, and consented to sing his favorite ballad about the old woman tossed in a blanket. But those hisses and cries were still rankling in his memory: and he himself subsequently confessed that he was "suffering horrid tortures." Nay, when the other members of the Club had gone, leaving him and Johnson together, he "burst out a-crying, and even swore that he would never write again."

GOLDSMITH, in *English Men of Letters.*

THE LAST THREE FROM TRAFALGAR.

At the Anniversary Banquet, 21st October 187–.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI (1828–1882).

[On the 21st October 1805, Nelson engaged the combined French and Spanish fleets off Cape Trafalgar. Just before the battle commenced, he hoisted the memorable signal, "England expects that every man will do his duty." While directing his fleet from the deck of his flag-ship the *Victory*, Nelson was shot through the spine, and was carried down to the cockpit to die. His last words were, "Thank God, I have done my duty!"]

In grappled ships around the *Victory*,
Three boys did England's duty with stout cheer,
While one dread truth was kept from every ear,
More dire than deafening fire that churned the sea:
For in the flag-ship's weltering cockpit, he
Who was the Battle's Heart without a peer,
He who had seen all fearful sights save Fear,
Was passing from all life safe Victory.

And round the old memorial board to-day,
Three graybeards—each a war-worn British Tar—
View through the mist of years that hour afar;
Who soon shall greet, 'mid memories of fierce fray,
The impassioned soul which on its radiant way
Soared through the fiery cloud of Trafalgar!

MAGNA CARTA.

(1215 A.D.)

REV. WILLIAM STUBBS, M.A. (b. 1825).

(Regius Professor of Modern History, Oxford.)

["The Great Charter and the founding of the House of Commons are the events of the greatest importance. They have been described by the author with brevity, but with rare ability and discrimination. In no other volume are the important characteristics of the time, when the foundations of legislative government were laid, so well pointed out."—C. K. ADAMS (1882).]

During John's hasty journey to Durham and back, events ever memorable in English history had taken place. On the 4th of August [1213] the justiciar * Geoffrey Fitz-Peter held a great assembly at St. Albans,† at which attended not only the great barons of the realm, but the representatives of the people of the townships of all the royal estates. The object of the gathering was to determine the sum due to the bishops as an indemnity for their losses. There, no doubt, the commons and barons had full opportunity of discussing their grievances; and the justiciar undertook, in the name of his master, that the laws of Henry I. should be put in force. Not that they knew much about the laws of Henry I., but that the prevailing abuses were regarded as arising from the strong governmental system consolidated by Henry II., and they recurred to the state of things which preceded that reign, just as under Henry I. men had recurred to the reign and laws of Edward the Confessor.

On the 25th of the same month the Archbishop,‡ at a council of St. Paul's, actually produced the charter issued by Henry I. at his coronation, and proposed that it should be presented to the king as the embodiment of the institutions which he had promised to maintain. Upon this foundation Magna Carta was soon to be drawn up. Almost directly after this, in October, the justiciar died; and John, who had hailed the death of Hubert Walter as a relief from an unwelcome adviser, spoke of Geoffrey with a cruel mockery as gone to join his old fellow-

* Justiciar, a judge to whom the king delegated the power of hearing and deciding cases, before the erection of the Courts of King's Bench and Common Pleas.

† St. Albans, twenty-one miles north-west of London.

‡ Stephen Langton, appointed by the Pope to the See of Canterbury in 1206.

minister in hell. Both had acted as restraints on his desire to rule despotically, and the last public act of Geoffrey Fitz Peter had been to engage him to an undertaking which he was resolved not to keep. But matters did not proceed very rapidly. It is more than a year before we hear much more of the baronial demands. The new legate * showed himself desirous to gratify the king; and although the northern barons still refused to go on foreign service, he managed to prevent an open struggle. The king went to Poictou † in February 1214, and did not return until the next October. In the meanwhile the damages of the bishops were ascertained, and the Interdict taken off on the 29th of June.

The war on the Continent occupied men's minds a good deal. Philip won the battle of Bouvines ‡ over the forces of Flanders, Germany, and England, on the 27th of July; and John did nothing in Poictou to make the north country barons regret their determination not to follow him. The great confederacy against Philip which Richard had planned, and which John had been laboring to bring to bear on his adversary, was defeated, and Philip stood forth for the moment as the mightiest king in Europe. Disappointed and ashamed, John returned, resolved to master the barons, and found them not only resolved but prepared, and organized to resist him, perhaps even encouraged by his ill success. They had found in Stephen Langton a leader worthy of the cause, and able to exalt and inform the defenders of it. Among those defenders were men of various sorts: some who had personal aims merely; some who were fitted by education, accomplishments, and patriotic sympathies, for national champions; some who were carried away by the general ardor. In general they may be divided into three classes: (1) those northern barons who had begun the quarrel; (2) the constitutional party, who joined the others in a great meeting held at St. Edmunds, in November 1214; and (3) those who adhered later to the cause, when they saw that the king was helpless.

It was the two former bodies that presented to him their demands a few weeks after he returned from France. He at once refused all, and began to manœuvre to divide the con-

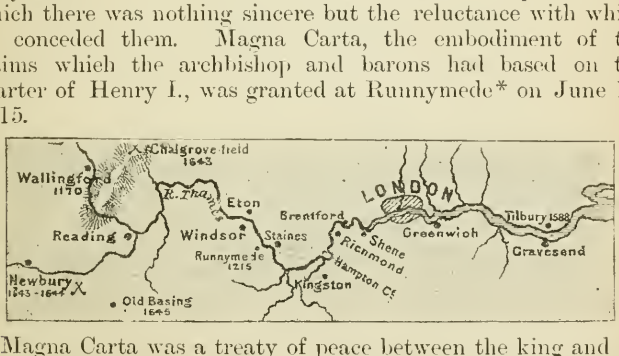
* Bishop Nicolas of Tus'culum, appointed by the Pope in 1213 to receive John's homage.

† Poictou, an old province of France, the capital of which was Poitiers.

‡ Bouvines (-veen) in Flanders.

solidated phalanx. First he tried to disable them by demanding the renewal of the homages throughout the country and the surrender of the castles. He next tried to detach the clergy by granting a charter to secure the freedom of election to bishoprics; he tried to make terms with individual barons; he delayed meeting them from time to time; he took the cross, so that if any hand was raised against him it might be paralyzed by the cry of sacrilege; he wrote urgently to the Pope to get him to condemn the propositions, and excommunicate the persons, of the barons. They likewise presented their complaints at Rome, resisted all John's blandishments, and declined to relax one of their demands, or to give up one of their precautions.

Negotiations ceased, and preparations for war began about Easter 1215. The confederates met at Stamford, then marched to Brackley, Northampton, Bedford, Ware, and so to London, where they were received on the 24th of May. The news of their entry into London determined the action of those who still seemed to adhere to the king, and they joined them, leaving him almost destitute of forces, attended by a few advisers whose hearts were with the insurgents, and a body of personal adherents who had little or no political weight besides their own unpopularity. Then John saw himself compelled to yield, and he yielded: he consented to bind himself with promises in which there was nothing sincere but the reluctance with which he conceded them. Magna Carta, the embodiment of the claims which the archbishop and barons had based on the charter of Henry I., was granted at Runnymede* on June 15, 1215.



Magna Carta was a treaty of peace between the king and his people, and so is a complete national act. It is the first act of the kind, for it differs from the charters issued by Henry I., Stephen, and Henry II., not only in its greater fulness and perspicuity, but by having a distinct machinery provided to

* Run'nymede, opposite Staines, and south-west of Windsor. (See map.)

carry it out. Twenty-five barons were nominated to compel the king to fulfil his part. It was not, as has been sometimes said, a selfish attempt on the part of the barons and bishops to secure their own privileges; it provided that the commons of the realm should have the benefit of every advantage which the two elder estates had won for themselves, and it bound the barons to treat their own dependants as it bound the king to treat the barons. Of its sixty-three articles, some provided securities for personal freedom: no man was to be taken, imprisoned, or damaged in person or estate, but by the judgment of his peers and by the law of the land. Others fixed the rate of payments due by the vassal to his lord. Others presented rules for national taxation and for the organization of a national council, without the consent of which the king could not tax. Others decreed the banishment of the alien servants of John. Although it is not the foundation of English liberty, it is the first, the clearest, the most united, and historically the most important of all the great enunciations of it; and it was a revelation of the possibility of freedom to the medieval world. The maintenance of the Charter becomes from henceforth the watchword of English freedom.

The Early Plantagenets.

JOAN OF ARC.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY (1785-1859).

[Joan of Arc having been intrusted with troops by Charles VII. of France, relieved Orleans, then besieged by the Duke of Bedford, April 29, 1429; defeated the English in a pitched battle at Patay on the 18th of June; but in the following year was captured at the siege of Compiègne, May 25. After a form of trial, she was burned for a witch at Rouen, May 30, 1431.

"The paper on Joan of Arc, though brief, is nobly perfect. Opening in a strain of poetic solemnity—'What is to be thought of *her?*' etc.—the paper maintains the same high tone throughout; and if it does not leave the question answered by enshrining the image of the Maid of Orleans in a sufficient vision of glory, there is no such answer in the English language."—DAVID MASSON: *De Quincey* (in *English Men of Letters*).]

What is to be thought of *her?* What is to be thought of the poor shepherd-girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, that, like the Hebrew shepherd-boy from the hills and forests of Judea, rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration, rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings?

The Hebrew boy inaugurated his patriotic mission by an *act*, by a victorious *act*, such as no man could deny. But so did the girl of Lorraine, if we read her story as it was read by those who saw her nearest. Adverse armies bore witness to the boy as no pretender; but so they did to the gentle girl. Judged by the voices of all who saw them from a station of good-will, both were found true and loyal to any promises involved in their first acts. Enemies it was that made the difference between their subsequent fortunes. The boy rose—to a splendor and a noonday prosperity, both personal and public, that rang through the records of his people, and became a byword amongst his posterity for a thousand years, until the sceptre was departing from Judah. The poor forsaken girl, on the contrary, drank not herself from that cup of rest which she had secured for France. She never sang the songs that rose in her native Domremy* as echoes to the departing steps of invaders. She mingled not in the festal dances of Vaucouleurs,† which celebrated in rapture the redemption of France.

No! for her voice was then silent. No! for her feet were dust. Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl! whom, from earliest youth, ever I believed in as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was amongst the strongest pledges for *thy* side, that never once —no, not for a moment of weakness—didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honor from man. Coronets for thee! Oh no! Honors, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood. Daughter of Domremy, when the gratitude of thy king shall awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, king of France, but she will not hear thee. Cite her by thy appar'itors to come and receive a robe of honor, but she will not obey the summons. When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of a poor shepherd-girl that gave up all for her country, thy ear, young shepherd-girl, will have been deaf for five centuries. To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life: to *do*—never for thyself, always for others; to *suffer*—never in the persons of generous champions, always in thy own; that was thy destiny; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. "Life," thou saidst, "is short, and the sleep which is in the

* Pr. *Don'g-reh-mee';*—a village of France (in the Vosges) on the Meuse. Joan of Arc's house is preserved as a national relic, and opposite it is a colossal monument in honor of the heroine.

† Pr. *Vō-koo-lur';*—town of France, Department of Meuse.

grave is long. Let me use that life, so transitory, for the glory of those heavenly dreams destined to comfort the sleep which is so long." This poor creature—pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious—never once did this holy child, as regarded herself, relax from her belief in the darkness that was travelling to meet her. She might not prefigure the very manner of her death; she saw not in vision, perhaps, the aërial altitude of the fiery scaffold, the spectators without end on every road pouring into Rouen as to a coronation, the surging smoke, the volleying flames, the hostile faces all around, the pitying eye that lurked but here and there until nature and imperishable truth broke loose from artificial restraints;—these might not be apparent through the mists of hurrying future. But the voice that called her to death, *that* she heard for ever.

Great was the throne of France even in those days, and great was he that sat upon it; but well Joanna knew that not the throne, nor he that sat upon it, was for *her*, but, on the contrary, that she was for *them*: not she by them, but they by her, should rise from the dust. Gorgeous were the lilies of France, and for centuries they had the privilege to spread their beauty over land and sea, until, in another century, the wrath of God and man combined to wither them; but well Joanna knew—early at Domremy she had read that bitter truth—that the lilies of France would decorate no garland for *her*. Flower nor bud, bell nor blossom, would ever bloom for *her*.

On the Wednesday after Trinity Sunday in 1431, being then about nineteen years of age, the Maid of Arc underwent her martyrdom. She was conducted before mid-day, guarded by eight hundred spearmen, to a platform of prodigious height, constructed of wooden billets, supported by hollow spaces in every direction for the creation of air-currents.

The executioner had been directed to apply his torch from below. He did so. The fiery smoke rose up in billowy columns. A Dominican monk was then standing almost at her side. Wrapped up in his sublime office, he saw not the danger, but still persisted in his prayers. Even then, when the last enemy was racing up the fiery stairs to seize her, even at that moment, did this noblest of girls think only for *him*, the one friend that would not forsake her, and not for herself, bidding him with her last breath to care for his own preservation, but to leave *her* to God.

IN THE PYRENEES.

A SUMMER STORM IN THE PYRENEES.

ROBERT, LORD LYTTON ("Owen Meredith")—b. 1831.

["*Lucile*, with all its lightness, remains his best poem as well as the most popular; a really interesting, though sentimental, parlor-novel, written in fluent verse, a kind of production exactly suited to his gifts and limitations. It is quite original, for Lytton adds to an inherited talent* for melodramatic tale-writing a poetical ear, good knowledge of effect, and a taste for social excitement."—E. C. STEDMAN.]

Ascending the mountain they slackened their pace,
And the marvellous prospect each moment changed face.

* Only son of Edward, Lord Lytton (Bulwer Lytton), novelist and poet.

The breezy and pure inspirations of morn
Breathed about them. The scarped ravaged mountains, all worn
By the torrents, whose course they watched faintly meander,
Were alive with the diamonded shy salamander.
They paused o'er the bosom of purple abysses,
And wound through a region of green wildernesses;
The waters went wirbling above and around,
The forests hung heaped in their shadows profound.
Here the Larboust, and there Aventin, Castellon,
Which the Demon of Tempest, descending upon,
Had wasted with fire, and the peaceful Cazeaux
They marked; and far down in the sunshine below,
Half dipped in a valley of airiest blue,
The white happy homes of the village of Oo,
Where the age is yet golden.

And high overhead
The wrecks of the combat of Titans* were spread.
Red granite and quartz, in the alchemic sun,
Fused their splendors of crimson and crystal in one;
And deep in the moss gleamed the delicate shells,
And the dew lingered fresh in the heavy harebells;
The large violet burned; the campanula blue;
And autumn's own flower, the saffron, peered through
The red-berried brambles and thick sassafras;
And fragrant with thyme was the delicate grass;
And high up, and higher, and highest of all,
The secular phantom of snow!

O'er the wall
Of a gray sunless glen gaping drowsy below,
That aërial spectre, revealed in the glow
Of the great golden dawn, hovers faint on the eye,
And appears to grow in, and grow out of, the sky,
And plays with the fancy, and baffles the sight,
Only reached by the vast rosy ripple of light,
And the storm is abroad in the mountains!

He fills
The crouched hollows and all the oracular hills
With dread voices of power. A roused million or more
Of wild echoes reluctantly rise from their hoar
Immemorial ambush, and roll in the wake
Of the cloud, whose reflection leaves vivid the lake.
And the wind, that wild robber, for plunder descends
From invisible lands, o'er those black mountain ends;

* Tī'tans. In Greek mythology there are two distinct stories of assaults upon heaven, one made by the Titans, the other by the giants, but the myths are often confused. The giants in their assault hurled huge rocks and trunks of trees.

He howls as he hounds down his prey; and his lash
Tears the hair of the timorous wan mountain-ash,
That clings to the rocks, with her garments all torn,
Like a woman in fear; then he blows his hoarse horn,
And is off, the fierce guide of destruction and terror,
Up the desolate heights, 'mid an intricate error
Of mountain and mist.

There is war in the skies!
Lo! the black-wingëd legions of the tempest arise
O'er those sharp splintered rocks that are gleaming below
In the soft light, so fair and so fatal, as though
Some seraph burned through them, the thunderbolt searching
Which the black cloud unbosomed just now. Lo! the lurching
And shivering pine-trees, like phantoms that seem
To waver above, in the dark; and yon stream,
How it hurries and roars, on its way to the white
And paralyzed lake there, appalled at the sight
Of the things seen in heaven!

Meanwhile
The sun, in his setting, sent up the last smile
Of his power, to baffle the storm. And, behold!
O'er the mountains embattled, his armies, all gold,
Rose and rested; while far up the dim airy crags,
Its artillery silenced, its banners in rags,
The rear of the tempest its sullen retreat
Drew off slowly, receding in silence, to meet
The powers of the night, which, now gathering afar,
Had already sent forward one bright signal star.

Lucile (1860).

PARIS ELECTRICAL EXHIBITION.

(Opened 15th September 1881.)

Our chief interest in the galleries of the building centres in the rooms lighted by the Swan and Edison electric lights respectively. By these inventions the long-sought problem of a subdivided electric light for domestic purposes has been solved. In both of them the light is produced by the heating to whiteness of a fine filament of carbon enclosed in a glass globe from which the air has been exhausted. The Swan lamps give about twelve-candle light each. The Edison lamps are made in two sizes, giving respectively eight and sixteen-candle light. Each is enclosed in a globe about one and a half inches diameter. The lamps are arranged in chandeliers of various ornamental shapes and on brackets like the ordinary gas brackets. They are lighted and extinguished by turning a tap having exactly the appearance

of an ordinary gas tap, the only difference being that in the case of the electric light it is not necessary to strike a match. The light is perfectly soft and steady and does not vitiate the air in any way, and can even now be supplied at a price lower than that charged for gas. The two rooms lighted by Mr. Swan are hung with pictures and tapestry, that the pleasant nature of the light may be appreciated. The rooms lighted by Mr. Edison are filled with the inventions with which his wonderful genius has enriched the world. Mr. Edison is thirty-four years of age. He began life as a newspaper boy,* and in his whole life has had only three months' schooling. In ten years he has invented the phonograph, the electric pen, a system of quadruplex teleg'raphy, the electro-motograph, the carbon transmitter, the carbon relay, a telephone, a fac-simile telegraph, and a perfect system of domestic lighting by electricity, besides countless smaller inventions. Most of these inventions may be seen at work in Mr. Edison's room in the Exhibition. With the enthusiasm of genius, Mr. Edison has been apt to announce the success of his inventions as soon as the solution of his difficulties lay clear before him in his own mind, forgetting, or rather refusing to see, the delays which invariably occur in carrying an idea into practical shape. These delays, being mistaken by the public for failures, exposed Mr. Edison to much obloquy three years ago; but now every promise then made has been more than fulfilled.

We may conclude this article with an anecdote showing in what a high degree Mr. Edison possesses that "contempt of the impossible" which is the one necessary qualification of an inventor. One day at Menlo Park† he had been showing his phonographs and telephones to a friend, who at last remarked in a kind of despair, "Mr. Edison, you had better invent a machine to talk a hole through a deal board." In a week the machine was complete, and may now be seen in the Exhibition. It consists of a mouth-piece with a diaphragm across it, to the centre of which a light steel rod with a ratchet at the end is attached. On being sung to, the diaphragm and the rod vibrate rapidly, and the ratchet gearing into a little cog-wheel, causes it to revolve. The axle of the cog-wheel carries a minute drill. Many inventors have had as many brilliant ideas; few have

* On the Grand Trunk Railway.

† Menlo Park, a post village in New Jersey, about twenty-four miles from New York. It is the seat of Mr. Edison's workshops and laboratories.

carried out as many in actual practical form. The secret of Mr. Edison's success in this direction may be summed up in his own words: "Whenever, by theory, analogy, and calculation, I have satisfied myself that the result I desire is impossible, I am then sure that I am on the verge of a discovery."

Athenæum (September 10, 1881).

END OF THE WAR OF THE ROSES.

JAMES GAIRDNER (of the Public Record Office, London, England).

["Probably no scholar in England is more thoroughly acquainted with the period of Richard III. than is Mr. Gairdner."—C. K. ADAMS.]

Henry* landed at Milford Haven [August 7, 1485], at the farthest extremity of South Wales, where perhaps Richard had least expected him; and so small was the force by which he was accompanied that the news did not at first give the king very much anxiety. He professed great satisfaction that his adversary was now coming to bring matters to the test of battle. The earl, however, was among friends from the moment he landed. Pembroke was his native town, and the inhabitants expressed their willingness to serve his uncle, the Earl of Pembroke, as their natural and immediate lord. The very men whom Richard had placed to keep the country against him at once joined his party, and he passed on to Shrewsbury with little or no opposition. The king's "unsteadfast friendships," on the other hand, were now rapidly working his ruin. His own attorney-general, Morgan Kidwelly, had been in communication with the enemy before he landed. Richard, however, was very naturally suspicious of Lord Stanley, his rival's stepfather, who, though he was steward of the royal household, had asked leave shortly before the invasion to go home and visit his family in Lancashire. This the king granted only on condition that he would send his son George, Lord Strange, to him at Nottingham in his place. Lord Strange was accordingly sent to the king; but when the news arrived of Henry's landing, Richard desired the presence of his father also. Stanley pretended illness—an excuse which could not fail to increase the king's suspicion.

His son at the same time made an attempt to escape, and, being captured, confessed that he himself and his uncle Sir

* Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond, who became, after the victory of Bosworth, Henry VII.

William Stanley had formed a project with others to go over to the enemy; but he protested his father's innocence, and assured the king that he would obey his summons. He was made to understand that his own life depended on his doing so, and he wrote a letter to his father accordingly.

Richard having mustered his followers at Nottingham, went on to Leicester to meet his antagonist, and encamped at Bosworth* on the night of August 21. The Earl of Richmond had arrived near the same place with an army of five thousand men, which is supposed to have been not more than half that of the king. That day, however, Lord Stanley had come to the earl secretly at Atherstone† to assure him of his support in the coming battle. He and his brother Sir William were each at the head of a force not far off, and were only temporizing to save the life of his son Lord Strange. This information relieved Henry's mind of much anxiety, for at various times since he landed he had felt serious misgivings about the success of the enterprise. The issue was now to be decided on the following day.

Early in the morning [August 22, 1485] both parties prepared for the battle. Richard arose before daybreak, much agitated, it is said, by dreadful dreams that had haunted his imagination in the night-time. But he entered the field wearing his crown

* Bosworth, or Market Bosworth, eleven and a half miles west of Leicester. (See map.)

† Atherstone, a town in Warwickshire, twenty-five miles south-west of Bosworth.

upon his head, and encouraged his troops with an eloquent harangue.* There was, however, treason in his camp, and many of his followers were only seeking an opportunity to desert and take part with the enemy. A warning, indeed, had been conveyed by an unknown hand to his foremost supporter, the Duke of Norfolk, in the following rhyme, which was discovered the night before written on the door of his tent:—

"Jack of Norfolk, be not too bold;
For Dicken, thy master, is bought and sold."

Lord Stanley, who had drawn up his men at about equal distance from both armies, received messages early in the morning from both leaders desiring his immediate assistance. His policy, however, was to stand aloof to the very last moment, and he replied in each case that he would come at a convenient opportunity. Dissatisfied with this answer, Richard ordered his son to be beheaded, but was persuaded to suspend the execution of the order till the day should be decided.

After a discharge of arrows on both sides, the armies soon came to a hand-to-hand encounter. Lord Stanley joined the earl in the midst of the engagement; and the Earl of Northumberland, on whose support Richard had relied, stood still with all his followers and looked on. The day was going hard against the king. Norfolk fell in the thickest of the fight; and his son the Earl of Surrey, after fighting with great valor, was surrounded and taken prisoner. Richard endeavored to single out his adversary, whose position on the field was pointed out to him. He suddenly rushed upon Henry's body-guard, and unhorsed successively two of his attendants, one of whom, the earl's standard-bearer, fell dead to the ground. The earl himself was in great danger but that Sir William Stanley, who had hitherto abstained from joining the combat, now endeavored to surround the king with his force of three thousand men. Richard perceived that he was betrayed, and crying out, "Treason! treason!" endeavored only to sell his life as dearly as possible. Overpowered by numbers, he fell dead in the midst of his enemies. The battered crown that had fallen from Richard's head was

* See Shakspeare's *Richard III.*, act v., scene 3. Mr. Gairdner has made a special study of Richard III. (*History of the Life and Reign of Richard III.*, 1878). He tells us that, for twenty years, he strove to persuade himself that Richard had been misunderstood and maligned, but that, after the minutest scrutiny of all original authorities, he is compelled to acknowledge the general accuracy of the terrible picture given by Shakspeare and Sir Thomas More.

picked up upon the field of battle, and Sir William Stanley placed it upon the head of the conqueror, who was saluted as King by his whole army. The body of Richard, on the other hand, was treated with a degree of indignity which expressed but too plainly the disgust excited in the minds of the people by his inhuman tyranny. It was stripped naked and thrown upon a horse, a halter being placed round the neck, and in that fashion carried into Leicester, where it was buried with little honor in the Grey Friars' Church.

Such was the end of the last king of England of the line of the Plantagenets. In warlike qualities he was not inferior to the best of his predecessors; but his rule was such as alienated the hearts of the greater part of his subjects, and caused him to be remembered as a monster. In person, too, he is represented to have been deformed, with the right shoulder higher than the left; and he is traditionally regarded as a hunchback. But it may be that even his bodily defects were exaggerated after he was gone. Stories got abroad that he was born with teeth and hair coming down to the shoulders, and that his birth was attended by other circumstances altogether repugnant to the order of nature.

One fact that can hardly be a misstatement is that he was small of stature, which makes it all the more remarkable that in this last battle he overthrew in personal encounter a man of great size and strength named Sir John Cheyney. He was, in fact, a great soldier-king, in whom alike the valor and the violence of his race had been matured and brought to a climax by civil wars and family dissensions. It was inevitable that kings of this sort should give place to kings of a different stamp. His rival Henry, henceforth King Henry VII., inaugurated a new era, in which prudence and policy were made to serve the interests of peace, and secure the throne, even with a doubtful title, against the convulsions to which it had been hitherto exposed. By his marriage with the Princess Elizabeth he was considered to have at length united the houses of York and Lancaster; and he left to his son Henry VIII., who succeeded him, a title almost as free from dispute or cavil as that of any king in more recent times.

The civil wars, in fact, had worked themselves out. The too powerful nobility had destroyed each other in these internecine struggles; and as the lords of each party were attainted by turns, their great estates were confiscated and passed into the

hands of the crown. This gave the Tudor sovereigns an advantage that they knew well how to use. Watchful and suspicious of their nobility, they understood, as few other sovereigns did, the value of property; and under Henry VIII. the English monarchy attained a power and absolutism unparalleled before or since. *The Houses of Lancaster and York* (1877).

COBDEN AND THE CORN LAWS.

JOHN MORLEY.

[In the departments of literature and biography, Mr. Morley is one of the foremost writers of the day. He edited the *Fortnightly Review* from 1867 to 1882; and the series of *English Men of Letters* has appeared under his supervision. His own contributions to biography include, besides his *Life of Richard Cobden* here quoted, studies of the great French writers of the pre-revolutionary era. Mr. Morley's analysis is searching and refined, though his generalizations are to be received with caution. His style is vigorous and direct.]

1. *Cobden as an Orator.*

Cobden seemed to have few of the endowments of an agitator as that character is ordinarily thought of: he had no striking physical gifts of the histrionic* kind. He had one physical quality which must be ranked first among the secondary endowments of great workers. Later in life he said, "If I had not had the faculty of sleeping like a dead fish, in five minutes after the most exciting mental effort, and with the certainty of having oblivion for six consecutive hours, I should not have been alive now." In his early days, he was slight in frame and build. He afterwards grew nearer to portliness. He had a large and powerful head, and the indescribable charm of a candid eye. His features were not of a commanding type; but they were illuminated and made attractive by the brightness of intelligence, of sympathy, and of earnestness. About the mouth there was a curiously winning mobility and play. His voice was clear, varied in its tones, sweet, and penetrating; but it had scarcely the compass, or the depth, or the many resources that have usually been found in orators who have drawn great multitudes of men to listen to them. Of nervous fire, indeed, he had abundance, though it was not the fire which flames up in the radiant colors of a strong imagination. It was rather the glow of a thoroughly convinced reason, of intellectual ingenuity, of argumentative keenness. It came from transparent honesty,

* Of the kind that would make a good actor.

thoroughly clear ideas, and a very definite purpose. These were exactly the qualities that Cobden's share in the work demanded.

2. *Bright and Cobden Contrasted.*

It has often been pointed out how the two great spokesmen of the League were the complements of each other; how their gifts differed, so that one exactly covered the ground which the other was predisposed to leave comparatively untouched. The differences between them, it is true, were not so many as the points of resemblance. If in Mr. Bright there was a deeper austerity, in both there was the same homeliness of allusion and the same graphic plainness. Both avoided the stilted abstractions of rhetoric, and neither was ever afraid of the vulgarity of details. In Cobden, as in Bright, we feel that there was nothing personal or small, and that what they cared for so vehemently were great causes. There was a resolute standing aloof from the small things of party, which would be almost arrogant, if the whole texture of what they had to say were less thoroughly penetrated with political morality and with humanity. Then there came the points of difference. Mr. Bright had all the resources of passion alive within his breast. He was carried along by vehement political anger; and, deeper than that, there glowed a wrath as stern as that of an ancient prophet. To cling to a mischievous error seemed to him to savor of moral depravity and corruption of heart. What he saw was the selfishness of the aristocracy and the landlords, and he was too deeply moved by hatred of this to care to deal very patiently with the bad reasoning which their own self-interest inclined his adversaries to mistake for good. His invective was not the expression of mere irritation, but a profound and menacing passion. Hence he dominated his audiences from a height, while his companion rather drew them along after him as friends and equals. Cobden was by no means incapable of passion, of violent feeling, or of vehement expression. His fighting qualities were in their own way as formidable as Mr. Bright's; and he had a way of dropping his jaw and throwing back his head, when he took off the gloves for an encounter in good earnest, which was not less alarming to his opponents than the more sombre style of his colleague. Still, it was not passion to which we must look for the secret of his oratorical success. I have asked many scores of those who knew him, Conservatives as well as Liberals, what this secret was; and in no single case

did my interloc'utor fail to begin, and in nearly every case he ended as he had begun, with the word *persuasiveness*. Cobden made his way to men's hearts by the union which they saw in him of simplicity, earnestness, and conviction, with a singular facility of exposition. This facility consisted in a remarkable power of apt and homely illustration, and a curious ingenuity in framing the argument that happened to be wanted. Besides his skill in thus hitting on the right argument, Cobden had the oratorical art of presenting it in the way that made its admission to the understanding of a listener easy and undenied. He always seemed to have made exactly the right degree of allowance for the difficulty with which men follow a speech as compared with the ease of following the same argument on a printed page, which they may con and ponder until their apprehension is complete. Then men were attracted by his mental alacrity, by the instant readiness with which he turned round to grapple with a new objection. This is what Mr. Disraeli meant when he spoke of Cobden's "sauciness." It had an excellent effect, because everybody knew that it sprang, not from levity or presumption, but from a free mastery of his subject.

The Life of Richard Cobden (1881).

SONNET ON CHILLON.

["Bonnivard, a Genevese, was imprisoned by the Duke of Savoy in Chillon on the Lake of Geneva, for his courageous defence of his country against the tyranny with which Piedmont threatened it during the first half of the seventeenth century. This noble sonnet is worthy to stand near Milton's on the Vaudois massacre."—F. T. PALGRAVE. "One of Byron's noblest and completest poems."—A. C. SWINBURNE.]

Eternal spirit of the chainless mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art;
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind:
And when thy sons to fetters are consigned,
To fetters and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar: for 'twas trod
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard!—May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

BYRON (1816).

"NOW AUTUMN'S FIRE BURNS SLOWLY ALONG THE WOODS."

AUTUMNAL SONNET.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM (b. 1828).

Now Autumn's fire burns slowly along the woods,
And day by day the dead leaves fall and melt,
And night by night the monitory blast
Wails in the key-hole, telling how it passed
O'er empty fields, or upland solitudes,
Or grim, wide wave; and now the power is felt
Of melancholy, tenderer in its moods
Than any joy indulgent Summer dealt.
Dear friends, together in the glimmering eve,
Pensive and glad, with tones that recognize
The soft, invisible dew in each one's eyes,
It may be, somewhat thus we shall have leave
To walk with memory, when distant lies
Poor Earth, where we were wont to live and grieve.

THE WORK AND HABITS OF EARTH-WORMS.

CHARLES DARWIN, LL.D., F.R.S.

[The great naturalist's last book was a discourse on *worms*—as though, with his own death in full view, he had cheerily said, "Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;" and then he went on to tell of the burial of ancient monuments, and even ancient cities, by that universal sexton, the earth-worm.]

1. *Introduction.*

As I was led to keep in my study during many months worms in pots filled with earth, I became interested in them, and wished to learn how far they acted consciously, and how much mental power they displayed. I was the more desirous to learn something on this head, as few observations of this kind have been made, as far as I know, on animals so low in the scale of organization and so poorly provided with sense-organs, as are earth-worms.

In the year 1837, a short paper was read by me before the Geological Society of London, "On the Formation of Mould;" in which it was shown that small fragments of burned marl, cinders, etc., which had been thickly strewed over the surface of several meadows, were found after a few years lying at the depth of some inches beneath the turf, but still forming a layer. This apparent sinking of superficial bodies is due, as was first suggested to me by Mr. Wedgwood of Maer Hall in Stafford-

shire,* to the large quantity of fine earth continually brought up to the surface by worms in the form of castings. These castings are sooner or later spread out, and cover up any object left on the surface. I was thus led to conclude that all the vegetable mould over the whole country has passed many times through, and will again pass many times through, the intestinal canals of worms. Hence the term "animal mould" would be in some respects more appropriate than that commonly used,—"vegetable mould."

2. *Conclusion.*

Worms are poorly provided with sense-organs; for they cannot be said to see, although they can just distinguish between light and darkness; they are completely deaf, and have only a feeble power of smell; the sense of touch alone is well developed. They can therefore learn little about the outside world, and it is surprising that they should exhibit some skill in lining their burrows with their castings and with leaves, and in the case of some species in piling up their castings into tower-like constructions. But it is far more surprising that they should apparently exhibit some degree of intelligence instead of a mere blind instinctive impulse, in their manner of plugging up the mouths of their burrows. They act in nearly the same manner as would a man, who had to close a cylindrical tube with different kinds of leaves, petioles, triangles of paper, etc., for they commonly seize such objects by their pointed ends. But with these objects a certain number are drawn in by their broader ends. They do not act in the same unvarying manner in all cases, as do most of the lower animals; for instance, they do not drag in leaves by their footstalks, unless the basal part of the blade is as narrow as the apex, or narrower than it.

When we behold a wide, turf-covered expanse, we should remember that its smoothness, on which so much of its beauty depends, is mainly due to all the inequalities having been slowly levelled by worms. It is a marvellous reflection that the whole of the superficial mould over any such expanse has passed, and will again pass, every few years through the bodies of worms. The plough is one of the most ancient and most valuable of man's inventions; but long before he existed the land was in fact regularly ploughed, and still continues to be thus ploughed

* Dr. Darwin's mother was a daughter of Josiah Wedgwood, the celebrated founder of the modern pottery manufacture in England.

by earth-worms. It may be doubted whether there are many animals which have played so important a part in the history of the world as have these lowly organized creatures. Some other animals, however, still more lowly organized—namely, corals—have done far more conspicuous work in having constructed innumerable reefs and islands in the great oceans; but these are almost confined to the tropical zones.

Formation of Vegetable Mould through the Action of Worms (1882).

A STUDY OF GEORGE ELIOT.

EDWARD DOWDEN, LL.D.

(Professor of English Literature in the University of Dublin.)

When we have passed in review the works of that great writer who calls herself George Eliot,* and given for a time our use of sight to her portraitures of men and women, what form, as we move away, persists on the field of vision, and remains the chief centre of interest for the imagination? The form not of Tito, or Maggie, or Dinah, or Silas,† but of one who, if not the real George Eliot, is that second self who writes her books, and lives and speaks through them. Such a second self of an author is perhaps more substantial than any mere human personality encumbered with the accidents of flesh and blood and daily living. It stands at some distance from the primary self, and differs considerably from its fellow. It presents its person to us with fewer reserves; it is independent of local and temporary motives of speech or of silence; it knows no man after the flesh; it is more than an individual; it utters secrets, but secrets which all men of all ages are to catch: while behind it lurks well pleased the veritable historical self secure from impertinent observation and criticism. With this second self of George Eliot it is, not with the actual historical person, that we have to do. And when, having closed her books, we gaze outward with the mind's eye, the spectacle we see is that most impressive spectacle of a great nature, which has suffered and has now attained, which was perplexed and has now grasped the clue—standing before us not without tokens on lip and brow of the strife and the suffering, but resolute, and henceforth possessed of something which makes self-mastery

* Marian Evans, successively Mrs. George Lewes and Mrs. Cross (1820–1880).

† Tito, a character in *Romola;* Maggie, in *The Mill on the Floss;* Dinah, in *Adam Bede;* Silas, in *Silas Marner.*

possible. The strife is not ended, the pain may still be resurgent; but we perceive on which side victory must lie.

George Eliot's manifold sympathies create behind her principal figures an ample back-ground in which they find play and find repose. An English landscape in the manner of Constable,* rich with rough, soft color, and infallible in local truth, is first presented. Men, women, children, animals are seen, busy about their several concerns. The life of a whole neighborhood grows up before us; and from this the principal figures never altogether detach themselves. Thus a perspective is produced: the chief personages are not thrust up against the eye, actions are seen passing into their effects; reverberations of voices are heard strangely altering and confused; and the emotions of the spectator are at once roused and tranquillized by the presence of a general life surrounding the lives of individuals. Hetty disappears, but the affairs of the Hall Farm still go on;† Savonarola falls, but Florence remains.‡ No more exquisite back-ground group can be found in the literature of fiction than the Poyser household,§ from the little sunny-haired Totty, and her brothers as like their father as two small elephants are like a great elephant, up to Martin Poyser the elder, sitting in his arm-chair with hale, shrunken limbs, and "the quiet *outward* glance of healthy old age," which "spies out pins on the floor, and watches the flickering of the flame or the sun-gleams on the walls." The pathos of their shame and sorrow deepens in the presence of the unconsciousness of childhood, and the half-consciousness of self-contented age.

But the sympathies of George Eliot reach out from the slow movement of the village, from the inharmonious stir of the manufacturing town, from the Hall Farm,‖ and from the bar of the Rainbow Inn¶ to the large interests of collective humanity. The artistic enthusiasm of the Renaissance period, the scientific curiosity of the present century, the political life at Florence long since, the political movements of England forty years ago, and religious life in manifold forms—Catholic, Anglican, and Nonconforming, are none of them remote from her imaginative grasp. Here the heart allies itself with a vigorous intellect, the characteristics of which are its need of clearness, of precision; and its habitual turn for generalization. The "unlimited right of private haziness," so dear to many minds, is a

* John Constable, R.A., English landscape painter (1776–1837).
† *Adam Bede.* ‡ *Romola.* § *Adam Bede.* ‖ *Adam Bede.* ¶ *Silas Marner.*

right which George Eliot never claims on her own behalf. And in her mind facts, especially moral facts, are for ever grouping themselves into laws; the moral laws which her study of life discovers to her being definite and certain as the facts which they co-ordinate.* The presence of a powerful intellect, observing, defining, and giving precision, explains in part the unfaltering insistence of the ethical purport of these books.† It bears down upon the conscience of the reader with painful weight and tenacity.

The truths in presence of which we live, so long as the imagination of George Eliot controls our own, are not surmises, not the conjectures of prudence, not guesses of the soul peering into the darkness which lies around the known world of human destiny, nor are they attained by generous ventures of faith; they are tyrannous facts from which escape is impossible. Words which come pealing from "a glimmering limit far withdrawn," words "in a tongue no man can understand," do not greatly arouse the curiosity of George Eliot. Other teachers would fain lighten the burden of the mystery by showing us that good comes out of evil. George Eliot prefers to urge the plain and dreadful truth that evil comes out of evil—"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." No vista of a future life, no array of supernatural powers stationed in the heavens, and about to intervene in the affairs of men, lead her gaze away from the stern, undeniable facts of the actual world. "Our deeds are like children that are born to us; they live and act apart from our will: nay, children may be strangled, but deeds never; they have an indestructible life both in and out of our consciousness." Other teachers transfigure and transmute human joys and sorrows, fears and hopes, loves and hatreds, with light from a spiritual world; the sufferings of the present time are made radiant with the coming of the glory which shall be revealed in us. In George Eliot's writings it is the common light of day that falls upon our actions and our sufferings; but each act and each sorrow is dignified and made important by the consciousness of that larger life of which they form a part—the life of our whole race, descending from the past, progressing into the future, surrounding us at this moment on every side.

Studies in Literature, 2nd ed., 1882.

* Arrange into consistent groups.

† That is, partly explains the circumstance that in all the varied occurrences described, George Eliot forces on the attention of her reader the unceasing fulfilment of moral laws.

A HALF-HOUR WITH BURNS.

JOHN CAMPBELL SHAIRP, LL.D.

(Principal of the University of St. Andrews, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford.)

1. *Scott's Interview with Burns.*

The most interesting of all the reminiscences of Burns, during his Edinburgh visit, or, indeed, during any other time, was the day when young Walter Scott met him and received from him that one look of approbation.

This is the account of that meeting which Scott himself gave to Lockhart:* "As for Burns, I may truly say, 'I have simply seen Virgil.' I was a lad of fifteen when he came to Edinburgh. I saw him one day at the late venerable Professor Adam Fergusson's.† Of course, we youngsters sat silent, looked and listened. The only thing I remember which was remarkable in Burns's manner, was the effect produced upon him by a print of Bunbury's,‡ representing a soldier lying dead on the snow, his dog sitting in misery on one side, on the other his widow, with a child in her arms. These lines were written beneath:—

> 'Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
> Perhaps that parent wept her soldier slain—
> Bent o'er the babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
> The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
> Gave the sad presage of his future years,
> The child of misery baptized in tears.'

"Burns seemed much affected by the print; he actually shed tears. He asked whose the lines were, and it chanced that nobody but myself remembered that they occur in a half-forgotten poem of Langhorne's,§ called by the unpromising title of 'The Justice of Peace.' I whispered my information to a friend present, who mentioned it to Burns, who rewarded me with a look and a word, which, though of mere civility, I then received with very great pleasure. His person was strong and

* John Gibson Lockhart, Scott's son-in-law and biographer, and also a poet and novelist (1794–1854).

† Adam Fergusson (1724–1816), Professor of Natural Philosophy and afterwards of Moral Philosophy in University of Edinburgh.

‡ Henry William Bunbury, English artist; died 1811.

§ John Langhorne, D.D. (1735–1779). In the *Country Justice* (1774–75), Langhorne anticipated Crabbe in vivid rural pictures.

robust; his manner rustic, not clownish—a sort of dignified plainness and simplicity. His countenance was more massive than it looks in any of the portraits. I would have taken the poet, had I not known who he was, for a very sagacious country farmer of the old Scotch school—the 'douce gudeman'* who held his own plough. There was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his lineaments; the eye alone, I think, indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large, and of a dark cast, which glowed (I say literally glowed) when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time."

2. *The Songs of Burns.*

On the songs of Burns a volume might be written, but a few sentences must here suffice. It is in his songs that his soul comes out fullest, freest, brightest; it is as a song-writer that his fame has spread widest and will longest last. Mr. Carlylè, not in his essay, which does full justice to Burns's songs, but in some more recent work, has said something like this: "Our Scottish son of thunder had, for want of a better, to pour his lightning through the narrow cranny of Scottish song—the narrowest cranny ever vouchsafed to any son of thunder." The narrowest, it may be, but the most effective if a man desires to come close to his fellow-men, soul to soul. Of all forms of literature, the genuine song is the most penetrating and the most to be remembered; and in this kind Burns is the supreme master. To make him this, two things combined. First, there was the great background of national melody and antique verse, coming down to him from remote ages and sounding through his heart from childhood. He was cradled in a very atmosphere of melody, else he never could have sung so well. No one knew better than he did, or would have owned more feelingly, how much he owed to the old, forgotten song-writers of his country, dead for ages before he lived, and lying in their unknown graves all Scotland over. From his boyhood he had studied eagerly the old tunes, and the old words where there were such, that had come down to him from the past, treasured every scrap of antique air and verse, conned and crooned them over till he had them by heart. This was the one form of literature

* Sedate head of a family.

that he had entirely mastered. And from the first he had laid it down as a rule, that the one way to catch the inspiration, and rise to the true fervor of song, was, as he phrased it, "to *sowth** the tune over and over," till the words came spontaneously. The words of his own songs were inspired by pre-existing tunes, not composed first and set to music afterwards. But all this love and study of the ancient songs and outward melody would have gone for nothing but for the second element, —that is, the inward melody born in the poet's deepest heart, which received into itself the whole body of national song; and then, when it had passed through his soul, sent it forth ennobled and glorified by his own genius.

That which fitted him to do this was the peculiar intensity of his nature, the fervid heart, the trembling sensibility, the headlong passion, all thrilling through an intellect strong and keen beyond that of other men. How mysterious to reflect that the same qualities on their emotional side made him the great songster of the world, and on their practical side drove him to ruin! The first word which Burns composed was a song in praise of his partner on the harvest-rig; the last utterance he breathed in verse was also a song—a faint remembrance of some former affection. Between these two he composed from two to three hundred. It might be wished, perhaps, that he had written fewer, especially fewer love songs; never composed under pressure, and only when his heart was so full he could not help singing. This is the condition on which alone the highest order of songs is born. Probably from thirty to forty songs of Burns could be named which come up to this highest standard. No other Scottish song-writer could show above four or five of the same quality. Of his songs, one main characteristic is that their subjects, the substance they lay hold of, belong to what is most permanent in humanity, those primary affections, those permanent relations of life, which cannot change while man's nature is what it is. In this they are wholly unlike those songs which seize on the changing aspects of society. As the phases of social life change, these are forgotten. But no time can superannuate the subjects which Burns has sung; they are rooted in the primary strata, which are steadfast. Then, as the subjects are primary, so the feeling with which Burns regards them is primary too; that is, he gives us the first spontaneous gush, the first throb of his heart—and that a

* Whistle in a low tone.

most strong, simple, manly heart. The feeling is not turned over in the reflective faculty, and there artistically shaped—not subtilized and refined away till it has lost its power and freshness—but given at first hand, as it comes warm from within. When he is at his best, you seem to hear the whole song warbling through his spirit, naturally as a bird's. The whole subject is wrapped in an element of music, till it is penetrated and transfigured by it. No one else had so much of the native *lilt* in him. When his mind was at the white heat, it is wonderful how quickly he struck off some of his most perfect songs. And yet he could, when it was required, go back upon them, and retouch them line by line, as we saw him doing in *Ye Banks and Braes.* In the best of them, the outward form is as perfect as the inward music is all-pervading, and the two are in complete harmony.

To mention a few instances in which he has given their ultimate and consummate expression to fundamental human emotions, four songs may be mentioned, in each of which a different phase of love has been rendered for all time :—

"Of a' the airts* the wind can blaw,"

"Ye flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,"

"Go fetch to me a pint o' wine;"

and that other, in which the calm depth of long-wedded and happy love utters itself, so blithely yet pathetically,—

"John Anderson, my jo, John."

Then for comic humor of courtship, there is,—

"Duncan Gray cam' here to woo."

For that contented spirit which, while feeling life's troubles, yet keeps "aye a heart aboon them a'," we have,—

"Contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair."

For friendship rooted in the past, there is,—

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,"

even if we credit antiquity with some of the verses. For wild and reckless daring, mingled with a dash of finer feeling, there is *Macpherson's Farewell.* For patriotic heroism,—

* See Glossary on following page.

"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled;"

and for personal independence, and sturdy, if self-asserting, manhood,—

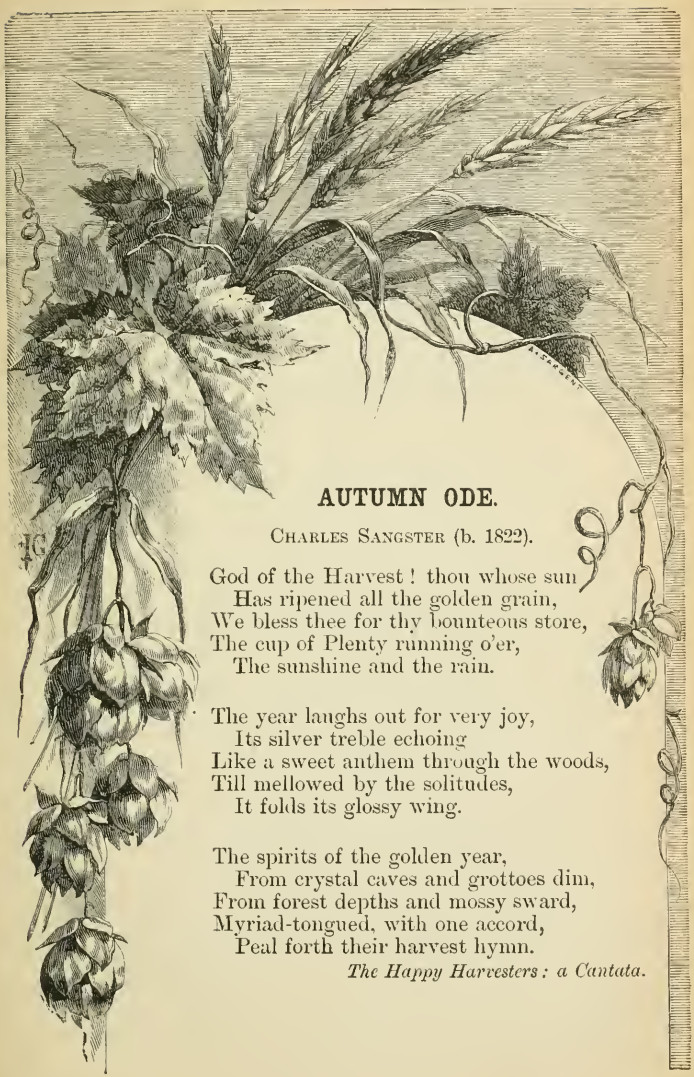
"A man 's a man for a' that."

These are but a few of the many permanent emotions to which Burns has given such consummate expression as will stand for all time.

In no mention of his songs should that be forgotten which is so greatly to the honor of Burns. He was emphatically the purifier of Scottish song. There are some poems he has left, there are also a few among his songs, which we could wish that he had never written. But we, who inherit Scottish song as he left it, can hardly imagine how much he did to purify and elevate our national melodies. To see what he has done in this way, we have but to compare Burns's songs with the collection of Scottish songs published by David Herd in 1769, a few years before Burns appeared. A genuine poet, who knew well what he spoke of—the late Thomas Aird—has said: "Those old Scottish melodies, sweet and strong though they were, strong and sweet, were, all the more for their very strength and sweetness, a moral plague, from the indecent words to which many of them had long been set. How was the plague to be stayed? All the preachers in the land could not divorce the grossness from the music. The only way was to put something better in its stead. This inestimable something better Burns gave us." So, purified and ennobled by Burns, these songs embody human emotion in its most condensed and sweetest essence. They appeal to all ranks, they touch all ages, they cheer toil-worn men under every clime. Wherever the English tongue is heard, beneath the suns of India, amid African deserts, on the western prairies of America, among the squatters of Australia, whenever men of British blood would give vent to their deepest, kindliest, most genial feelings, it is to the songs of Burns they spontaneously turn, and find in them at once a perfect utterance and a fresh tie of brotherhood. It is this which forms Burns's most enduring claim on the world's gratitude.

BURNS, in *English Men of Letters.*

GLOSSARY.—*A'*, all; *aboon*, above; *airts*, points of the compass (Gaelic *aird*, a cardinal point); *auld*, old; *aye*, ever, always; *blaw*, blow; *bonnie*, pretty, beautiful; *braes*, hill-sides; *cam'*, came; *cantie*, cheerful, happy; *hae*, have; *jo*, love, darling (French *joie*, joy); *mair*, more; *wha*, who; *wi'*, with.



AUTUMN ODE.

CHARLES SANGSTER (b. 1822).

God of the Harvest! thou whose sun
  Has ripened all the golden grain,
We bless thee for thy bounteous store,
The cup of Plenty running o'er,
  The sunshine and the rain.

The year laughs out for very joy,
  Its silver treble echoing
Like a sweet anthem through the woods,
Till mellowed by the solitudes,
  It folds its glossy wing.

The spirits of the golden year,
  From crystal caves and grottoes dim,
From forest depths and mossy sward,
Myriad-tongued, with one accord,
  Peal forth their harvest hymn.

The Happy Harvesters: a Cantata.

THE HARVEST MOON.

CHARLES (TENNYSON) TURNER (1808–1879).

How peacefully the broad and golden moon
Comes up to gaze upon the reaper's toil!
That they who own the land for many a mile
May bless her beams, and they who take the boon
Of scattered ears. Oh, beautiful! how soon
The dusk is turned to silver without soil,
Which makes the fair sheaves fairer than at noon,
And guides the gleaner to his slender spoil.
So, to our souls the Lord of love and might
Sends harvest-hours, when daylight disappears;
When age and sorrow, like a coming night,
Darken our field of work with doubts and fears,
He times the presence of his heavenly light
To rise up softly o'er our silver hairs. *Sonnets* (1864).

"SONNET FROM THE PORTUGUESE."

MRS. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING (1809–1861).

[The following exquisite sonnet forms the first of a series of forty-four, which Mrs. Browning playfully called "Sonnets from the Portuguese." They are really chapters of her own Autobiography. While still Miss Barrett, her health became so delicate that her friends apprehended the worst. Fortunately for English literature she recovered, to become the happy wife of Robert Browning. This is here beautifully told.]

I thought once how Theocritus* had sung
Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for years,
Who each one in a gracious hand appears
To bear a gift for mortals, old or young.
And, as I mused it in his antique tongue,
I saw in gradual vision through my tears
The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years,
Those of my own life, who by turns had flung
A shadow across me. Straightway I was 'ware,
So weeping, how a mystic shape did move
Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair;
And a voice said in mastery while I strove—
"Guess now who holds thee?"—"Death," I said. But there
The silver answer rang—"Not Death, but Love!"

* The passage of Theocritus here alluded to is in *Syracusan Gossips*, 102.

STUDIES IN DRYDEN.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

1. *Astræa Redux** (1660).

The merits of *Astræa Redux* must, of course, not be judged by the reader's acquiescence in its sentiments. But let any one read the following passage without thinking of the Treaty of Dover† and the closed Exchequer, of Madam Carwell's twelve thousand a year, and Lord Russell's scaffold, and he assuredly will not fail to recognize their beauty :—

> "Methinks I see those crowds on Dover's strand,
> Who, in their haste to welcome you to land,
> Choked up the beach with their still growing store,
> And made a wilder torrent on the shore :
> While, spurred with eager thoughts of past delight,
> Those who had seen you court a second sight,
> Preventing still your steps, and making haste
> To meet you often wheresoe'er you past.
> How shall I speak of that triumphant day
> When you renewed the expiring pomp of May ?
> A month that owns an interest in your name ;
> You and the flowers are its peculiar claim.
> That star that at your birth shone out so bright
> It stained the duller sun's meridian light,
> Did once again its potent fires renew,
> Guiding our eyes to find and worship you."

The extraordinary art with which the recurrences of the *you* and *your*—in the circumstances naturally recited with a little stress of the voice—are varied in position so as to give a corresponding variety to the cadence of the verse, is perhaps the chief thing to be noted here. But a comparison with even the best couplet verse of the time will show many other excellences in it. I am aware that this style of minute criticism has gone out of fashion, and that the variations of the position of a pronoun

* *Astræa Returned.*—In the classic poets, Astræa was the goddess of justice, who during the golden age sojourned on Earth ; but finally abandoning the Earth when the brazen age set in, she returned to Heaven. By a sad misuse of ingenuity, Dryden applied this beautiful myth to the return of Charles II. to England in 1660.

† Secret Treaty of Dover, under which Charles II. became a pensioner of France, May 22, 1670.—"Madam Carwell," the English designation of a French favorite of Charles II., Louisa Querouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth.—Lord William Russell was executed (1683) for his pretended connection with the Rye-House conspiracy to assassinate Charles II.

have terribly little to do with "criticism of life;"* but as I am dealing with a great English author, whose main distinction is to have reformed the whole formal part of English prose and English poetry, I must, once for all, take leave to follow the only road open to me to show what he actually did.

2. *Absalom and Achitophel* (1681).

Absalom and Achitophel† is perhaps, with the exception of the St. Cecilia Ode, the best known of all Dryden's poems, to modern readers; and there is no need to give any very lengthy account of it, or of the extraordinary skill with which Monmouth is treated. The sketch, even now about the best existing in prose or verse, of the "Popish Plot,"‡ the character and speeches of Achitophel, the unapproached portrait of Zimri, and the final harangue of David, have for generations found their places in every book of elegant extracts, either for general or school use. But perhaps the most characteristic passage of the whole, as indicating the kind of satire which Dryden now introduced for the first time, is the passage descriptive of Shimei —Slingsby Bethel—the republican sheriff of the city:—

> "But he, though bad, is followed by a worse,
> The wretch who Heaven's anointed dared to curse;
> Shimei—whose youth did early promise bring
> Of zeal to God and hatred to his king—
> Did wisely from expensive sins refrain,
> And never broke the Sabbath but for gain;
> Nor ever was he known an oath to vent,
> Or curse, unless against the government.
> Thus heaping wealth, by the most ready way
> Among the Jews, which was to cheat and pray;
> The City, to reward his pious hate
> Against his master, chose him magistrate.
> His hand a vare§ of justice did uphold,
> His neck was loaded with a chain of gold.
> During his office treason was no crime,
> The sons of Belial had a glorious time;

* According to Matthew Arnold, the function of poetry, and indeed of all literature, is "the criticism of life."

† *Absalom* stood for the Duke of Monmouth; *Achitophel* for the Earl of Shaftesbury; *Zimri* for George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who had satirized Dryden (as *Bayes*) in *The Rehearsal*; *David* was Charles II.

‡ A "plot" alleged against the Catholics, having for its object the assassination of Charles II., 1678. On the perjured evidence of Titus Oates and his confederates a number of lives were sacrificed.

§ Staff.

For Shimei, though not prodigal of pelf,
Yet loved his wicked neighbor as himself.
When two or three were gathered to declaim
Against the monarch of Jerusalem,
Shimei was always in the midst of them;
And, if they cursed the king when he was by,
Would rather curse than break good company.
If any durst his factious friend accuse,
He packed a jury of dissenting Jews,
Whose fellow-feeling in the godly cause
Would free the suffering saint from human laws;
For laws are only made to punish those
Who serve the king, and to protect his foes.
If any leisure time he had from power,
Because 'tis sin to misemploy an hour,
His business was by writing to persuade
That kings were useless, and a clog to trade;
And that his noble style he might refine,
No Rechabite* more shunned the fumes of wine.
Chaste were his cellars, and his shrieval board
The grossness of a city feast abhorred:
His cooks with long disuse their trade forgot;
Cool was his kitchen, though his brains were hot.
Such frugal virtue malice may accuse,
But sure 'twas necessary to the Jews:
For towns, once burnt, such magistrates require
As dare not tempt God's providence by fire.
With spiritual food he fed his servants well,
But free from flesh, that made the Jews rebel;
And Moses' laws he held in more account,
For forty days of fasting in the mount."

There had been nothing in the least like this before. The prodigality of irony, the sting in the tail of every couplet, the ingenuity by which the odious charges are made against the victim in the very words almost of the phrases which his party were accustomed to employ, and, above all, the polish of the language and the verse, and the tone of half-condescending banter, were things of which that time had no experience. The satire was as bitter as Butler's,† but less grotesque and less labored.

* Jeremiah xxxv. 6.

† Samuel Butler (1600–1680), who satirized the Puritans in his *Hudibras*.

3. *MacFlecknoe* (published Oct. 4, 1682).

Thomas Shadwell was a Norfolk man, and about ten years Dryden's junior. Ever since the year 1668 he had been writing plays (chiefly comedies) and hanging about town, and Dryden and he had been in a manner friends. They had joined Crowne in the task of writing down the *Empress of Morocco*,* and it does not appear that Dryden had ever given Shadwell any direct cause of offence. Shadwell, however, who was exceedingly arrogant and apparently jealous of Dryden's acknowledged position as leader of the English drama, took more than one occasion of sneering at Dryden, and especially at his critical prefaces. Whether it was owing to haste, as Rochester pretended, or, as Dryden would have it, to certain intellectual incapacities, there can be no doubt that nobody ever made less use of his faculties than Shadwell. His work is always disgraceful as writing; he seems to have been totally destitute of any critical faculty, and he mixes up what is really funny with the dullest and most wearisome folly and ribaldry. He was thus given over entirely into Dryden's hands, and the unmatched satire of *MacFlecknoe* was the result.

Flecknoe, whom but for this work no one would ever have inquired about, was, and had been for some time, a stock-subject for allusive satire. He was an Irish priest who had died not long before, after writing a little good verse and a great deal of bad. He had paid compliments to Dryden, and there is no reason to suppose that Dryden had any enmity towards him; his part, indeed, is simply representative, and the satire is reserved for Shadwell. Well as they are known, the first twenty or thirty lines of the poem must be quoted once more, for illustration of Dryden's satirical faculty is hardly possible without them :—

> "All human things are subject to decay,
> And, when Fate summons, monarchs must obey.
> This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus, young
> Was called to empire, and had governed long;
> In prose and verse was owned without dispute,
> Through all the realms of Nonsense absolute.

* A tragedy published in 1673 by Elkanah Settle. Settle brought out as a reply to *Absalom and Achitophel* his *Absalom Senior*—sorry stuff that would have been forgotten but for Dryden's notice of the author. Says Dryden, "He is an animal of most deplored understanding, without reading and conversation," etc.

This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,
And blessed with issue of a large increase,
Worn out with business, did at length debate
To settle the succession of the state;
And, pondering which of all his sons was fit
To reign, and wage immortal war with wit,
Cried—"'Tis resolved! for nature pleads, that he
Should only rule who most resembles me.
Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dulness from his tender years;
Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he
Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike through and make a lucid interval;
But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,
And seems designed for thoughtless majesty;
Thoughtless as monarch oaks that shade the plain,
And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.'"

4. *Ode on the Memory of Mrs. Anne Killegrew.*

Johnson pronounced it the noblest in the language; and in his time it certainly was, unless *Lycidas* be called an ode. Since its time there has been Wordsworth's great Immortality Ode, and certain beautiful but fragmentary pieces of Shelley which might be so classed; but till our own days nothing else which can match this. The first stanza may be pronounced absolutely faultless and incapable of improvement. As a piece of concerted music in verse it has not a superior, and Warton's depreciation of it is a curious instance of the lack of catholic taste which has so often marred English criticism of poetry:—

"Thou youngest virgin-daughter of the skies,
Made in the last promotion of the blessed;
Whose palms, new plucked from Paradise,
In spreading branches more sublimely rise,
Rich with immortal green above the rest:
Whether, adopted to some neighboring star,
Thou rollest above us, in thy wandering race,
Or, in procession fixed and regular,
Movest with the heaven's majestic pace:
Or, called to more superior bliss,
Thou treadest with seraphim the vast abyss:

Whatever happy region is thy place,
Cease thy celestial song a little space;
Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
Since heaven's eternal year is thine.
Hear, then, a mortal Muse thy praise rehearse,
In no ignoble verse;
But such as thy own voice did practise here,
When thy first-fruits of Poesy were given,
To make thyself a welcome inmate there,
While yet a young probationer,
And candidate of heaven."

DRYDEN, in *English Men of Letters.*

THE ENGLISH HISTORIANS OF OUR OWN DAY.*

JUSTIN M'CARTHY (b. 1830).

The period which we are surveying was especially rich in historical studies. It was prolific, not only in historians and histories, but even in new ways of studying history. The Crimean War was still going on when Mr. Froude's "History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth" began to make its appearance; and the public soon became alive to the fact that a man of great and original power had come into literature. The first volume of Mr. Buckle's "History of Civilization" was published in 1857. Mr. Freeman literally disentombed a great part of the early history of England, cleared it of the accumulated dust of traditional error and ignorance, and for the first time showed it to us as it must have presented itself to the eyes of those who helped to make it. Mr. Kinglake began the story of the Crimean War. Mr. Lecky occupied himself with "The History of Rationalism in Europe;" "The History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne;" and more lately with the great days of the eighteenth century. Canon Stubbs made the "Constitutional History of England" his province; and Mr. Green undertook to compress the whole sequence of English history into a sort of literary outline map in which events stood clearly out in the just perspective and proportions of their real importance. Of the men we have named, it would not be unreasonable to say that Mr. Froude and Mr. Kinglake belong to the romantic school of historians; Mr.

* Selections from the various historians here characterized will be found in this Reader.

Buckle and Mr. Lecky to the philosophic; Mr. Freeman, Canon Stubbs, and Mr. Green to the practical and the real. To show events and people as they were is the clear aim of this last school; to picture them dramatically and vividly would seem to be the ambition of Mr. Froude and Mr. Kinglake; to show that they have a system and a sequence, and are evidence of great natural laws, is the object of men like Mr. Buckle and Mr. Lecky. Mr. Froude is probably the most popular historian since Macaulay, although his popularity is far indeed from that of Macaulay. He is widely read where Mr. Freeman would seem intolerably learned and pedantic, and Mr. Lecky too philosophic to be lively. His books have been the subject of the keenest controversy. His picture of Henry VIII. set all the world wondering. It set an example and became a precedent. It founded a new school in history and biography—what we may call the paradoxical school; the school which sets itself to discover that some great man had all the qualities for which the world had never before given him credit, and none of those which it had always been content to recognize as his undoubted possession. The virtues of the misprized Tiberius;* the purity, the meekness of Lucrezia Borgia; the disinterestedness and forbearance of Charles of Burgundy—these and other such historical discoveries naturally followed Mr. Froude's illustration of the domestic virtues, the exalted chastity, and the merciful disposition of Henry VIII. Mr. Froude has, however, qualities which raise him high above the level of the ordinary paradoxical historian. He has a genuine creative power. We may refuse to believe that his Henry VIII. is the Henry of history, but we cannot deny that Mr. Froude makes us see his Henry as vividly as if he stood in life before us. A dangerous gift for an historian; but it helps to make a great literary man. Mr. Froude may claim to be regarded as a great literary man, measured by the standard of our time. He has imagination; he has that sympathetic and dramatic instinct which enables a man to enter into the emotions and motives, the likings and dislikings of people of a past age. His style is penetrating and thrilling; his language often rises to the dignity of a poetic eloquence.

* *Misprized*, "wronged," "undervalued." The whole paragraph is, of course, ironical. Tiberius, third of the Roman emperors, and a most licentious tyrant (d. A.D. 37); Lucrezia (*Lu-krēt'se-a*) Borgia (d. 1520), infamous as a poisoner, and for her licentiousness; Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, ruled 1467–77, and his violence and ambition kept France in turmoil.

The figures he conjures up are always the semblances of real men and women. They are never wax-work, or lay-figures, or skeletons clothed in words, or purple rags of descriptions stuffed out with straw into an awkward likeness of the human form. The one distinct impression we carry away from Mr. Froude's history is that of the living reality of his figures. In Marlowe's "Faustus," the Doctor conjures up for the amusement of the emperor a procession of beautiful and stately shadows, to represent the great ones of the past. When the apparitions of Alexander the Great and his favorite pass by, the emperor can hardly restrain himself from rushing to clasp the hero in his arms, and has to be reminded by the wizard that "these are but shadows, not substantial." Even then the emperor can hardly get over his impression of their reality; for he cries,—

> "I have heard it said
> That this fair lady, whilst she lived on earth,
> Had on her neck a little wart or mole;"

and, lo! there is the mark on the neck of the beautiful form which floats across his field of vision. Mr. Froude's shadows are like this; so deceptive, so seemingly vital and real; with the beauty and the blot alike conspicuous; with the pride and passion of the hero, and the heroine's white neck and the wart on it. Mr. Froude's whole soul, in fact, is in the human beings whom he meets as he unfolds his narrative. He is a romantic or heroic portrait-painter. He has painted some pictures which may almost compare with those of Titian.* Their glances follow and haunt one like the wonderful eyes of Cæsar Borgia, or the soul-piercing resignation of that face on Guido's canvas once believed to be that of Beatrice Cenci.† But Mr. Froude wants the one indispensable quality of the true historian—accuracy. He wants altogether the cold, patient, stern quality which clings to facts; the scientific faculty. His narrative never stands out in that "dry light" which Bacon so commends; the light of undistorted and clear truth. The temptations to a man with the gift of heroic portrait-painting are too great for Mr. Froude. His genius carries him away, and becomes his master. When

*Titian (pr. *Tish'yan;* Ital. Tiziano), the greatest painter of the Venetian school (1477–1576), in the opinion of many critics the greatest colorist that has ever lived; he excelled in landscapes as well as in portraits and devotional pieces. Guido (pr. *Gwee'do*), excelled in grace, delicacy, and beauty of expression; subjects, allegorical, pathetic, and devotional (1575–1642).

† Pr. *Chen'chee*.

Titian was painting his Cæsar Borgia, is it not conceivable that his imagination may have been positively inflamed by the contrast between the man's physical beauty and moral guilt, and may have unconsciously heightened the contrast by making the pride and passion lower more darkly, the superb brilliancy of the eyes burn more radiantly, than might have been seen in real life? Mr. Froude has evidently been often thus ensnared by his own special gift. There is hardly anything in our modern literature more powerful, picturesque, and dramatic than his portrait of Mary Queen of Scots.* It stands out and glows and darkens with all the glare and gloom of a living form, now in sun and now in shadow. It is almost as perfect and impressive as Titian's. But no reasonable person can doubt that it is a dramatic, and not an historical study. Without going into any controversy as to disputed facts, even admitting, for the sake of argument, that Mary was as guilty as Mr. Froude would make her, it is impossible to believe that the woman he has painted is the Mary Stuart of history and of life. No doubt his Mary is now a reality for us. We are distinctly acquainted with her; we can see her and follow her movements. But she is a fable for all that. The poets and painters have made the form of the mermaid not one whit less clear and distinct for us than the figure of a living woman. If any of us were to see a painting of a mermaid with scales upon her neck, or with feet, he would resent it or laugh at it as an inaccuracy, just as if he saw some gross anatomical blunder in a picture of a man or woman. Mr. Froude has created a Mary Stuart as art and legend have created a mermaid. He has made her one of the most imposing figures in our modern literature; to which, indeed, she is an important addition. His Queen Elizabeth is almost equally remarkable as a work of art. His Henry VIII. stands not quite so high; and far lower comes his Cæsar,† which is absurdly untrue as a portrait, and is not strong even as a romantic picture. Mr. Froude's personal integrity and candor are constantly coming into contradiction with his artistic temptation; but the portrait goes on all the same. He is too honest and candid to conceal or pervert any fact that he knows. He tells everything frankly, but continues his picture in his own way. It may be that some rather darksome vices suddenly prove their existence in the character of the person whom Mr. Froude had chosen to illustrate the

* A passage has been given at page 143.

† "Cæsar: a Sketch" (1878).

brightness and glory of human nature. Mr. Froude is not abashed. He deliberately states the facts; shows how, in this or that instance, truth did tell shocking lies, mercy ordered several massacres, and virtue fell into the ways of Messalīna.* But he still maintains that his pictures are portraits of truth, mercy, and virtue. A lover of art, according to a story in the memoirs of Canova,† was so struck with admiration of that sculptor's Venus that he begged to be allowed to see the model. The artist gratified him; but, so far from beholding a very goddess of beauty in the flesh, he only saw a well-made, rather coarse-looking woman. The sculptor, seeing his disappointment, explained to him that the hand and the eye of the artist, as they work, can gradually and almost imperceptibly change the model from that which it is in the flesh to that which it ought to be in the marble. This is the process which is always going on with Mr. Froude whenever he is at work upon some model in which, for love or hate, he takes unusual interest. Therefore, the historian is constantly involving himself in a welter of inconsistencies and errors. Mr. Froude's errors go far to justify the dull and literal old historians of the school of Dryasdust,‡ who, if they never quickened an event into life, never, on the other hand, deluded the mind with phantoms. The chroniclers of mere facts and dates, the old almanac-makers, are weary creatures; but one finds it hard to condemn them to mere contempt when he sees how the vivid genius of a man like Mr. Froude can lead him astray. Mr. Froude's finest artistic gift becomes his greatest defect for the special work he undertakes to do. A scholar, a man of high imagination, a man likewise of patient labor, he is above all things a romantic portrait-painter; and the spell by which his works allure us is the spell of the magician, not the calm power of the teacher.

A History of Our Own Times (1880).

* Messalīna, wife of Emperor Claudius, executed for her crimes A.D. 48.

† Antonio Canōva, a celebrated Italian sculptor (1757–1822): his subjects are taken chiefly from classical mythology.

‡ Rev. Dr. Dryasdust (dry as dust), a character used by Sir Walter Scott to introduce some of his novels by means of prefatory letters. "Dryasdust" is now used to designate a plodding, tedious historian or antiquary. It is rather a favorite epithet with Carlyle, who among the whole tribe of Dryasdusts gives to the Prussian Dryasdust a sad preëminence (*Frederick the Great*).

IN THE LIBRARY OF SARDANAPĀLUS.

GEORGE SMITH (1840–1876).

[The late George Smith's studies as Assyriologist began in 1856 at the British Museum, to which he was within a twelvemonth officially attached by Sir Henry Rawlinson. Smith's discovery, among the broken Museum tablets, of the Chaldean legend of the Deluge induced the *Daily Telegraph* to send him to Nineveh (1873), where he found the complementary pieces of the broken tablet. His excavations were afterwards continued at the expense of the British Museum, with the most valuable results, involving a complete revision of our Assyrian history. His principal works are: *Assyrian Discoveries*, *History of Assurbanipal*, and *Assyria from the Earliest Times to the Fall of Nineveh*.]

The grandest work of Assur-bani-pal [Sardanapālus] was not the building of palaces or temples, but the institution of the great library at Koyunjik. Collections of inscribed tablets had been made by Tiglath-Pileser II., king of Assyria, B.C. 745, who had copied some historical inscriptions of his predecessors. Sargon, the founder of the dynasty to which Assur-bani-pal belonged, B.C. 722, had increased this library by adding a collection of astrological and similar texts; and Sennacherib, B.C. 705, had composed copies of the Assyrian canon, short histories, and miscellaneous inscriptions, to add to the collection. Sennacherib also moved the library from Calah, its original seat, to Nineveh the capital. Esarhaddon, B.C. 681, added numerous historical and mythological texts.

All the inscriptions of the former kings were, however, nothing compared to those written during the reign of Assur-bani-pal. Thousands of inscribed tablets, from all places, and on every variety of subject, were collected, and copied, and stored in the library of the palace at Nineveh during his reign; and by his statements they appear to have been intended for the inspection of the people, and to spread learning among the Assyrians. Among these tablets, one class consisted of historical texts, some the histories of the former kings of Assyria, and others copies of royal inscriptions from various other places.

Similar to these were the copies of treaties, despatches, and orders from the king to his generals and ministers, a large number of which formed part of the library.

There was a large collection of letters of all sorts, from despatches to the king on the one hand down to private notes on the other.

Geography found a place among the sciences, and was repre-

sented by lists of countries, towns, rivers, and mountains, notices of the position, products, and character of districts, etc.

There were tables giving accounts of the law and legal decisions, and tablets with contracts, loans, deeds of sale, and barter, etc.

There were lists of tribute and taxes, accounts of property in the various cities, forming some approach to a census and general account of the empire.

One large and important section of the library was devoted to legends of various sorts, many of which were borrowed from other countries. Among these were the legends of the hero Izdubar—perhaps the Nimrod of the Bible. One of these legends gives the Chaldean account of the Flood, others of this description give various fables and stories of evil spirits.

The mythological part of the library embraced lists of the gods, their titles, attributes, temples, etc., hymns in praise of various deities, prayers to be used by different classes of men to different gods, and under various circumstances, as during eclipses or calamities, or setting out for a campaign, etc.

Astronomy was represented by various tablets and works on the appearance and motions of the heavens, and the various celestial phenomena. Astrology was closely connected with astronomy, and formed a numerous class of subjects and inscriptions.

An interesting division was formed by the works on natural history: these consisted of lists of animals, birds, reptiles, trees, grasses, stones, etc., arranged in classes according to their character and affinities as then understood, lists of minerals and their uses, lists of foods, etc.

Mathematics and arithmetic were found, including square and cube root, the working out of problems, etc.

Much of the learning on these tablets was borrowed from the Chaldeans and people of Babylon, and had originally been written in a different language and style of writing, hence it was necessary to have translations and explanations of many of these; and in order to make their meaning clear, grammars, dictionaries, and lexicons were prepared, embracing the principal features of the two languages involved, and enabling the Assyrians to study the older inscriptions.

Such are some of the principal features of the grand Assyrian library, which Assur-bani-pal established at Nineveh, and which probably numbered over ten thousand clay documents.

Assyria from the Earliest Times to the Fall of Nineveh.

POPE AT HIS BEST.

LESLIE STEPHEN.

A sort of moralizing, which is the staple of Pope's *Epistles* upon the ruling passion or upon avarice, strikes us now as unpleasantly obvious. We have got beyond it, and want some more refined analysis and more complex psychology. Take for example Pope's *Epistle* to Bathurst, which was in hand for two years, and is just four hundred lines in length. The simplicity of the remarks is almost comic. Nobody wants to be told now that bribery is facilitated by the modern system of credit.

> "Blest paper-credit! last and best supply
> That lends corruption lighter wings to fly!"

This triteness blinds us to the singular felicity with which the observations have been verified,—a felicity which makes many of the phrases still proverbial. The mark is so plain that we do scant justice to the accuracy and precision with which it is hit. Yet when we notice how every epithet tells, and how perfectly the writer does what he tries to do, we may understand why Pope extorted contemporary admiration. We may, for example, read once more the familiar passage about Buckingham. The picture, such as it is, could not be drawn more strictly with fewer lines :—

> "In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
> The floors of plaister and the walls of dung,
> On once a flock-bed, but repaired with straw,
> With tape-tied curtains never meant to draw,
> The George and Garter* dangling from that bed,
> Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
> Great Villiers† lies! Alas, how changed from him,
> That life of pleasure and that soul of whim!
> Gallant and gay in Cliveden's proud alcove,
> The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
> As great as gay, at council in a ring
> Of mimicked statesmen, and their merry king.

* The collar and star of the Order of the Garter.

† George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, used his influence over Charles II. to ruin Clarendon (1667), and (1670) formed the "Cabal" Ministry. He died (April 16, 1688) at an obscure inn at Kirkby Moorside, in Yorkshire, of a fever caught in fox-hunting, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. He is the *Zimri* of Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel*. *Cliveden* was his palace on the Thames.

No wit to flatter left of all his store!
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
Thus, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, the lord of useless thousands ends."

It is as graphic as a page of Dickens, and has the advantage of being less grotesque, if the sentiment is equally obvious. When Pope has made his hit, he does not blur the effect by trying to repeat it.

Pope's best writing is the essence of conversation. It has the quick movement, the boldness and brilliance, which we suppose to be the attributes of the best talk. Of course the apparent facility is due to conscientious labour. In the *Prologue* and *Epilogue* and the best parts of the *Imitations of Horace*, he shows such consummate mastery of his peculiar style, that we forget the monotonous metre. The opening passage, for example, of the *Prologue* is written apparently with the perfect freedom of real dialogue; in fact, it is of course far more pointed and compressed than any dialogue could ever be. The dramatic vivacity with which the whole scene is given shows that he could use metre as the most skilful performer could command a musical instrument. Pope, indeed, shows in the *Essay on Criticism* that his views about the uniformity of sound and sense were crude enough; they are analogous to the tricks by which a musician might decently imitate the cries of animals or the murmurs of a crowd; and his art excludes any attempt at rivalling the melody of the great poets who aim at producing a harmony quite independent of the direct meaning of their words. I am only speaking of the felicity with which he can move in metre without the slightest appearance of restraint, so as to give a kind of idealized representation of the tone of animated verbal intercourse. Whatever comes within this province he can produce with admirable fidelity.

To imagine Pope at his best, we must place ourselves in Twickenham on some fine day, when the long disease has relaxed its grasp for a moment; when he has taken a turn through his garden, and comforted his poor frame with potted lampreys and a glass or two from his frugal pint. Suppose two or three friends to be sitting with him, the stately Bolingbroke or the mercurial Bathurst, with one of the patriotic hopes of mankind, Marchmont or Lyttelton, to stimulate his ardor, and the amiable Spence or Mrs. Patty Blount to listen reverentially to his morality. Let the conversation kindle into vivacity, and

host and guests fall into a friendly rivalry, whetting each other's wits by lively repartee, and airing the little fragments of worldly wisdom which pass muster for profound observation at court: for a time they talk platitudes, though striking out now and then brilliant flashes, as from the collision of polished rapiers; they diverge, perhaps, into literature, and Pope shines in discussing the secrets of the art to which his whole life has been devoted with untiring fidelity. Suddenly the mention of some noted name provokes a startling outburst of personal invective from Pope; his friends judiciously divert the current of wrath into a new channel, and he becomes for the moment a generous patriot declaiming against the growth of luxury; the mention of some sympathizing friend brings out a compliment, so exquisitely turned as to be a permanent title of honor, conferred by genius instead of power; or the thought of his parents makes his voice tremble, and his eyes shine with pathetic softness; and you forgive the occasional affectation which you can never quite forget, or even the occasional grossness or harshness of sentiment which contrasts so strongly with the superficial polish. A genuine report of even the best conversation would be intolerably prosy and unimaginative. But imagine the very pith and essence of such talk brought to a focus, concentrated into the smallest possible space with the infinite dexterity of a thoroughly trained hand, and you have the kind of writing in which Pope is unrivalled; polished prose with occasional gleams of genuine poetry—the *Epistle to Arbuthnot* and the *Epilogue to the Satires.*

POPE, in *English Men of Letters.*

A VOYAGE WITH COLERIDGE'S "ANCIENT MARINER."

MRS. OLIPHANT (b. 1818).

[The *Rime of the Ancient Mariner* first appeared (September 1798) in the *Lyrical Ballads* published conjointly by Coleridge and Wordsworth. In the fourteenth chapter of the *Biographia Literaria*, Coleridge explains that, according to the plan of the *Lyrical Ballads*, "his endeavor should be directed to persons and characters supernatural," while Wordsworth's purpose in his poems "was to give the charm of novelty to the things of every day." The passages of the *Ancient Mariner* which form the groundwork of Mrs. Oliphant's analysis are here inserted; but the student should not rest satisfied until he has become familiar with the whole of this wonderful poem.

The contribution of the other member of the poetical partnership to the *Lyrical Ballads* was in itself much more memorable than anything produced by Wordsworth, though the attention of the public never seems to have been attracted by

it, and criticism passed it over in delighted perception of the opportunities of slaughter afforded by the other. The allotment of the supernatural and mysterious to himself is accounted for by Coleridge, in curious apparent unconsciousness of any bias in himself towards that sphere of poetical contemplation, by purely arbitrary reasons. In the long walks and talks which the Wordsworths and he took together, one of the chief interests of the beautiful landscape which they surveyed from "Quantock's airy ridge" * was the constant change of light and color flitting over it, the rhythmic flight of the shadows and vicissitudes of the atmosphere. "The sudden charm which accidents of light and shade, which moonlight or sunshine diffused over a familiar landscape, appeared to represent the practicability of combining" those two distinct forces in poetry which they were so fond of discussing—"the power of exciting the sympathy of the reader by a faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and the power of giving the interest of novelty by the modifying colors of imagination." Wordsworth's part was that of the sunshine, dwelling upon and bringing out into brilliant prominence the minutest detail of some certain spot in the valley or slopes below. And Coleridge, with a readiness which was half loyal submission and half that consciousness of unbounded faculty which made him so fertile in plans of every kind, took up the other, because it was left to him by the distinct natural bias of his companion. Such, at least, is the natural inference to be drawn from his own account of the matter. And up to this time Coleridge had shown no special inclination towards the supernatural; his poems had been, like his friend's, descriptive, with an admixture of high moral sentiment and reflection, but nothing more, when they were not fiercely political and concerned with the passions of the day. Even when he helped to celebrate the inspired maiden, the heroine of France, no native instinct seems to have led him to the means of her inspiration—the heavenly voices and visions to which he could have lent a mystic form and reality. He took up this sphere of poetry now, because, it would seem, the other was manifestly preoccupied; and one thing was as easy as another to his many-sided soul. Never, perhaps, was the preordained instrument put into a great singer's hands in a manner more accidental.

* The Quantock Hills are in Somersetshire, looking out on the Bristol Channel and the ocean beyond. On the hill-slope a quarter-mile from the Channel lay Alfoxden, Wordsworth's home in 1797–98, and three miles from Alfoxden was Coleridge's home at Nether Stowey.

"At length did cross an albatross,
Thorough the fog it came."

For his own part, he did not much care which it was; he was as ready to have plunged into science, into metaphysics, or politics. But in the meantime, as the supernatural was wanted, to throw up and complete the real, the supernatural was the subject he adopted. His attitude is like that of a man groping in the darkness for his tools, and finding them by heavenly guidance, without any prevision or pre-inclination of his own.

It was in pursuance of this plan that the *Ancient Mariner* was composed—in those very woods of Alfoxden,* perhaps, where Wordsworth, with a beatitude which half angers, half amuses the reader, was crooning over the endless verses of *Betty Foy*, or on the road between that poetical place and the cottage at Nether Stowey,* a road which led over the brown downs, from which the poet, as we know, could see by times a spectral ship gliding athwart the setting sun, or the pilot's boat pushed out upon the crisp morning waves for the guidance of the homeward bound.

"'The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the light-house top.

"'At length did cross an albatross,
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

"'It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit—
The helmsman steered us through.

"'And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!

"'In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moonshine.

"'God save thee, ancient mariner,
From the fiends that plague thee thus!
Why look'st thou so?'—'With my cross-bow
I shot the albatross.'"

* See note on page 350.

We can almost perceive the mariner's mystic progress shaping itself, as in all moods and tempers the poet looks forth upon the sea, and beholds in imagination not only the light-house tower, the kirk, and the bay, but all the wide-spreading wastes of water beyond the firmament, and the wonders that may be passing there. Perhaps some white gull winging across the darkness of a storm-cloud suggested to him the bird "that makes the winds to blow"—the friendly wild companion of the seamen's course that

> "Every day, for food or play,
> Came to the mariners' hollo."

Perhaps to himself, straying along with his head in the clouds, the sight of it was like that of "a Christian soul," whom he hailed in God's name; perhaps the crack of some heartless rifle, the sudden drop through the gloomy air of the innocent winged-brother thus met in the way, sent his indignant imagination forth to conceive what punishment he should deserve who thus sent out of happy life a fellow-creature who meant him nothing but friendship. And thus day by day, as he went and came, the seas would render up their secrets, and Nature's revenge for her child extend into all the weird and mysterious consequences of man's breach of faith with the subject-creation. Neither the poet nor his companion seems to have perceived the extraordinary superiority of this wonderful conception to the other poems with which it was published; for not only was its subject much more elevated, but it possessed, in fact, all the completeness of execution and faithfulness to its plan which they failed in. While Wordsworth represented the light in the landscape chiefly in his imitation of the prominence sometimes given by the sunshine to the most insignificant spot, Coleridge carried out the similitude on his side with a faithfulness of the grandest kind. Like a great shadow moving noiselessly over the widest sweep of mountain and plain, a pillar of cloud—or like the flight of indescribable fleecy hosts of winged vapors, spreading their impalpable influence like a breath, changing the face of the earth, subduing the thoughts of men, yet nothing, and capable of no interpretation.—such was the great poem destined to represent in the world of poetry the effect which these mystic cloud-agencies have upon the daylight and the sky. The life of every day is going on gaily, the wedding

guests are close to the festal doors, when Mystery and Wonder suddenly interpose in the way, shutting out everything around:—

"He holds him with his skinny hand:
'There was a ship,' quoth he.—
'Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard loon!'
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

"He holds him with his glittering eye—
The wedding-guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child:
The mariner hath his will.

"'Higher and higher every day,
Till o'er the mast at noon'—
The wedding-guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

"The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

"The wedding-guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear:
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner."

The sounds of the other existence are heard through them, and even by glimpses that life is visible—the merry minstrels "nodding their heads," the bride in her blushes; but the unwilling listener has entered into the shadow, and the unseen has got hold of him. It is a parable, not only of the ship and the albatross (which is hard of interpretation), but of mankind, a stranger upon earth, "moving about in worlds not realized," always subject to be seized upon by powers unknown, to which he is of kin, though he understands them not. "There is more of the invisible than the visible in the world," is the poet's motto, and with a great splendor and force of imagination he enforces his text. "There was a ship," quoth he; and the weird vessel glides before the unwilling listener's eyes, so that he can see nothing else; it comes between him and the feast, between him and those figures of his friends which flit like ghosts out of every door. Which is the real, and which the vision? The mind grows giddy, and ceases to be able to judge;

and while everything tangible disappears, the unseen sweeps triumphantly in and holds possession, more real, more true, more unquestionable than anything that eye can see.

This was what Coleridge meant when, seated on the breezy hillside with shadow and sunshine pursuing each other over the broad country at his feet, he took in hand to add to the common volume a poem which should deal with the supernatural and invisible, "so as to transfer from our outward nature a human interest and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of the imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment which constitutes poetic faith."* We might even find a further symbolism in the scene within which this tale of mystery and fate came into being, and in the circumstances which have framed, in a lovely picture of greenness and summer beauty, indulgent skies, and youthful happiness, one of the gravest, profoundest, and most lofty utterances of poetry,—a song which was "chanted with happy heart," with pleasant breaks of laughter and eager discussion, with glad gazings upon sun and shadow, with many a playful interruption and criticism, out of the heart of as sad a life as ever enacted itself in tragic pain and darkness before the eyes of men.

Nor was the story of the mariner itself unworthy of its aim or of the wonderful wealth of poetic resource poured forth upon it. When the struggle between the actual and the invisible is over, and the mariner is triumphant, what a stillness as of the great deep falls upon the strain! The sun comes up out of the sea, and goes down into it—grand image of the loneliness, the isolation from all other created things, of that speck upon the boundless, noiseless waters. Throughout the poem this sentiment of isolation is preserved with a magical and most impressive reality; all the action is absolutely shut up within the doomed ship. The storm, and the mist, and the snow, the flitting vision of the albatross, the spectre vessel against the sunset, the voices of the spirits, all derive their importance from that one centre of human life, driven before the tyrannous wind or held at the pleasure of the still more terrible calm :—

"'Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

* Quoted from Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria," chap. xiv.

"'All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

"'Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

"'Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.'"

The one man who is the chronicler of all, and to whose fate everything refers is never withdrawn from our attention for a moment. He is, as it were, the epitome of human kind, the emblem of the sinner and sufferer shut up within those rotting bulwarks, beneath those sails so thin and sear. The awful trance of silence in which his being is involved,—a silence of awe and pain, yet of a dumb, enduring, unconquerable force,—descends upon us, and takes possession of our spirits also: no loud bassoon, no festal procession can break the charm of that intense yet passive consciousness. We grow silent with him "with throat unslaked, with black lips baked," in a sympathy which is the very climax of poetic pain. And then what touches of tenderness are those that surprise us in this numbness and trance of awful solitude:—

"'O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware;
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.'"

Or this other, which comes after the horror of the reanimated bodies; the ghastly crew of the dead alive:—

"'For when it dawned, they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

"'Around, around flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

"'Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
[How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

"'And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.'"

When the tale has reached its height of mystery and emotion, a change ensues :—

"'It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

"'Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe;
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.'"

Gradually the greater spell is removed, the spirits depart, the strain softens,—with a weird yet gentle progress the ship comes "slowly and smoothly," without a breeze, back to the known and visible. As the voyage approaches its conclusion, ordinary instrumentalities appear once more :—

"'But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made;
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

"'It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek,
Like a meadow-gale of spring;
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

"'Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too;
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

"'Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

"'We drifted o'er the harbor-bar,
And I with sobs did pray,—
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.'"

There is first the rising of the soft, familiar wind, "like a meadow-gale of spring;" then the blessed vision of the light-house top, the hill, the kirk,—all those well-known realities which gradually relieve the absorbed excitement of the listener, and favor his slow return to ordinary daylight. And then comes the ineffable, half-childish, half-divine simplicity of those soft moralizings at the end, so strangely different from the tenor of the tale, so wonderfully perfecting its visionary strain. After all (the poet seems to say), after this weird excursion into the very deepest, awful heart of the seas and mysteries, here is your child's moral, a tender little, half-trivial sentiment, yet profound as the blue depths of heaven:—

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

This unexpected, gentle conclusion, brings our feet back to the common soil with a bewildered sweetness of relief and soft quiet after the prodigious strain of mental excitement, which is like nothing else we can remember in poetry. The effect is one rarely produced and which few poets have the strength and daring to accomplish, sinking from the highest notes of spiritual music to the absolute simplicity of exhausted nature. Thus we are set down on the soft grass, in a tender bewilderment, out of the clouds. The visionary voyage is over; we are back again on the mortal soil from which we started; but never more, never again can the visible and invisible bear to us the same

meaning. For once in our lives, if never before, we have passed the borders of the unseen.

The Literary History of England in the End of the Eighteenth and Beginning of the Nineteenth Century (1882).

CESNOLA'S DISCOVERIES IN CYPRUS.

(1865-1875.)

GENERAL LOUIS PALMA DI CESNOLA (b. 1832).

[General Cesnola (pr. *Ches-nō-la*), at the close of the American Civil War, in which he had served with distinction, was appointed Consul to Cyprus a few days before President Lincoln's tragic death. Cesnola arrived at his post on Christmas-day, 1865, and for the next ten years he devoted himself to the exploration of Cyprian tombs and ruined cities. He found that many centuries ago his search had been anticipated, and that the tombs and temples had been remorselessly pillaged; but he still obtained an immense number of objects highly valuable for the study of the Cyprian language and history. Persevering in his search, Cesnola at length struck into the undisturbed treasure-vaults of an ancient temple at Curium, and here he found a marvellous store of massive and exquisite goldsmith-work. His collection was purchased for the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, where it can be studied with the aid of official catalogues. Simultaneously with Cesnola, the English Consul, R. H. Lang, excavated for antiquities, and he was so fortunate as to discover a bilingual inscription in Phœnician and Cypriote, which unlocked the latter language and proved it to be an archaic form of Greek.]

The Curium Treasure.

After having measured each room, and searched in vain for some inscription upon the walls, I retraced my steps to the room in which a few weeks before I had discovered the gold ornaments. The layer of earth was searched by my foreman, carefully and delicately with the point of his knife. Afterwards he passed it twice through his fingers. This done, the man with the lantern took away this earth, again examining it, in case anything had been passed unobserved. The fellow-bracelet to that found a month before was soon discovered not far off, in company with two gold signet-rings having scarabs* in agate, with Egyptian representations engraved upon them; also four pairs of ear-rings and many gold beads, some of which were still strung alternately with rock-crystal beads upon a gold wire, and had as a pendant a little rock-crystal vase finely cut. I now remarked for the first time the total absence of human remains and sepulchral vases, and concluded that these vaults

* Scar'abs; that is, representations of the scarabæus or sacred beetle of the Egyptians.

must have belonged to the building above. Although no statuary or architectural fragments existed above these four rooms, with the exception of the granite columns already mentioned, yet I am convinced that the structure must have been a temple, to which these vaults must have served as treasure-chambers. We know from Strabo that the treasures at Delphi were kept under the temple, and that during the Holy War Onomar'chus* set men to search for them, but that, alarmed by an earthquake, they desisted and fled. In the rubbish removed from the surface of the mosaic were found several scarabs and cylinders in serpentine, with rough carvings upon them; a silver ring and three cylinders were also discovered beneath the mosaic pavement, in the direction of the two stone steps, near a piece of wood, which may have been from its shape part of a ladder.

The pavement in each room was inlaid with blue pebbles on a bed of sand and plaster, as is the practice to this day in Cyprus; but even with this precaution the vaults must have been always damp, and unfit to be permanent repositories for such valuable objects. I was satisfied, by the way in which the stone slab had been carelessly or hurriedly replaced before the entrance, that whatever was to be found in those vaults would be objects which had been left behind under some unexplained circumstances. While reflecting thus, I was agreeably interrupted by an exclamation from my foreman, who, rising from his reclining position, handed me two gold armlets, weighing over two pounds; but what to my eyes made them much more valuable was the inscription in the Cypriote character, beautifully engraved on the inner side of each. The Cypriote inscriptions hitherto found in the western part of the island are read from left to right. That on the gold armlets consists of thirteen letters or characters, divided by a perpendicular line into two groups, of which the first is Eteandros, the name of a king of Paphos, who probably offered these armlets to some divinity in that temple.

There can hardly be a doubt that this Eteandros, king of Paphos, is the same whose name occurs under the form of Ithuander, in the list of Cypriote kings who brought tribute to the Assyrian monarch Esarhaddon (B.C. 672).

Besides the massive gold armlets already described, there are

* The Third Sacred War in Greek history arose out of the cultivation of a certain waste and "accursed" tract by the Phocians. Onomar'chus became the Phocian leader B.C. 353.

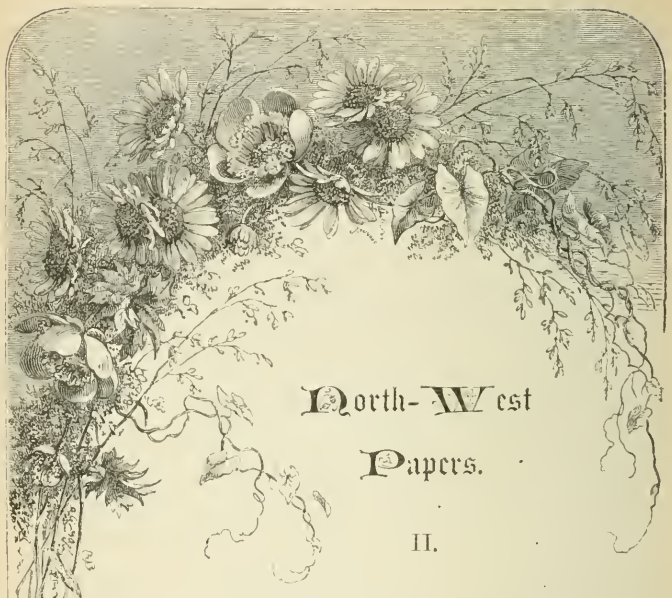
ten or twelve bracelets. Of these, some are in plain solid gold weighing from two hundred to three hundred grammes each; others have at each extremity a fine lion's head. Two of them consist of gold bands over an inch in width, and have rosettes, flowers, and other designs in high relief, on which are still visible in places remains of blue enamel. The most interesting bracelet, however, is one with a large gold medallion in the centre. Within this medallion is an onyx, which was originally set in a circle of silver; but the silver was so oxidized that it fell to dust when I tried to remove the earth from the bracelet. From this medallion hang four chains, at the extremities of which there is a gold amulet, on which is an ornament similar to that on the large sarcoph'ăgus found at Am'ăthus. The band of the bracelet is formed by a great number of large-ribbed gold beads, soldered together three by three. Similar bracelets are seen worn by kings on the bas-reliefs from Nineveh in the British Museum. Another large gold medallion was found having beautiful granulated work, and, like the other, also set with an onyx in the centre, not unlikely representing the pupil of a human eye.

CHIMES.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807–1882).

Sweet chimes! that in the loneliness of night
Salute the passing hour, and in the dark
And silent chambers of the household mark
The movements of the myriad orbs of light!
Through my closed eyelids, by the inner sight,
I see the constellations in the arc
Of their great circles moving on; and, hark!
I almost hear them singing in their flight.
Better than sleep it is to lie awake
O'ercanopied by the vast starry dome
Of the immeasurable sky; to feel
The slumbering world sink under us, and make
Hardly an eddy—a mere rush of foam
On the great sea beneath a sinking keel.

August 28, 1879. *In the Harbor* (1882).



North-West Papers.

II.

1. *A Man from Red River* (1859).

EARL OF SOUTHESK.

[Lord Southesk in 1859 reached Winnipeg by way of Pembina, and he thence travelled westward along the valleys of the Qu'Appelle and Saskatchewan Rivers to the Rocky Mountains, which he explored from Southesk's Cairn to Old Bow Fort. James Mackay, the leader of his party, was the subject of the following portrait.]

His appearance greatly interested me, both from his own personal advantages, and because he was the first Red River man that I had yet beheld. A Scotsman, though with Indian blood on the mother's side, he was born and bred in the Saskatchewan country, but afterwards became a resident near Fort Garry, and entered the Company's employ. Whether as guide or hunter, he was universally reckoned one of their best men. Immensely broad-chested and muscular, though not tall, he weighed eighteen stone [two hundred and fifty-two pounds.] Yet, in spite of his stoutness, he was exceedingly hardy and active, and a wonderful horseman. His face, somewhat

Assyrian in type, is very handsome: short, delicate, aquiline nose; piercing dark-gray eyes; long dark-brown hair, beard, and mustaches; white, small, regular teeth; skin tanned to red bronze from exposure to weather. He was dressed in Red River style:—a blue cloth "capōte" (hooded frock-coat) with brass buttons; red-and-black flannel shirt, which served also for waistcoat; black belt round the waist; buff leather moccasins on his feet; trowsers of brown and white striped, home-made woollen stuff.

I had never come across a wearer of moccasins before, and it amused me to watch this grand and massive man pacing the hotel corridors with noiseless footfall, while excitable little Yankees in shiny boots creaked and stamped about like so many busy steam-engines. *Saskatchewan and the Rocky Mountains* (1875).

2. *The Wolverine* (*Carcajou*).

LORD MILTON AND DR. CHEADLE.

[In 1862, Viscount Milton and Dr. Cheadle undertook to explore "a route across the continent to British Columbia, through British territory, by one of the northern passes of the Rocky Mountains." Piercing the mountains at the Yellow Head Pass, they reached New Westminster (September 18, 1863) by way of the Thompson and Fraser Rivers. The same route was (1872) followed by Mr. Sandford Fleming, C.E., in his preliminary railroad-survey, of which Principal Grant, the secretary of the expedition, has given us so delightful an account in his *Ocean to Ocean*.]

The fur-hunter's greatest enemy is the North American glutton, or, as he is commonly called, the wolverine or carcajou. This curious animal is rather larger than an English fox, with a long body, stoutly and compactly made, mounted on exceedingly short legs of great strength. His broad feet are armed with powerful claws, and his track in the snow is as large as the print of a man's fist. The shape of his head, and his hairy coat, give him very much the appearance of a shaggy brown dog.

During the winter months he obtains a livelihood by availing himself of the labors of the trapper; and such serious injury does he inflict that he has received from the Indians the name of Kekwaharkess or "The Evil One." With untiring perseverance he hunts day and night for the trail of man; and when it is found, he follows it unerringly. When he comes to a lake, where the track is generally drifted over, he continues his untiring gallop round its borders, to discover the point at which it again enters the woods, and again follows it until he arrives at one of the wooden traps. Avoiding the door, he speedily tears open

an entrance at the back, and seizes the bait with impunity; or if the trap contains an animal, he drags it out, and, with wanton malevolence, mauls it, and hides it at some distance in the underwood or at the top of some lofty pine. Occasionally, when hard pressed by hunger, he devours it. In this manner he demolishes the whole series of traps; and when once a wolverine has established himself on a trapping-walk, the hunter's only chance for success is to change ground, and build a fresh lot of traps, trusting to secure a few furs before the new path is found out by his industrious enemy.

Strange stories are related by the trappers of the extraordinary cunning of the animal, which they believe to possess a wisdom almost human. He is never caught by the ordinary "dead fall."* Occasionally one is poisoned or caught in a steel trap; but his strength is so great that many traps strong enough to hold securely a large wolf will not retain the wolverine. When caught in this way, he does not, like the fox and the mink, proceed to amputate the limb, but assisting to carry the trap with his mouth, makes all haste to reach a lake or a river, where he can hasten forward at speed unobstructed by trees and fallen wood. After travelling far enough to be tolerably safe from pursuit for a time, he devotes himself to the extrication of the imprisoned limb, in which he not unfrequently succeeds. The wolverine is also sometimes killed by a gun, placed bearing on a bait, to which is attached a string communicating with the trigger. La Ronde assured us most solemnly that on several occasions the carcajou had been far too cunning for him, first approaching the gun and gnawing in two the cord communicating with the trigger, and then securely devouring the bait.

In one instance, when every device to deceive his persecutor had been at once seen through and utterly futile, he adopted the plan of placing the gun in a tree, with the muzzle pointing vertically downwards upon the bait. This was suspended from a branch, at such a height that the animal could not reach it without jumping. The gun was fastened high up in the tree, completely screened from view by the branches. Now, the wolverine is an animal troubled with extreme curiosity. He investigates everything. An old moccasin thrown aside in the bushes or a knife lost in the snow is ferreted out and examined, and anything suspended almost out of reach generally offers an irresistible temptation. But in the case related by La Ronde

* See *Fourth Reader*, page 123.

the carcajou restrained his curiosity and hunger for the time, climbed the tree, cut the cords that bound the gun, which thus tumbled harmless to the ground, and then descending, secured the bait without danger. Poison and all kinds of traps having already failed, La Ronde was fairly beaten and driven off the ground.

The North-West Passage by Land (1865).

3. *A Dog Train.*

Lieutenant-Colonel W. F. Butler (b. 1838).

[In 1870–71, Colonel (then Captain) Butler had undertaken a special mission to Fort Garry in connection with Colonel Wolseley's expedition to the scene of the Riel insurrection, and he published a brilliant narrative of his adventures in "The Great Lone Land." The popularity of this book encouraged another venture in the same field. Once more at Fort Garry, in September 1872, Colonel Butler took a north-west route through the land of the Crees to Fort Chipewyan on Lake Athabasca; then following the Peace River, he pierced the Rocky Mountains by the Pine Pass, and followed the Fraser River to its mouth. In the "Wild North Land,"—the title of his second volume,—the author includes "the almost exhaustless waste which lies between the lonely prairies of the Saskatchewan and the icy ocean of the north."]

A dog-sled is simply two thin oak or birch wood boards lashed together with deer-skin thongs: turned up in front like a Norwegian snow-shoe, it runs, when light, over hard snow or ice with great ease; its length is about nine feet, its breadth sixteen inches. Along its outer edges runs a leather lashing, through which a long leather line is passed, to hold in its place whatever may be placed upon it. From the front, close to the turned portion, the traces for draught are attached. The dogs, usually four in number, stand in tandem fashion, one before the other, the best dog generally being placed in front as "foregoer," the next best in rear as "steer-dog." It is the business of the foregoer to keep the track, however faint it may be, on lake or river. The steer-dog guides the sled, and prevents it from striking or catching in tree or root. An ordinary load for four dogs weighs from two hundred to four hundred pounds; laden with two hundred pounds, dogs will travel on anything like a good track, or on hard snow, about thirty or thirty-five miles each day. In deep or soft snow the pace is of necessity slow, and twenty to twenty-five miles will form a fair day's work.

The Wild North Land (1874).

4. *Fort Chipewyan.*

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL W. F. BUTLER (b. 1838).

Athabasca, or more correctly Arabascow, "the meeting-place of many waters," is a large lake. At this fort of Chipewyan we stand near its western end. Two hundred miles away to the east, its lonely waters still lave against the granite rocks.

In early days Chipewyan was an important centre of the fur trade, and in later times it has been made the starting-point of many of the exploratory parties to the northern coast. From Old Fort Chipewyan, Mackenzie set forth to explore the great northern river; and to the same place he returned, when, first of all men north of the 40th parallel, he had crossed in the summers of 1792–93 the continent to the Pacific Ocean.

It was from New Fort Chipewyan that Simpson set out to trace the coast-line of the Arctic Ocean; and, earlier than either, it was from Fond du Lac, at the eastern end of Fort Athabasca that Samuel Hearne wandered forth to reach the Arctic Sea.*

It is emphatically a lonely spot. In summer the cry of the wild bird keeps time to the lapping of the wave on the rocky shore, or the pine island's rustle in the western breeze; nothing else moves over these eight thousand square miles of crystal water. Now and again, at long intervals, the beautiful canoe of a Chipewyan glides along the bay-indented shores, or crosses some traverse in the open lake.

When Samuel Hearne first looked upon the Arabascow, buffalo were very numerous along its southern shore—to-day they are scarce; all else rests as then in untamed desolation. At times this west end of the lake has been the scene of strange excitements. Men came from afar and pitched their tents a while on these granite shores, ere they struck deeper into the heart of the great north. Mackenzie, Franklin, Back, Richardson, Simpson, Rae, rested here; ere piercing further into unknown wilds, they flew the red-cross flag o'er seas and isles upon whose shores no human foot had pressed a sand-print.

The Wild North Land (1874).

* Extracts from the early narratives of Hearne, Mackenzie, and Franklin are given at pp. 123-125.

5. *The Winter Mail* (1869).

J. J. Hargrave.

The starting of the Northern Packet from Red River is one of the great annual events in the colony. It occurs generally about the 10th December, when, the ice having been thoroughly formed and the snow fallen, winter travelling is easy and uninterrupted. The packet arrangements are such that every post in the northern department is communicated with through its agency. The means of transit are sledges and snow-shoes. The sledges are drawn by magnificent dogs, of which there are three or four to each vehicle, whose neatly-fitting harness, though gaudy in appearance, is simple in design and perfectly adapted to its purposes; while the little bells attached thereto, bright-looking and clearly-ringing, cheer the flagging spirits of men and animals through the long run of the winter's day.

The winter packet generally runs from Fort Garry over the whole length of Lake Winnipeg to Norway House at its northern extremity in eight days. The distance thus travelled is about three hundred and fifty miles. At Norway House the entire packet is overhauled and repacked, so as to separate matter going north and west from that going eastward towards the coast of Hudson Bay. The Red River runners return from Norway House, bringing with them to the settlement the packet from York Factory on the Bay, which is run to connect with the one they have brought from the settlement.

A new set of packet-bearers travel from Norway House to Carlton, near the eastern extremity of the great Saskatchewan valley. Their route runs across Lake Winnipeg and up the River Saskatchewan, on which Carlton is situated. The distance is about six hundred and fifty miles, and is performed in twenty-two days. At Carlton the process of unpacking and redistribution is again performed, matter directed to the north being separated from that directed to the west, including the posts in the districts of Swan River and Saskatchewan. Carlton, although not the chief post in the Saskatchewan district, is the grand centre of the winter packet arrangements. The runners who come from Edmonton down the River Saskatchewan, and those whose journey from Norway House I have just traced, await there the arrival of the outward-bound express from the northern districts, strictly so called, being those of Mackenzie

River and Athabasca. When the runners coming from these three different directions have met and exchanged their burdens, the last grand link in the operation is completed.

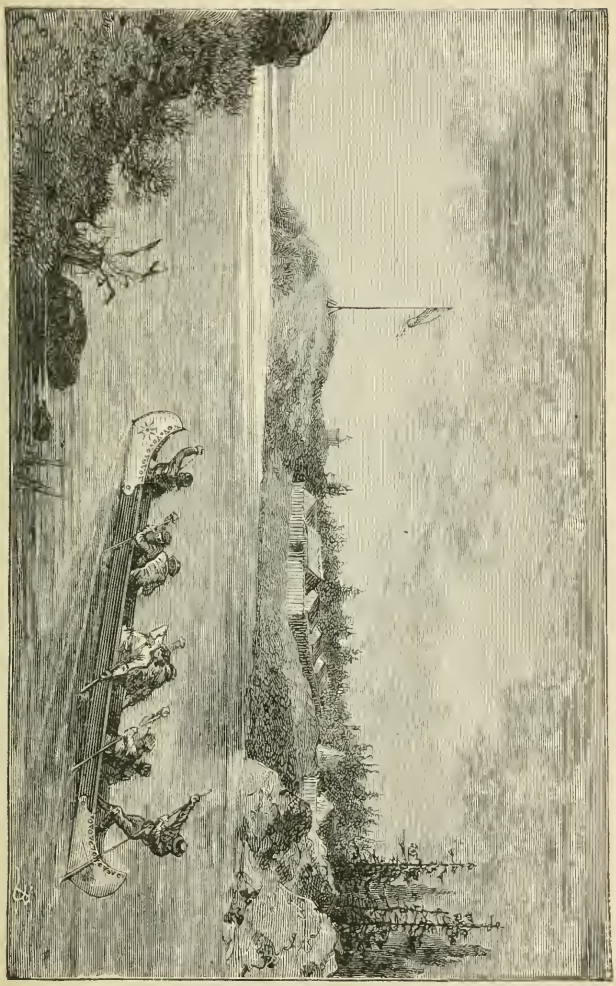
The excitement caused at a remote post by the arrival of the packet with all its news from home is very great.

The runners, whose duty it is to carry these packets, are, of course, not unimportant men either in their own eyes or in those of other people. When they can manage to be at one of the Company's posts on Christmas or New-Year's day, they are handsomely welcomed, and, under all circumstances, their recognized character as news-bearers secures for them a certain amount of flattering consideration. They certainly pass through a strange scene in their journeys. To their accustomed eyes, however, all is monotonous enough in the appearance of the withered woods through which the wind howls and shrieks shrilly in the night, or in the endless expanse of snow the glare of whose unsullied whiteness blinds the vision of the lake traveller. The solitude of the regions they traverse is described by travellers as very striking; and indeed, save when the occasional dog-sledge with its peals of little bells in winter, or the swiftly passing boat brigade, resonant with the songs of the summer *voyageurs*, intrudes, with its momentary variation, on the shriek of the all-penetrating wind, the ripple of the stream, the roar of the thunder-toned waterfall, or the howl of the wild beast of the woods, the vast expanse is abandoned to the undisturbed possession of the Indian hunter and his prey. *Red River* (1874).

6. *The Last Days of "The Company."*

ALEXANDER BEGG.

We will take a cursory view of the Red River country as it was during the last days of the Hudson Bay Company's sway. In the vicinity of Fort Garry, the town of Winnipeg had grown to some dimensions, containing as it did then over thirty buildings. Of these, eight were stores, two saloons, two hotels, one a mill, and another a church, and the rest were chiefly residences. The town could boast of an engine-house, post-office, and a small theatre; and at times, especially when the fur-traders arrived from the plains, the vicinity of Winnipeg presented a very lively appearance indeed. Along the banks of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers settlements had spread, and everywhere



NORWAY HOUSE

could be seen signs of comfort and prosperity. The cultivated portions of the farms along the rivers were small, but immediately back of them could be seen great herds of domestic cattle feeding on the plains unherded and left to roam at will, feeding freely on the rich grass of the prairie.

Just before the harvest it was customary for the settlers to go "hay-cutting," which they did by travelling over the prairie until they came to some desirable spot. They would then cut in a circle, and all the grass thus enclosed belonged to the party hay-making. No one, by the acknowledged law of the land, could disturb him within that charmed circle. Then a busy scene commenced: the mowers (for the settlers had learned already to make use of agricultural machinery) were kept busy, and men, women, and children might be seen actively engaged in the work of stacking the hay. During hay-time the people lived in tents on the hay-ground, and only returned to their houses when the work was finished.

Almost immediately after haying, harvesting commenced; and any one, to have looked at the splendid fields of wheat, barley, and oats, which lined the roads along the settlement, would surely have been impressed with the idea that it was a land of plenty. At that time there was no settler away from the river. The line of settlement skirted the Red and Assiniboine with the tidy farm-houses, comfortable barns, well-fenced fields of waving golden grain, like a beautiful fringe to the immense plains of fertile soil, covered with verdant pasture, lying away to the west as far as the Rocky Mountains, and only awaiting the coming of the husbandman to turn it into a very paradise of beauty and a source of almost unlimited wealth. Such was the state of the settlement in 1868, previous to the entry of the North-West into confederation.

7. *The Song of Hiawatha.*

H. W. Longfellow (1807–1882).

Should you ask me, whence these stories?
Whence these legends and traditions,
With the odors of the forest,
With the dew and damp of meadows,
With the curling smoke of wigwams,
With the rushing of great rivers,
With their frequent repetitions,
And their wild reverberations,

As of thunder in the mountains?
I should answer, I should tell you,
"From the forests and the prairies,
From the great lakes of the Northland,
From the land of the Ojibways,
From the land of the Dacotahs,
From the mountains, moors, and fen-lands,
Where the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Feeds among the reeds and rushes.
I repeat them as I heard them
From the lips of Nawadaha,
The musician, the sweet singer."
Should you ask where Nawadaha
Found these songs, so wild and wayward,
Found these legends and traditions,
I should answer, I should tell you,
"In the birds'-nests of the forest,
In the lodges of the beaver,
In the hoof-prints of the bison,
In the eyry of the eagle!
All the wild-fowl sang them to him,
In the moorlands and the fen-lands,
In the melancholy marshes;
Chetowaik, the plover, sang them,
Mahng, the loon, the wild goose, Wawa,
The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
And the grouse, the Mushkodasa!"
If still further you should ask me,
Saying, "Who was Nawadaha?
Tell us of this Nawadaha,"
I should answer your inquiries
Straightway in such words as follow:
"In the Vale of Tawasentha,
In the green and silent valley,
By the pleasant water-courses,
Dwelt the singer Nawadaha.
Round about the Indian village
Spread the meadows and the corn-fields;
And beyond them stood the forest,
Stood the groves of singing pine-trees,
Green in Summer, white in Winter,
Ever sighing, ever singing.
"And the pleasant water-courses,
You could trace them through the valley,
By the rushing in the Spring-time,
By the alders in the Summer,
By the white fog in the Autumn,
By the black line in the Winter;

And beside them dwelt the singer,
In the Vale of Tawasentha,
In the green and silent valley.
"There he sang of Hiawatha,
Sang the Song of Hiawatha,
Sang his wondrous birth and being,
How he prayed and how he fasted,
How he lived, and toiled, and suffered,
That the tribes of men might prosper,
That he might advance his people!"

Hiawatha (1855).

8. *In the Winnipeg Market.*

W. Fraser Rae (Correspondence of London *Times*).

The vegetables for sale in the market reminded me of stories which I had read at home in the months of autumn. No imaginative writer in a country newspaper ever penned a paragraph about gigantic vegetables that could not be justified by the potatoes, cabbages, and turnips which I saw for sale here, and others which I have seen selected for exhibition. It is a common thing for potatoes to weigh two pounds each and turnips twenty pounds, and for them to be as good as they are heavy. A squash has been produced weighing one hundred and thirty-eight pounds, and a vegetable marrow twenty-six. Cabbages measuring four feet eight inches and five feet one inch in circumference have excited the astonishment of other visitors as well as my own; while a cucumber, grown in the open air and measuring six feet three inches in length, was rightly considered a curiosity. The display of fruit was not equal to that of vegetables, the culture of fruit having been neglected owing to the supply of wild fruit being so varied and abundant. Experiments made in growing apples having proved successful, the gardens here will soon be filled with fruit-bearing trees. Yet it is not wonderful that the early settlers should have been satisfied with what nature had provided for them, seeing that they had nothing to do but to gather and consume an abundance of wild plums, grapes, strawberries, currants, red and black raspberries, cherries, blueberries, whortleberries, marsh and high bush cranberries. If the settlers have not busied themselves about the culture of fruit, they have not neglected the culture of flowers. The little gardens which adorn the fronts of the houses are filled with roses, mignonette, and other flowers dear to English eyes. Never have I seen flowers with more brilliant tints than those

of Manitoba, and the brightness of their colors is in keeping with the strength and sweetness of their perfume.

Newfoundland to Manitoba (1881).

9. *The Bells of Lake Manitoba.*

Correspondence of Toronto *Mail*, August 1, 1882.

Manitoba Island, from which the lake and the province derive their name, is a small island, and was formerly highly revered by the aborigines. The abode of the Great Spirit—the sanctum sanctorum of the red man's god—they looked upon it with awe and reverence; and on no condition would the Otchipways approach or desecrate with their presence the home of the Manitoba—the speaking god. The cause of this curious sound is the beating of the waves on the "shingle," or large flat pebbles which line the western and northern shores. Along the latter coast is a long low cliff of fine-grained compact limestone, which under the stroke of the axe or the hammer gives forth a sound like the clinking of steel. The waves beating on the shore at the foot of this cliff or ledge cause the fallen fragments to rub against one another, producing a sound resembling the ringing of far-away church-bells. When the gales blow from the north the phenomenon occurs; and then with the subsidence of the winds, the murmuring of the waters, rippling over the shingly beach, gives out low, weird, wailing sounds, like whispering voices filling the air. The effect is very impressive, and many a traveller has listened at night to what seemed to be "the tolling of the minster bell." These musical sounds gave rise to the legend of "The Bells of Lake Manitoba."

10. *A First Glimpse of the Rocky Mountains.*

W. H. Williams (Correspondence of Toronto *Globe*, 1881).

The scene was one of incomparable loveliness and such as defies all description. In the foreground lay the charming valley, its beautiful slopes full of pretty curves and bays and fantastically cut mounds and promontories, showing the brilliant contrast of green and gold in growing and ripening grasses. Along its tortuous channel through the valley, and resplendent in the last glorious beams of the declining sun, Bow River wound like a path of golden light between deep half over-shadowing borders of loveliest green. On the yellow flat beyond its farther shore

was an encampment of two thousand Blackfeet, the smoke-browned cones of their teepees,* and the thin dark-blue smoke curling up from their scanty camp-fires, making of themselves a charming picture; while the smaller encampment of Sarcees farther up the valley looked as if the nearer picture had been reproduced in deep shadow. In the middle distance beyond the valley rose the great broad plain sloping upward to the horizon, and shading from pale dun and yellow into gold and orange and copper color. In the back-ground against the horizon lay a belt of dark blue that at first sight looked like a low cloud-bank. As I was watching the sunset hues tinging its upper edges, Lord Lorne directed my attention to a particular portion of it, where I could see jagged peaks of deep steely blue sharply outlined against the softer but dark-hued cloud-banks. It was my first view of the Rocky Mountains.

We were at last in sight of that wondrous barrier, the western limit of the great pampas through which we have been travelling since the 8th of August. As the sun sank lower we could discern the sharp-edged, jagged line rising out of the prairie all along the horizon; and here and there a faint rosy gleam told where the sunlight was resting upon some far-off snow-capped peak towering above its giant companions. The narrow blue cloud-zone was bordered along its upper edge with a low-lying belt of billowy clouds edged with glittering copper-bronze. Above this was a space of soft roseate sky half curtained with thin golden-edged clouds of softest blue; and over these, again, were long feathery streaks of vapor, white and gleaming like frosted silver. *Manitoba and the North-West* (1882).

11. *At the Head of Lake Superior.*

Rev. Principal Grant, D.D. (b. 1835).

Vast as Lake Superior is, covering with water an area of some thirty-two thousand square miles, it drains a comparatively small extent of territory, and is fed by no great river. The Nepigon is the largest of its streams; the Kaministiquia next in importance; and both of these are navigable by large vessels for only a few miles. The Kaministiquia enters Thunder Bay a short distance south of Prince Arthur's Landing, by three mouths. Its principal attraction to tourists consists in the beautiful falls,

* Wigwams.

KAKABEKA FALLS.

which, by a strange perversion of the true title, have come to bear the name of the Kakabeka Falls.

We have said that "Kakabeka" is a perversion; the true name, as inquiry from our intelligent guides taught us, is "Kakapikank," the *a*'s having the sound of *aw*, as in Chippewa. The name signifies "high fall;" it is evidently the same word as Coboconk. Jean Pierre assures us that there is no such word as "Kakabeka" in the Indian tongue—"White man can't say it right;" that is the origin of the mistake. The fall itself is as beautiful as anything on the continent. The river meets a vast

barrier of slate, over which it tumbles into a chasm cut out of the rock by the unceasing flow of ages. At the top of the cliff, the water, illumined by the sun, comes to the edge in a band of purple and gold. Thence it descends a height of more than a hundred feet, a mass of creamy, fleecy foam, not to be described by pen or brush,—

"Along the cliff to fall, and pause and fall, did seem."*

One may sit by the hour spell-bound and study the motion and color of this wondrous creation. The foam is softer in appearance than the finest wool, more translucent than alabaster, and behind it the more solid mass of falling water is seen, by gleams and flashes, in color and transparency like the purest amber. The spray from the foot of the fall does not rise, as at Niagara, in a slumberous cloud. It shoots into the air at a sharp angle with immense velocity and repeated shocks as of thunder, giving the impression of a series of tremendous explosions. This peculiarity is due to the fact that the water falls upon a hard stratum of rock, from which it is dashed upwards in smoke as from a floor of marble. As our lingering gaze rests upon the fall at some distance, the soft white thing looks a different order of being from the surly rocks to which it is chained. Doomed to dwell in a rocky prison, which it decks in verdant beauty with myriad cool fingers, it is sister to the rainbow, which ever and anon comes out of the unseen world to visit it.

Camping, fishing, sketching, and amethyst-hunting, we proceed at our leisure down the stream. At one camping-ground we find the frame of an Indian vapor-bath. A blanket thrown over the frame so as to exclude the air, a vessel of water, some stones heated in the fire, and a piece of brush to sprinkle the water on the hot stones, are the adjuncts necessary to complete this primitive sanitary apparatus. From this point a portage of four or five miles brought us to a charming scene. Emerging suddenly from the woods, a prospect, quite different in character from anything which the rugged country affords elsewhere, broke upon us at a moment's notice. We stood on the edge of a bluff some eighty feet high. At our feet the wayward river took the shape of a perfect letter S. In one circle it embraced a lovely park-like promontory, beautifully wooded

* Quoted from Tennyson's *Lotus-Eaters*:—

"And like a downward smoke, the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall, and pause and fall, did seem."

with drooping elms; in the other circle lay Pointe de Meuron, some farm-buildings, and a field of ripening wheat on its well-sunned slope. This bright, home-like spot was framed by the bristling forest and the purple hills, Mackay on the flank over-topping all. *Picturesque Canada* (1882).

12. *The True North-West Passage.*

CHARLES MARSHALL.

The proposed Dominion Pacific Railroad is on the most direct line possible to China. No map gives a just idea of the shortest lines over the Earth's surface. The convexity of the Earth cannot be shown on the flat surface of the map. But take a globe, place one end of a string on Canton, draw it by the "air-line" straight to Liverpool, with only those deflections which the configuration of the continent renders absolutely necessary. The cord will pass through British territory solely. Crossing the Pacific, the line will enter Vancouver Island, follow the Saskatchewan, traverse the Red River country, touching at Fort Garry, pass north of Lake Superior, cut the St. Lawrence, and reach the Atlantic at Cape Breton. Standing before a globe, it is at once intelligible that the proposed Dominion line should be, as estimated, over twelve hundred miles shorter than the existing United States line by San Francisco and New York. Commerce as certainly finds the nearest and readiest route of communication as waters do the lowest level. The true North-West Passage has been found. The commerce of Asia in the ancient world built up a long line of cities whose fame survives their decay—Nineveh, Babylon, Palmyra, Bagdad, Alexandria. This great commerce now beginning to flow eastwards round the world, may help to raise a new line of cities, from Victoria to St. John, fair with a newer and purer civilization, to rival the glories of the past.

The Canadian Dominion (1871).

A STUDY OF SHAKSPEARE'S "RICHARD II."

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (1772-1834).

From the length of the speeches, and the circumstance that, with one exception, the events are all historical and presented

in their results, not produced by acts seen by or taking place before the audience, this tragedy is ill-suited to our present large theatres. But in itself and for the closet, I feel no hesitation in placing it as the first and most admirable of all Shakspeare's purely historical plays. For the two parts of Henry IV. form a species of themselves, which may be named the mixed drama. The distinction does not depend on the mere quantity of historical events in the play compared with the fictions, for there is as much history in Macbeth as in Richard; but in the relation of the history to the plot. In the purely historical plays, the history forms the plot; in the mixed, it directs it; in the rest, as Macbeth, Hamlet, Cymbeline, Lear, it subserves it.

ACT II., SCENE 2.—*London. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN, BUSHY, *and* BAGOT.

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is too much sad;
You promised, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.
Queen. To please the king, I did; to please myself,
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard.

The amiable part of Richard's character is brought full upon us by his queen's few words:—

"So sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard."

And Shakspeare has carefully shown in him an intense love of his country, well knowing how that feeling would, in a pure historic drama, redeem him in the hearts of the audience. Yet even in this love there is something feminine and personal:—

"Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles, in meeting;
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favor with my royal hands." Act iii. sc. 2, 6–11.

With this is combined a constant overflow of emotions from a total incapability of controlling them, and thence a waste of

that energy, which should have been reserved for actions, in the passion and effort of mere resolves and menaces. The consequence is moral exhaustion and rapid alternations of unmanly despair and ungrounded hope, every feeling being abandoned for its direct opposite upon the pressure of external accident. And yet when Richard's inward weakness appears to seek refuge in his despair and his exhaustion counterfeits repose, the old habit of kingliness, the effect of flatterers from his infancy, is ever and anon producing in him a sort of wordy courage which only serves to betray more clearly his internal impotence. The second and third scenes of the third act combine and illustrate all this:—

ACT III., SCENE 2.—*The coast of* Wales. *A Castle in view.*

Flourish: drums and trumpets. Enter KING RICHARD, BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE. *and* Soldiers.

K. Rich. Barkloughly Castle call you this at hand?
Aum. Yea, my lord.—How brooks your grace the air,
After late tossing on the breaking seas?
K. Rich. Needs must I like it well: I weep for joy
To stand upon my kingdom once again.
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles, in meeting;
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favor with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense:
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way,

NOTES.—1. Berkeley Castle in Gloucestershire, near the estuary of the Severn, is no doubt intended. Berkeley is simply "birch-meadow;" for "birch" assumed the forms "birk," "berk," and "bark." Shakspeare's form is evidently a mere phonetic variation of Holinshed's *Barc'lowlie*. The distinction between *e* and *a* was often neglected. Berkshire was once spelled, as it is often still pronounced, *Barkshire:* cf. Derby (Darby), clerk (clark), etc. Observe the artistic purpose in bringing into view Berkeley Castle, the scene of Edward the Second's tragic death. In this suggestive and dreadful presence Richard learns his downfall; and, with a boding that was too well founded, there rush into his memory "sad stories of the death of kings." 2. *Brooks*, endures. 9. With the comma after "smiles" (Knight and Staunton), the meaning is, "in meeting with her child plays fondly with (that is, wavers weakly between) tears and smiles;" if the comma is placed after "tears," "smiles" evidently becomes a verb. 15. "Their" refers forward to "feet," rather than backward to "foe."

Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder,
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.—
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords:
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armëd soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellious arms.....

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great in substance and in friends.

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders and in outrage, boldly here;
But when from under this terrestrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being plucked from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—
Who all this while hath revelled in the night,
Whilst we were wand'ring with the antipodes,—
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,
His treason will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord:
For every man that Bolingbroke hath pressed
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
Heaven for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for Heaven still guards the right.....

NOTES.—25. *Native.* Richard the Second was a native of Bordeaux; but it may here mean "by lineal descent." 34. Henry, surnamed Bolingbroke (from his birthplace, in Lincolnshire), Duke of Hereford, afterwards Henry the Fourth. 49. *Antipodes.* Here pronounced as a trisyllable. In words of Greek origin Shakspeare frequently "barbarizes:" Hecate (two syllables) for Hecatë; Hyperion for Hyperion (in which he is followed by Keats), etc.

Aum. Where is the duke my father with his power?
K. Rich. No matter where. Of comfort no man speak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills:
And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath
Save our deposëd bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death,
And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For Heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:—
How some have been deposed, some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed;
Some poisoned by their wives; some sleeping killed;
All murdered: for within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court, and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be feared, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
As if this flesh which walls about our lives
Were brass impregnable; and, humored thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle walls, and—farewell king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
Need friends:—subjected thus,
How can you say to me—I am a king?.....
Aum. My father hath a power; inquire of him,
And learn to make a body of a limb.
K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well:—proud Bolingbroke, I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This ague-fit of fear is overblown;
An easy task it is to win our own.....
Scroop. Your uncle York hath joined with Bolingbroke...

NOTES.—143. *Duke*, the Duke of York. 162. *Antic sits*—a supposed reference to an old woodcut representing a king crowned and seated on his throne, and Death ensconced within the crown. 166. *Self and vain conceit*, self-conceit and vain conceit; so in *Macbeth*, v. 8, "By self and violent hands took off her life." 168. *Humored*. This takes up and carries forward the description in 163, "Scoffing his state," etc.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.—
Beshrew thee, cousin, which leadest me forth
Of that sweet way I was in to despair!
What say you now? What comfort have we now?
By Heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly
That bids me be of comfort any more.

ACT III., SCENE 4.—*Langley. The Duke of York's Garden.*

Enter the QUEEN *and two* Ladies.

Queen. But stay, here come the gardeners:
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.....

Enter a Gardener *and two* Servants.

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.—
Go thou, and, like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too fast-growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All must be even in our government.
You thus employed, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.
1 *Serv.* Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law and form and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate,
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers choked up,
Her fruit-trees all unpruned, her hedges ruined,
Her knots disordered, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?
Gard. Hold thy peace:—
He that hath suffered this disordered spring
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:
The weeds that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
That seemed in eating him to hold him up,
Are plucked up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;
I mean the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.
1 *Serv.* What, are they dead?
Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke

NOTES.—204. *Beshrew*, from *shrewen*, to curse—addressed to the Duke of Aumerle; *which*, originally of all genders, and still so in questions. 29. *Apricocks.* This early form came to us from the Portuguese *albricoque;* the later form *apricot* from the French *abricot.*

Hath seized the wasteful king. Oh, what pity is it,
That he had not so trimmed and dressed his land
As we this garden! We at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees,
Lest, being over-proud with sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself:
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have lived to bear, and he to taste,
Their fruits of duty. Superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste and idle hours hath quite thrown down.

1 *Serv.* What, think you then the king shall be deposed?

Gard. Depressed he is already, and deposed
'Tis doubt he will be: letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good Duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.

See here the skill and judgment of our poet in giving reality and individual life, by the introduction of accidents in his historic plays, and thereby making them dramas and not histories. How beautiful an islet of repose—a melancholy repose, indeed—is this scene with the gardener and his servant! and how truly affecting and realizing is the incident of the very horse Barbary in the scene with the groom in the last act! (*Scene 5.*)

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,
With much ado at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes royal master's face.
Oh, how it yearned my heart, when I beheld
In London streets, that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary,—
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,
That horse that I so carefully have dressed!

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary?

I would once more remark upon the exalted idea of the only true loyalty developed in this noble and impressive play. We have neither the rants of Beaumont and Fletcher nor the sneers of Massinger. The vast importance of the personal character of the sovereign is distinctly enounced, whilst, at the same time, the genuine sanctity which surrounds him is attributed to, and grounded on, the position in which he stands as the convergence and exponent of the life and power of the state.

Lectures on Shakspeare.

IN THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE.

THOMAS MOORE (1779–1852).

[These lines were written late one evening in September 1804, after passing Deadman's Isle (Magdalen Islands). Moir (Delta) regards this poem and the Canadian boat-song as among the best of Moore's earlier poems, and as unsurpassed by any of his later efforts.]

See you, beneath yon cloud so dark,
Fast gliding along a gloomy bark?
Her sails are full, though the wind is still,
And there blows not a breath her sails to fill!

Say what doth that vessel of darkness bear?
The silent calm of the grave is there,
Save now and again a death-knell rung,
And the flap of the sails with night-fog hung.

There lieth a wreck on the dismal shorē
Of cold and pitiless Labrador;
Where, under the moon, upon mounts of frost,
Full many a mariner's bones are tost.

Yon shadowy bark hath been to that wreck,
And the dim blue fire, that lights her deck,
Doth play on as pale and livid a crew
As ever yet drank the churchyard dew.

To Deadman's Isle, in the eye of the blast,
To Deadman's Isle, she speeds her fast;
By skeleton shapes her sails are furled,
And the hand that steers is not of this world!

Oh! hurry thee on—oh! hurry thee on,
Thou terrible bark, ere the night be gone,
Nor let morning look on so foul a sight
As would blanch for ever her rosy light.

THE BRITISH CONSTITUTIONAL SYSTEM.

HON. THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE (1825-1868).

I take the British constitutional system as the great original system upon which are founded the institutions of all free States. I take it as one of a family born of Christian civilization. I take it as combining in itself permanence and liberty; liberty in its best form—not in theory alone, but in practice; liberty which is enjoyed in fact by all the people of Canada, of every origin and of every creed.

Can any one pretend to say that a chapter of accidents which we can trace for eight hundred years, and which some antiquaries may even trace for a much longer period, will account for the permanence of these institutions? If you say that they have not in themselves the elements of permanence which preserve the foundations of a free State from one generation to another, how do you account for their continued and prosperous existence? How do you account for it, that of all the ancient constitutions of Europe this alone remains; and remains not only with all its ancient outlines, but with great modern improvements—improvements, however, made in harmony with the design of its first architects? Here is a form of government that has lasted, with modifications to suit the spirit of successive ages, for a period of eight hundred years. How is it that I account for the permanence of its institutions? By asserting that, in their outline plan, they combine all the good of material importance that has ever been discovered.

The wisdom of the middle ages, and the political writers of the present time, have all laid down one maxim of government,—That no unmixed form of government can satisfy the wants of a free and intelligent people: that an unmixed

democracy, for instance, must result in anarchy or military despotism; but that the form of government which combines in itself an inviolable monarchy, popular representation, and the incitements of an aristocracy — a working aristocracy — an aristocracy that takes its share of toil and danger in the day of battle, of care and anxiety in the time of peace—an aristocracy of talent open to any of the people who make themselves worthy to enter it—that three-fold combination in the system of government is the highest conception of political science.

Let us see if the British form, apart from any details of its practice, combines in itself these three qualities. The leading principle of the British system is, that the head of the State is inviolable. It is necessary to the stability of any State that there should be an inviolable authority or tribunal; and under the British system this is recognized in the maxim that "the King can do no wrong." Having placed the principle of inviolability in the Crown, and the principle of privilege in the Peerage, the founders of the State took care at the same time that the peerage should not stagnate into a small and exclusive caste. They left the House of Lords open to any of the people who might distinguish themselves in war or in peace, although they might be the children of paupers (and some have been ennobled who were unable to tell who their parents were), to enter in and take their place on an equality with the proudest there, who trace back their descent for centuries.

It was for the people of Canada, with the precedent of England and the example of the American republic before them, to decide which should be the prevailing character of their government,—British constitutional, or republican constitutional. For my part, I prefer the British constitutional government, because it is the best; and I reject the republican constitutional government, because it is not the best. We are now witnessing a great epoch in the world's history; and the events daily transpiring around us should teach us not to rely too much upon our present position of secure independence, but rather to apprehend and be prepared for attempts against our liberties, and against that system of government which, I am convinced, is heartily cherished by the inhabitants of this province.

COWPER CONTRASTED WITH THOMSON AND WITH POPE.

GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L., LL.D. (b. 1823).

The writer of *The Task* deserves the crown which he has himself claimed as a close observer and truthful painter of nature. In this respect, he challenges comparison with Thomson. The range of Thomson is far wider; he paints Nature in all her moods, Cowper only in a few, and those the gentlest, though he has said of himself that "he was always an admirer of thunder-storms, even before he knew whose voice he heard in them, but especially of thunder rolling over the great waters." The great waters he had not seen for many years; he had never, so far as we know, seen mountains, hardly even high hills; his only landscape was the flat country watered by the Ouse. On the other hand, he is perfectly genuine, thoroughly English, entirely emancipated from false Arcadianism, the yoke of which still sits heavily upon Thomson, whose "muse," moreover, is perpetually "wafting" him away from the country and the climate which he knows to countries and climates which he does not know, and which he describes in the style of a prize poem. Cowper's landscapes, too, are peopled with the peasantry of England; Thomson's, with Damons, Palæmons, and Musidoras, tricked out in the sentimental costume of the sham idyll.* In Thomson, you always find the effort of the artist working up a description; in Cowper, you find no effort,—the scene is simply mirrored on a mind of great sensibility and high pictorial power.

"And witness, dear companion of my walks,
Whose arm this twentieth winter I perceive
Fast locked in mine, with pleasure such as love,
Confirmed by long experience of thy worth
And well-tried virtues, could alone inspire—
Witness a joy that thou hast doubled long.
Thou know'st my praise of Nature most sincere,
And that my raptures are not conjured up
To serve occasions of poetic pomp,
But genuine, and art partner of them all.
How oft upon yon eminence† our pace
Has slackened to a pause, and we have borne
The ruffling wind, scarce conscious that it blew,

* For the definition of idyll see page 467.

† *Eminence*, the hill known as "The Cliff," overlooking the Ouse. The whole passage describes a walk across the fields from Olney to Weston.

While Admiration, feeding at the eye,
And still unsated, dwelt upon the scene!
Thence with what pleasure have we just discerned
The distant plough slow moving, and beside
His laboring team that swerved not from the track,
The sturdy swain diminished to a boy!
Here Ouse, slow winding through a level plain
Of spacious meads, with cattle sprinkled o'er,
Conducts the eye along his sinuous course
Delighted. There, fast rooted in their bank,
Stand, never overlooked, our favorite elms,
That screen the herdsman's solitary hut;
While far beyond, and overthwart the stream,
That, as with molten glass, inlays the vale,
The sloping land recedes into the clouds;
Displaying on its varied side the grace
Of hedge-row beauties numberless, square tower,*
Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells
Just undulates upon the listening ear,
Groves, heaths, and smoking villages, remote.
Scenes must be beautiful, which, daily viewed,
Please daily, and whose novelty survives
Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years—
Praise justly due to those that I describe."

[*The Sofa*, 144–180.]

This is evidently genuine and spontaneous. We stand with Cowper and Mrs. Unwin on the hill in the ruffling wind, like them, scarcely conscious that it blows, and feed Admiration at the eye upon the rich and thoroughly English champaign† that is outspread below.

"Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid nature. Mighty winds,
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of Ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind;
Unnumbered branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves fast fluttering, all at once.
Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of neighboring fountain, or of *rills that slip*
Through the cleft rock, and chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length

* *Square tower*, the church tower of Clifton Reynes, a mile east of Olney: the "*tall spire*" following is that of Olney church. † Open plain.

In matted grass that with a livelier green
Betrays the secret of their silent course.
Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,
But animated nature sweeter still,
To soothe and satisfy the human ear.
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The livelong night: nor these alone, whose notes
Nice-fingered Art must emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
In still-repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and e'en the boding owl
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,
And only there, please highly for their sake."

[*The Sofa*, 181–209.]

Affection such as the last lines display for the inharmonious as well as the harmonious, for the uncomely as well as the comely parts of nature, has been made familiar by Wordsworth, but it was new in the time of Cowper. Let us compare a landscape painted by Pope in his *Windsor Forest* with the lines just quoted, and we shall see the difference between the art of Cowper and that of the Augustan age:—

"Here waving groves a checkered scene display,
And part admit and part exclude the day,
As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
Not quite indulges, nor can quite repress.
There interspersed in lawns and opening glades
The trees arise that share each other's shades;
Here in full light the russet plains extend,
There wrapt in clouds the bluish hills ascend.
E'en the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
That, crowned with tufted trees and springing corn,
Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn."

[*Windsor Forest*, 17–28.]

The low Berkshire hills wrapt in clouds on a sunny day; a sable desert in the neighborhood of Windsor; fruitful fields arising in it, and crowned with tufted trees and springing corn —evidently Pope saw all this, not on an eminence, in the ruffling wind, but in his study with his back to the window, and the Georgics* or a translation of them before him.

Here, again, is a little picture of rural life from the *Winter Morning Walk*.

* Virgil's poem descriptive of husbandry and rural life.

"The cattle mourn in corners, where the fence
Screens them, and seem half-petrified to sleep
In unrecumbent sadness. There they wait
Their wonted fodder; not like hungering man,
Fretful if unsupplied; but silent, meek,
And patient of the slow-paced swain's delay.
*He from the stack carves out the accustomed load,
Deep plunging, and again deep plunging oft,
His broad keen knife into the solid mass:
Smooth as a wall the upright remnant stands,
With such undeviating and even force
He severs it away*—no needless care,
Lest storms should overset the leaning pile
Deciduous, or its own unbalanced weight.
Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcerned
The cheerful haunts of man, to wield the axe
And drive the wedge in yonder forest drear,
From morn to eve, his solitary task.
Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears
And tail cropped short, half lurcher and half cur,
His dog attends him. Close behind his heel
Now creeps he slow; and now, with many a frisk
Wide-scampering, snatches up the drifted snow
With ivory teeth, or ploughs it with his snout;
Then shakes his powdered coat and barks for joy.
Heedless of all his pranks, the sturdy churl
Moves right toward the mark; nor stops for aught,
But now and then with pressure of his thumb
To adjust the fragrant charge of a short tube
That fumes beneath his nose: the trailing cloud
Streams far behind him, scenting all the air."

[*Winter Morning Walk*, 27–57.]

The minutely faithful description of the man carving the load of hay out of the stack, and again those of the gambolling dog, and the woodman smoking his pipe with the stream of smoke trailing behind him, remind us of the touches of minute fidelity in Homer. The same may be said of many other passages.

"The sheepfold here
Pours out its fleecy tenants o'er the glebe.
*At first progressive as a stream they seek
The middle field; but, scattered by degrees,
Each to his choice, soon whiten all the land.*
There from the sun-burnt hay-field homeward creeps
*The loaded wain, while lightened of its charge
The wain that meets it passes swiftly by*—

The boorish driver leaning o'er his team
Vociferous and impatient of delay."

[*The Sofa*, 290–299.]

A specimen of more imaginative and distinctly poetical description is the well-known passage on Evening, in writing which Cowper would seem to have had Collins in his mind.*

"Come, Evening, once again, season of peace;
Return, sweet Evening, and continue long!
Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,
With matron-step slow-moving, while the Night
Treads on thy sweeping train; one hand employed
In letting fall the curtain of repose
On bird and beast, the other charged for man
With sweet oblivion of the cares of day;
Not sumptuously adorned, nor needing aid,
Like homely-featured Night, of clustering gems!
A star or two just twinkling on thy brow
Suffices thee; save that the moon is thine
No less than hers, not worn indeed on high
With ostentatious pageantry, but set
With modest grandeur in thy purple zone,
Resplendent less, but of an ampler round."

[*The Winter Evening*, 243–258.]

Beyond this line Cowper does not go, and had no idea of going; he never thinks of lending a soul to material nature as Wordsworth and Shelley do. He is the poetic counterpart of Gainsborough, as the great descriptive poets of a later and more spiritual day are the counterparts of Turner.

COWPER, in *English Men of Letters* (1880).

COWPER'S GRAVE.†

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING (1809–1861).

It is a place where poets crowned may feel the heart's decaying—
It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their praying:
Yet let the grief and humbleness, as low as silence, languish!
Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she gave her anguish.

* Probably also Milton's *Penseroso*, 31 *sqq.*; and perhaps *Paradise Lost*, iv. 598, "Now came still evening on," etc.

† Cowper lies buried in St. Edmund's Chapel, Dereham Church, Co. Norfolk.

O poets! from a maniac's tongue was poured the deathless singing!
O Christians! at your cross of hope a hopeless bard was clinging!
O men! this man in brotherhood your weary paths beguiling,
Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died while ye were smiling!

And now, what time ye all may read through dimming tears his story,
How discord on the music fell, and darkness on the glory;
And how when, one by one, sweet sounds and wandering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face because so broken-hearted:

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration;
Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise or good forsaken,
Named softly as the household name of one whom God hath taken.

With quiet sadness and no gloom I learn to think upon him,
With meekness that is gratefulness to God whose heaven hath won him—
Who suffered once the madness-cloud to His own love to blind him,
But gently led the blind along where breath and bird could find him,

And wrought within his shattered brain such quick poetic senses
As hills have language for, and stars, harmonious influences!
The pulse of dew upon the grass kept his within its number,
And silent shadows from the trees refreshed him like a slumber.

Wild timid hares were drawn from woods to share his home-caresses,
Uplooking to his human eyes with sylvan tendernesses:
The very world, by God's constraint, from falsehood's ways removing,
Its women and its men became beside him true and loving.

But while in blindness he remained unconscious of the guiding,
And things provided came without the sweet sense of providing,
He testified this solemn truth though frenzy desolated—
Nor man nor nature satisfy, whom only God created!

Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother whilst she blesses
And drops upon his burning brow the coolness of her kisses;
That turns his fevered eyes around—"My mother! where's my mother?"—
As if such tender words and looks could come from any other!—

The fever gone, with leaps of heart he sees her bending o'er him,
Her face all pale from watchful love, the unweary love she bore him!—
Thus woke the poet from the dream his life's long fever gave him,
Beneath those deep pathetic Eyes, which closed in death to save him!

Thus? oh, not *thus!* no type of earth could image that awaking,
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs round him breaking,
Or felt the new immortal throb of soul from body parted,
But felt *those Eyes alone*, and knew, "*My* Saviour!—*not* deserted!"

Deserted! who hath dreamt that when the cross in darkness rested
Upon the victim's hidden face no love was manifested?
What frantic hands outstretched have e'er the atoning drops averted?
What tears have washed them from the soul, that *one* should be deserted?

Deserted! God could separate from his own essence rather,
And Adam's sins *have* swept between the righteous Son and Father;
Yea, once, Immanuel's orphaned cry his universe hath shaken—
It went up single, echoless—"My God, I am forsaken!"

It went up from the Holy's lips amid his lost creation,
That of the lost no son should use those words of desolation;
That earth's worst frenzies, marring hope, should mar not hope's fruition;
And I on Cowper's grave should see his rapture in a vision!

LANDSCAPES FROM THE "LIGHT OF ASIA."

EDWIN ARNOLD (b. 1832).

["The Light of Asia" (1880), Mr. Arnold's longest poem, takes for its subject Prince Gautama, who lived B.C. 543 and became the Buddha of Eastern mythology. In the first year of publication, "The Light of Asia" ran through nineteen editions.]

1. *Springtide in Hindostan.*

On another day the king said, "Come,
Sweet son! and see the pleasaunce of the spring,
And how the fruitful earth is wooed to yield
Its riches to the reaper: how my realm—
Which shall be thine when the pile flames for me—
Feeds all its mouths and keeps the king's chest filled.
Fair is the season with new leaves, bright blooms,

Green grass, and cries of plough-time." So they rode
Into a land of wells and gardens, where,
All up and down the rich red loam, the steers
Strained their strong shoulders in the creaking yoke
Dragging the ploughs; the fat soil rose and rolled
In smooth dark waves back from the plough; who drove
Planted both feet upon the leaping share
To make the furrow deep; among the palms
The tinkle of the rippling water rang,
And where it ran the glad earth 'broidered it
With balsams and the spears of lemon-grass.
Elsewhere were sowers who went forth to sow;
And all the jungle laughed with nesting songs,
And all the thickets rustled with small life
Of lizard, bee, beetle, and creeping things,
Pleased at the spring-time. In the mango-sprays
The sun-birds flashed; alone at his green forge
Toiled the loud coppersmith; bee-eaters hawked
Chasing the purple butterflies; beneath,
Striped squirrels raced, the mynas perked and picked,
The nine brown sisters chattered in the thorn,
The pied fish-tiger hung above the pool,
The egrets stalked among the buffaloes,
The kites sailed circles in the golden air;
About the painted temple peacocks flew,
The blue doves cooed from every well, far off
The village drums beat for some marriage-feast:
All things spoke peace and plenty, and the prince
Saw and rejoiced. But, looking deep, he saw
The thorns which grow upon this rose of life;
How the swart peasant sweated for his wage,
Toiling for leave to live; and how he urged
The great-eyed oxen through the flaming hours,
Goading their velvet flanks: then marked he, too,
How lizard fed on ant, and snake on him,
And kite on both; and how the fish-hawk robbed
The fish-tiger of that which it had seized;
The shrike chasing the bulbul, which did chase
The jewelled butterflies; till everywhere
Each slew a slayer and in turn was slain,
Life living upon death. *Book I.*

2. *A Woodland Picture.*

As he passed into its ample shade,
Cloistered with columned drooping stems, and roofed
With vaults of glistening green, the conscious earth
Worshipped with waving grass and sudden flush

SPRINGTIDE IN HINDOSTAN.

Of flowers about his feet. The forest-boughs
Bent down to shade him; from the river sighed
Cool wafts of wind laden with lotus-scents
Breathed by the water-gods. Large wondering eyes
Of woodland creatures—panther, boar, and deer—
At peace that eve, gazed on his face benign
From cave and thicket. From its cold cleft wound
The mottled deadly snake, dancing its hood
In honor of our lord; bright butterflies
Fluttered their vans, azure and green and gold,
To be his fan-bearers; the fierce kite dropped
Its prey and screamed; the striped palm-squirrel raced
From stem to stem to see; the weaver-bird
Chirped from her swinging nest; the lizard ran;
The koil sang her hymn; the doves flocked round;
Even the creeping things were 'ware and glad. *Book VI.*

TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS.

LORD MACAULAY (1800–1859).

[Warren Hastings was Governor-General of India from 1774 to 1785. On his return to England he was impeached by the House of Commons and tried by the House of Lords for acts of oppression and injustice. The trial was protracted from 1788 till 1795, when he was acquitted, but was obliged to pay the costs of the suit, which amounted to upwards of £70,000 sterling. The East India Company, however, indemnified him for his loss. M. Taine, quoting the following narrative, characterizes it as a "passage the solemnity and magnificence of which will give some idea of the grave and opulent adornments which Macaulay throws over his narrative—a sort of potent vegetation, flowers of brilliant purple, like those which are spread over every page of *Paradise Lost* and *Childe Harold*" (*Hist. of Eng. Lit.*).]

On the thirteenth of February 1788 the sittings of the court commenced. There have been spectacles more dazzling to the eye, more gorgeous with jewellery and cloth of gold, more attractive to grown-up children, than that which was then exhibited at Westminster; but perhaps there never was a spectacle so well calculated to strike a highly cultivated, a reflecting, an imaginative mind. All the various kinds of interest which belong to the near and to the distant, to the present and the past, were collected on one spot and in one hour. All the talents and all the accomplishments which are developed by liberty and civilization were now displayed, with every advantage that could be derived both from co-operation and from contrast. Every step in the proceedings carried the mind either

backward, through many troubled centuries, to the days when the foundations of our Constitution were laid; or far away, over boundless seas and deserts, to dusky nations living under strange stars, worshipping strange gods, and writing strange characters from right to left. The High Court of Parliament was to sit, according to forms handed down from the days of the Plantagenets, on an Englishman accused of exercising tyranny over the lord of the holy city of Benares [-a′rēs], and over the ladies of the princely house of Oude.

The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus;* the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings; the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon, and the just absolution of Somers;† the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment; the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by heralds under Garter King-at-Arms. The judges, in their vestments of state, attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three-fourths of the Upper House, as the Upper House then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior baron present led the way,—George Eliott, Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defence of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, earl-marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and the sons of the King. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing. The gray old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by such an audience as has rarely excited the fears or emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all points of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous realm, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every

* Westminster Hall was built by William Rufus.

† John (Lord) Somers in 1697 was raised to the peerage and became Lord Chancellor; but in 1700 he was removed from the Chancellorship and accused by the Commons of high crimes and misdemeanors, of which, upon trial before his peers, he was acquitted.

science and every art. There were seated around the Queen the fair-haired young daughters of the House of Brunswick. There the ambassadors of great kings and commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons,* in the pride of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire † thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres; and when, before a Senate which still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. ‡ There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr§ to suspend his labors in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition, a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation; but still precious, massive, and splendid.

The sergeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was, indeed, not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country; had made laws and treaties; had sent forth armies; had set up and pulled down princes; and in his high place he had so borne himself that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue. A person, small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect; a high and intellectual forehead; a brow pensive, but not gloomy; a mouth of inflexible decision; a face pale and worn, but on which a great and well-balanced mind was legibly written;—such formed the aspect with which the great proconsul presented himself to his judges.....

The charges and answers of Hastings were first read. This ceremony occupied two whole days; and was rendered less

* A celebrated tragic actress (1755–1831).

† Gibbon (1737–1794).

‡ Marius, in A.D. 100, the third year of the Emperor Trajan.

§ Dr. Samuel Parr, celebrated for his classical acquirements and his conversational powers (1747–1825).

tedious than it would otherwise have been by the silver voice of Cowper, the clerk of the court, a near relation of the amiable poet. On the third day Burke rose. Four sittings of the court were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. With an exuberance of thought and a splendor of diction which more than satisfied the highly-raised expectations of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India, recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic Empire of Britain had originated, and set forth the Constitution of the Company and of the English Presidencies. Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of Eastern society as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law. The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration from all, and for a moment seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out; smelling-bottles were handed round; hysterical sobs and screams were heard; and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit. At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded— "Therefore," said he, "hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English Nation, whose ancient honor he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the People of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all!"

Review of Gleig's Memoirs of Hastings in "*Edinburgh Review*," *Oct. 1841.*

LORD MACAULAY'S STYLE.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN (b. 1823).

I know at least what my own experience is. It is for others to judge whether I have learned of Macaulay the art of being clear; I at least learned of Macaulay the duty of trying to be clear. And I learned that in order to be clear there were two main rules to be followed. I learned from Macaulay that if I wished to be understood by others, or indeed by myself, I must avoid, not always long sentences—for long sentences may often be perfectly clear—but involved, complicated, parenthetical sentences. I learned that I must avoid sentences crowded with relatives and participles; sentences in which things are not so much directly stated as implied in some dark and puzzling fashion. I learned, also, never to be afraid of using the same word or name over and over again, if by that means anything could be added to clearness or force. Macaulay never goes on, like some writers, talking about "the former" and "the latter," "he, she, it, they," through clause after clause, while his reader has to look back to see which of several persons it is that is so darkly referred to. No doubt a pronoun, like any other word, may often be repeated with advantage, if it is perfectly clear who is meant by the word. And with Macaulay's pronouns it is always perfectly clear who is meant by them.

Then as to his choice of words. Here and there I myself might perhaps think that a Romance word might well be changed for a Teutonic word. Certainly no one can charge Macaulay with what is called pedantry or purism, in a Teutonic direction, or in any direction. Still, where I might wish to change one word in Macaulay, I might wish to change ten or a hundred in most other writers. Macaulay never uses a word which, whatever might be its origin, had not really taken root in the language. He has no vulgarisms, no new-fangled or affected expressions. No man was ever so clear from the vice of thrusting in foreign words into an English sentence. In short, Macaulay never allows himself for a moment to be careless, vulgar, or slipshod. Every person and every thing is called by the right name, and no other. And because he did all this, because he wrote such clear and well-chosen English that the printer's reader himself never had to read his sentences twice over, therefore men who cannot write as he could, talk glibly of his "mannerism," and so forth.

EDMUND BURKE: AN ESTIMATE.

W. E. H. Lecky (b. 1838).

["Mr. Lecky has probably more of the philosophic mind than any of his contemporaries. He has treated history on a large scale and in the philosophical spirit. He has taken a wide and liberal survey of the progress of thought and of morals as a whole, and then has brought the knowledge and observation thus acquired to the practical purpose of illustrating certain passages of history and periods of human development. His "History of England in the Eighteenth Century" is not more remarkable thus far for the closeness and fulness of its details than for its breadth of view and its calmness of judgment. Mr. Lecky is always the historian, and never the partisan. His works grow on the reader. They do not turn upon him all at once a sudden glare, like the flash of a revolving light; but they fill the mind gradually with a sense of their justice, their philosophic thought, and the clear calmness of their historical observation."—Justin M'Carthy: *History of Our Own Times.*

"The estimates of notable personages are the best parts of these volumes, and a fine gallery of historical portraits has been formed by Mr. Lecky. The greatest care has been taken with the portrait of Burke, and the result is most satisfactory."—*Athenæum*, 1882.]

There is no political figure of the eighteenth century which retains so enduring an interest, or which repays so amply a careful study, as Edmund Burke. All other statesmen seem to belong wholly to the past; for though many of their achievements remain, the profound changes that have taken place in the conditions of English political life have destroyed the significance of their policy and their example. A few fine flashes of rhetoric, a few happy epigrams, a few labored speeches, which now seem cold, lifeless, and commonplace, are all that remain of the eloquence of the Pitts, of Fox, of Sheridan, or of Plunket. But of Burke it may be truly said that there is scarcely any serious political thinker in England who has not learned much from his writings, and whom he has not profoundly influenced either in the way of attraction or in the way of repulsion. As an orator he has been surpassed by some, as a practical politician he has been surpassed by many, and his judgments of men and things were often deflected by violent passions, by strong antipathies, by party spirit, by exaggerated sensibility, by a strength of imagination and of affection, which continually invested particular objects with a halo of superstitious reverence. But no other politician or writer has thrown the light of so penetrating a genius on the nature and working of the British Constitution, has impressed his principles so deeply on both of the great parties in the State, and has left behind

him a richer treasure of political wisdom applicable to all countries and to all times. He had a peculiar gift of introducing into transient party conflicts observations drawn from the most profound knowledge of human nature, of the first principles of government and legislation, and of the more subtle and remote consequences of political institutions; and there is perhaps no English prose writer since Bacon whose works are so thickly starred with thought. The time may come when they will be no longer read. The time will never come in which men would not grow the wiser by reading them.....

The admirable proportion which subsisted between his different powers, both moral and intellectual, is especially remarkable. Genius is often, like the pearl, the offspring or the accompaniment of disease, and an extraordinary development of one class of faculties is too frequently balanced by an extraordinary deficiency of others. But nothing of this kind can be found in Burke. His intellectual energy was fully commensurate with his knowledge, and he had rare powers of bringing illustrations and methods of reasoning derived from many spheres to bear on any subject he touched, and of combining an extraordinary natural facility with the most untiring and fastidious labor. In debate, images, illustrations, and arguments rose to his lips with a spontaneous redundance that astonished his hearers; but no writer elaborated his compositions more carefully, and his printers were often aghast at the multitude of his corrections and alterations. Nor did his intellectual powers in any degree dry up or dwarf his moral nature. There is no public man whose character is more clearly reflected in his life and in his intimate correspondence; and it may be confidently said that there is no other public man whose character was in all essential respects more transparently pure. Weak health, deep and fervent religious principles, and studious habits, saved him from the temptations of youth; and, amid all the vicissitudes and corruption of politics, his heart never lost its warmth nor his conscience its sensitiveness. There were faults, indeed, which were only too apparent in his character as in his intellect;—an excessive violence and irritability of temper; personal antipathies, which were sometimes carried beyond all the bounds of reason; party spirit, which was too often suffered to obscure his judgment, and to hurry him into great intemperance and exaggeration of language. But he was emphatically a good man; and, in the higher moral qualities of public as of private life, he has

not often been surpassed. That loyal affection with which he clung through his whole life to the friends of his early youth: that genuine kindness which made him, when still a poor man, the munificent patron of Barry and Crabbe,* and which showed itself in innumerable acts of unobtrusive benevolence; that stainless purity and retiring modesty of nature which made his domestic life so different from that of some of the greatest of his contemporaries; that depth of feeling which made the loss of his only son the death-knell of the whole happiness of his life, may be traced in every stage of his public career. "I know the map of England," he once said, "as well as the noble lord, or as any other person, and I know that the way I take is not the road to preferment." Fidelity to his engagements, a disinterested pursuit of what he believed to be right, in spite of all the allurements of interest and of popularity; a deep and ardent hatred of oppression and cruelty in every form; a readiness at all times to sacrifice personal pretensions to party interests; a capacity of devoting long years of thankless labor to the service of those whom he had never seen, and who could never reward him, were the great characteristics of his life, and they may well make us pardon many faults of temper, judgment, and taste. *England in the Eighteenth Century*, chap. xi. (1882).

MILTON'S "L'ALLEGRO," "IL PENSEROSO," AND "LYCIDAS."

REV. MARK PATTISON, B.D., Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford (b. 1813).

[Illustrating his remarks by the latter half of the first paragraph in the following selection, Professor Goldwin Smith observes: "The literary criticisms are of a high order, and such as only comprehensive learning combined with trained taste could produce: whether you entirely enter into all of them or not (and criticism has not yet been reduced to a certain rule), you cannot fail to gain from them insight and enjoyment. They are often expressed in language of great beauty."—*Review of Pattison's "Milton," contributed to the "New York Nation."*]

To the poems of the Horton period belong also the two pieces *L'Alle'gro* and *Il Penseroso*, and *Lyc'idas*. He was probably in the early stage of acquiring the language when he superscribed the first two poems with their Italian titles. For there is no such word as "Penseroso," the adjective formed from "Pensiero" being "pensieroso." Even had the word been written correctly,

* James Barry, the historical painter, 1741–1806; Rev. George Crabbe (1754–1832), poet, author of *The Parish Register*, etc.

its signification is not that which Milton intended—namely, thoughtful or contemplative—but anxious, full of cares, carking. The rapid purification of Milton's taste will be best perceived by comparing *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* of uncertain date, but written after 1632, with the *Ode on the Nativity*, written 1629. The Ode, notwithstanding its foretaste of Milton's grandeur, abounds in frigid conceits, from which the two later pieces are free. The Ode is frosty, as written in winter, within the four walls of a college chamber. The two idylls breathe the free air of spring and summer, and of the fields around Horton.* They are thoroughly naturalistic; the choicest expression our language has yet found of the fresh charm of country life, not as that life is lived by the peasant, but as it is felt by a young and lettered student, issuing at early dawn, or at sunset, into the fields from his chamber and his books. All rural sights and sounds and smells are here blended in that ineffable combination which once or twice perhaps in our lives has saluted our young senses, before their perceptions were blunted by alcohol, by lust, or ambition, or diluted by the social distractions of great cities.

The fidelity to nature of the imagery of these poems has been impugned by the critics.

> "Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
> And at my window bid good-morrow."
>
> *L'Allegro*, 45, 46.

The skylark never approaches human habitations in this way, as the redbreast does. Mr. Masson replies that the subject of the verb "to come" is, not the skylark, but L'Allegro, the joyous student. I cannot construe the lines as Mr. Masson does, even though the consequence were to convict Milton, a city-bred youth, of not knowing a skylark from a sparrow when he saw it. A close observer of things around us would not speak of the eglantine as twisted, of the cowslip as wan, of the violet as glowing, or of the reed as balmy. Lycidas' laureate hearse is to be strewn at once with primrose and woodbine, daffodil and jasmine (*Lycidas*, 142–150). The pine is not "rooted deep as high" (*Paradise Regained*, 4416), but sends its roots along the surface. The elm, one of the thinnest-foliaged trees of the forest, is inappropriately named star-proof (*Ar'cădes*, 89). Lightning does not

* A village on the south-east edge of Buckinghamshire, where Milton resided, 1632–37. For "idyll," see p. 467.

singe the top of trees (*Paradise Lost*, i. 613), but either shivers them or cuts a groove down the stem to the ground. These and other such like inaccuracies must be set down partly to conventional language used without meaning, the vice of Latin versification enforced as a task, but they are partly due to real defect of natural knowledge.

Other objections of the critics on the same score, which may be met with, are easily dismissed. The objector, who can discover no reason why the oak should be styled "monumental," meets with his match in the defender who suggests that it may be rightly so called because monuments in churches are made of oak. I should tremble to have to offer an explanation to critics of Milton so acute as these two. But of less ingenious readers I would ask if any single word can be found equal to "monumental" in its power of suggesting to the imagination the historic oak of park or chase, up to the knees in fern, which has outlasted ten generations of men; has been the mute witness of the scenes of love, treachery, or violence, enacted in the baronial hall which it shadows and protects; and has been so associated with man that it is now rather a column and memorial obelisk than a tree of the forest?.....

In *Lycidas* (1637) we have reached the high-water mark of English poesy and of Milton's own production. A period of a century and a half was to elapse before poetry in England seemed, in Wordsworth's *Ode on Immortality* (1807), to be rising again towards the level of inspiration which it had once attained in *Lycidas*. And in the development of the Miltonic genius this wonderful dirge marks the culminating point. As the twin idylls of 1632 show a great advance upon the *Ode on the Nativity* (1629), the growth of the poetic mind during the five years which follow 1632 is registered in *Lycidas*. Like the *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, *Lycidas* is laid out on the lines of the accepted pastoral fiction; like them it offers exquisite touches of idealized rural life. But *Lycidas* opens up a deeper vein of feeling, a patriot passion so vehement and dangerous that, like that which stirred the Hebrew prophet, it is compelled to veil itself from power, or from sympathy, in utterance made purposely enigmatical. The passage which begins "Last came and last did go" raises in us a thrill of awe-struck expectation which I can only compare with that excited by the Cassandra of Æschylus's *Agamemnon*. For the reader to feel this, he must have present in memory the circumstances of England

in 1637. He must place himself as far as possible in the situation of a contemporary. The study of Milton's poetry compels the study of his time; and Professor Masson's six volumes* are not too much to enable us to understand that there were real causes for the intense passion which glows underneath the poet's words—a passion which, unexplained, would be thought to be intrusive.

All I desire to point out here is, that in *Lycidas* Milton's original picturesque vein is for the first time crossed with one of quite another sort, stern, determined, obscurely indicative of suppressed passion and the resolution to do or die. The fanaticism of the Covenanter and the sad grace of Petrarch seem to meet in Milton's monody. Yet these opposites, instead of neutralizing each other, are blended into one harmonious whole by the presiding but invisible genius of the poet. The conflict between the old Cavalier world, the years of gaiety and festivity of a splendid and pleasure-loving court, and the new Puritan world into which love and pleasure were not to enter—this conflict which was commencing in the social life of England, is also begun in Milton's own breast, and is reflected in *Lycidas*.

"For we were nursed upon the self-same hill" (ver. 23).

Here is the sweet mournfulness of the Spenserian time, upon whose joys Death is the only intruder. Pass onward a little, and you are in presence of the tremendous

"Two-handed engine at the door,"

the terror of which is enhanced by its obscurity. We are very sure that the avenger is there, though we know not who he is. In these thirty lines we have the preluding mutterings of the storm which was to sweep away mask and revel and song, to inhibit the drama, and suppress poetry. In the earlier poems Milton's muse has sung in the tones of the age that is passing away; except in his austere chastity, a Cavalier. Though even in *L'Allegro* Dr. Johnson truly detects "some melancholy in his mirth." In *Lycidas*, for a moment, the tones of both ages, the past and the coming, are combined, and then Milton leaves behind him for ever the golden age, and one half of his poetic genius. He never fulfilled the promise with which *Lycidas* concludes, "To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new."

MILTON, in *English Men of Letters*.

* "Life of John Milton," 6 vols., published 1858-1880.

PASSAGES FROM "L'ALLEGRO," "IL PENSEROSO," AND "LYCIDAS."

[To be studied in connection with foregoing criticisms.]

1. *L'Alle'gro.*—[Notes p. 408.]

Haste thee, nymph! and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathëd smiles
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides;
And Laughter, holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it, as ye go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty:
And if I give thee honor due,
Mirth! admit me of thy crew;
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprovëd pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine.

* * * *

Towrëd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men;
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold;
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms; while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear,
In saffron robe, with taper clear;
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream,
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on;

Or sweetest Shakespear, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse;
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linkëd sweetness long drawn out;
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running;
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heapt Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth! with thee I mean to live.

NOTES.—29. *Hebë*, goddess of youth. 40. *Unreproved*, undeserving of reproof. 45-48. See Pattison's criticisms, p. 404. 48. *Eglantine*, as used in the other poets, early and late, is synonymous with sweet-brier; Milton probably confused it with woodbine or honeysuckle. 117. *Towrëd*, towered, adorned or defended by towers. 122. *Rain influence*, as stars were by the astrologers supposed to do. 125. *Hymen*, god of marriage. 128. *Mask*, or masque; for example, Milton's *Comus*. 132. *Learned sock*. The comic actors on the classic stage wore a low shoe or "sock." In this contrast between Jonson and Shakspeare, Milton had probably before his mind Jonson's summary of Shakspeare's scholastic attainments,—"little Latin and less Greek." 145. *Orphēus* sought Eurydĭcë, his deceased wife, in Hades, and by his lyre so won over grim Pluto that Eurydice was permitted to return to Earth, if only Orpheus would not look back at her till they reached the upper world. At the very instant that Orpheus had reached the fatal bounds his anxiety over-mastered him; he looked to see if his wife were following, and he saw her caught back to the lower world.

2. *Il Penseroso.*—[Notes p. 410.]

Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chauntress, oft, the woods among,
I woo to hear thy even-song;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wand'ring moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the Heav'ns wide pathless way;
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar:
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still, removëd place will fit,
Where glowing embers, through the room,
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth.

* * * *

Thus, Night! oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear;
Not trickt and frounc't, as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchiefed in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud;
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves
With min'ute drops from off the eaves.
And when the Sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess! bring
To archëd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves,
Of pine or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe, with heavëd stroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
There, in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye;
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flowry work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep;
And let some strange, mysterious dream,
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid.
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe,
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale;

And love the high embowëd roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.

NOTES.—123. *Trickt and frounc't*, dressed out and with hair curled. 124. *Attic boy*, Ceph'alus (grandson of Cecrops, king of Attica), beloved by Eōs, the goddess of the morn. 127. *Still*, softly falling. 130. Min'ute drops, falling with a pause between. 134. *Sylvan*, English form of Sylvānus, the god of forests. 135. *Monumental*. See Pattison's explanation in preceding paper. 141. *Garish*, staring, dazzling (*gare*, to stare). 147–150. Let a stream of airy but vivid fancies float softly over my eyelids, and reflect the passing wings of some strange, mysterious dream. 156. To pace the quadrangle of the studious university cloisters. 157. *High-embowëd*, high-arched. 158. *Massy proof*, proof against the weight they carry. 159. Windows that in richly-colored glass tell Scripture history.

3. *Lycidas.*—[Notes p. 412.]

[All who know the "Lycidas" know how impossible it is to detach any one single passage from the rest, without marring its beauty of relationship—without depriving it of the charm consisting in the rise and fall—the undulation—in which the whole divine poem now gently and now magnificently fluctuates. But even when thus detached, the poetry of these passages is exquisite—the expression is perfect—consummate art has crowned the conceptions of inspired genius.—JOHN WILSON ("Christopher North"): *The Genius and Character of Burns.*—Those passages are here omitted to which exception has generally been taken on the ground that they are overweighted with allusions to classical mythology.]

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never-sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And, with forced fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due;
For Lycidas is dead—dead ere his prime—
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
* * * * *
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,

And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life.—"But not the praise,"
Phoebus replied, and touch't my trembling ears:
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistring foil
Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumor lies;
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfet witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

* * * * *

Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake:
Two massy keys he bore, of metals twain
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake:
"How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest:
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheephook, or have learned aught else the least
That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw:
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said;—
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."
Return, Alphēus! the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse!
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells, and flowrets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low! where the mild whispers use
Of shades and wanton winds and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,

The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freakt with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine';
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies.

* * * * *

Weep no more, woful shepherds! weep no more;
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watry floor:
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky;—
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves;
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves;
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas! the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense; and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to th' oaks and rills,
While the still Morn went out with sandals gray;
He toucht the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
And now the sun had stretcht out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay:
At last he rose, and twitcht his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

NOTES.—8. *Lyc'idas*, Milton's friend and fellow-student, Edward King, (Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge), who was drowned August 10, 1637, on his passage from Chester to Ireland. Some of his Latin verse has survived. 70. *Clear*. Here in the sense of Latin *clarus*, noble. 75. *The blind Fury*. At'ropos, one of the Fates (not Furies), cut the thread of life. 79. *Glistring foil*, glistening leaf of gold; connect with *lies* in 80. 82. *Perfet*, perfect; Chaucer has both "parfit" and "perfit." 109. *Pilot*, St. Peter. The outburst that follows is directed against Archbishop Laud, who in 1637 (the year in which *Lycidas* was written) had directed prosecutions against the Puritans, and (July 1637) obtained from the Star-Chamber a decree for the licensing

by him of all books of divinity, *poetry*, philosophy, etc., before the printing of the same. 111. *Amain*, with swift force. 124. *Scrannel*. meagre. 128. *Privy paw*. concealed paw. 130. Probably the headsman's axe (wielded with both hands) may have been implied, as well as the more obvious allusion to the "ax laid unto the root of the trees" (Matt. iii. 10). Laud's execution (January 10, 1645) gave this passage a dread significance. 132. The Alphēus, a river of the Morĕa, which for part of its course flows beneath the ground, was fabled to reappear in Fount Arethusa, Sicily. 133. *Sicilian Muse*, the Muse that inspired the idylls of Theocritus, the Sicilian poet. 138. *Swart star*, Sirius, the dog-star, supposed to be concerned in tropical heat, which makes men swart or swarthy. *Sparely looks*, glances slightly. 142. *Răthe*, "early;" comparative, *rather*—that is, "sooner." 143. *Crow-toe*, explained by Keightley as *a single plant* of the crowfoot. 149. *His*, as constantly in Old English, for "its." 176. *Unexpressive*, inexpressible; so Shakspeare, in *As You Like It*, iii. 2. 189. Doric—*i.e.*, Syracusan, *i.e.*, idyllic; for Theocritus, the idyllic poet, was a native of Syracuse, a Dorian colony.

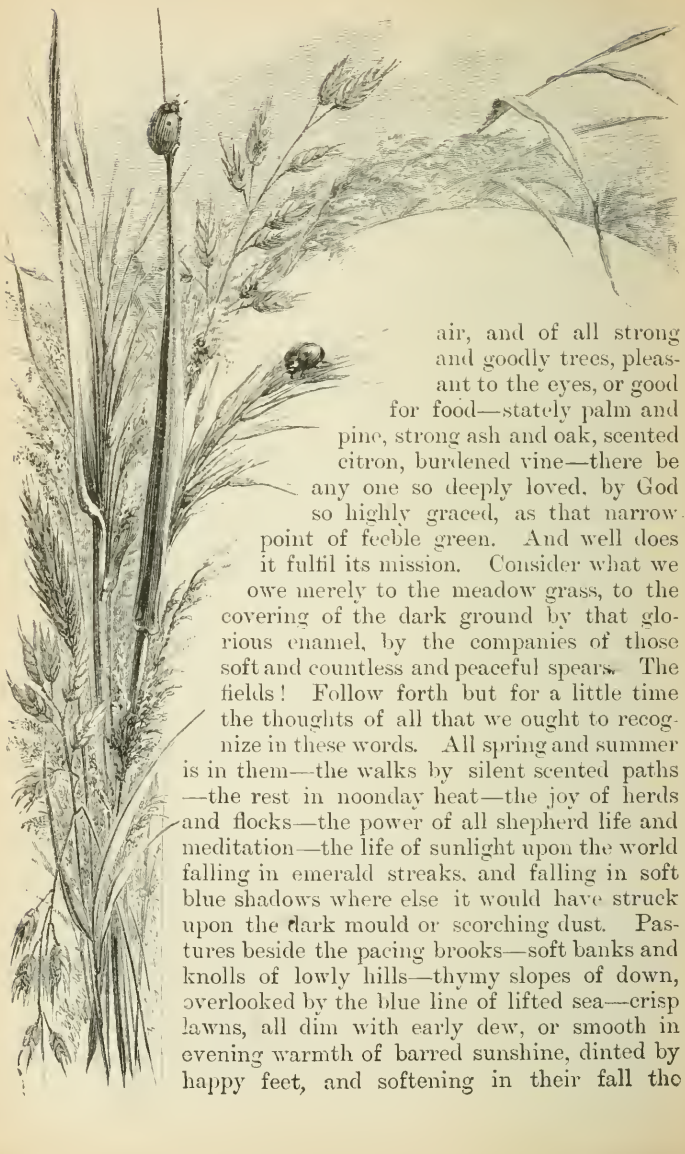
GRASSES.

JOHN RUSKIN (b. 1819).

[Mr. Matthew Arnold, quoting the concluding lines of this charming study, remarks: "There is what the genius, the feeling, the temperament in Mr. Ruskin—the original and incommunicable part—has to do with it; and how exquisite it is! All the critic could possibly suggest in the way of objection would be, perhaps, that Mr. Ruskin is there trying to make prose do more than it can perfectly do; that what he is there attempting he will never, except in poetry, be able to accomplish to his own entire satisfaction: but he accomplishes so much that the critic may well hesitate to suggest even this."—*Essays in Criticism: The Literary Influence of Academies* (1880).]

Minute, granular, feathery, or downy seed-vessels, mingling quaint brown punctuation, and dusty tremors of dancing grain, with the bloom of the nearer fields; and casting softness of plumy mist along their surfaces far away; mysterious evermore, not only with dew in the morning or mirage at noon, but with the shaking threads of fine arborescence, each a little belfry of grainbells, all a-chime.

Gather a single blade of grass, and examine for a minute quietly its narrow sword-shaped strip of fluted green. Nothing, as it seems, there of notable goodness or beauty. A very little strength and a very little tallness, and a few delicate long lines meeting in a point—not a perfect point neither, but blunt and unfinished, by no means a creditable or apparently much-cared-for example of Nature's workmanship, made only to be trodden on to-day, and to-morrow to be cast into the oven—and a little pale and hollow stalk, feeble and flaccid, leading down to the dull brown fibres of roots. And yet, think of it well, and judge whether, of all the gorgeous flowers that beam in summer



air, and of all strong and goodly trees, pleasant to the eyes, or good for food—stately palm and pine, strong ash and oak, scented citron, burdened vine—there be any one so deeply loved, by God so highly graced, as that narrow point of feeble green. And well does it fulfil its mission. Consider what we owe merely to the meadow grass, to the covering of the dark ground by that glorious enamel, by the companies of those soft and countless and peaceful spears. The fields! Follow forth but for a little time the thoughts of all that we ought to recognize in these words. All spring and summer is in them—the walks by silent scented paths—the rest in noonday heat—the joy of herds and flocks—the power of all shepherd life and meditation—the life of sunlight upon the world falling in emerald streaks, and falling in soft blue shadows where else it would have struck upon the dark mould or scorching dust. Pastures beside the pacing brooks—soft banks and knolls of lowly hills—thymy slopes of down, overlooked by the blue line of lifted sea—crisp lawns, all dim with early dew, or smooth in evening warmth of barred sunshine, dinted by happy feet, and softening in their fall the

sound of loving voices—all these are summed in those simple words. And these are not all. We may not measure to the full the depth of this heavenly gift in our own land, though still as we think of it longer, the infinite of that meadow sweetness, Shakspeare's peculiar joy, would open on us more and more; yet we have it but in part. Go out in the spring-time among the meadows that slope from the shores of the Swiss lakes to the roots of their lower mountains. There, mingled with the taller gentians and the white narcissus, the grass grows deep and free; and as you follow the winding mountain paths, beneath arching boughs, all veiled with blossom—paths that for ever droop and rise over the green banks and mounds sweeping down in scented undulation steep to the blue water, studded here and there with new-mown heaps, filling all the air with fainter sweetness—look up toward the higher hills, where the waves of everlasting green roll silently into their long inlets among the shadows of the pines; and we may perhaps at last know the meaning of those quiet words of the 147th Psalm, "He maketh grass to grow upon the mountains."

Modern Painters.

AUTUMN DAYS.

WILL CARLETON (b. 1845).

Yellow, mellow, ripened days,
Sheltered in a golden coating;
O'er the dreamy, listless haze,
White and dainty cloudlets floating;
Winking at the blushing trees,
And the sombre, furrowed fallow;
Smiling at the airy ease
Of the southward flying swallow:
Sweet and smiling are thy ways,
Beauteous, golden Autumn days!

Shivering, quivering, tearful days,
Fretfully and sadly weeping;
Dreading still, with anxious gaze,
Icy fetters round thee creeping;
O'er the cheerless, withered plain,
Wofully and hoarsely calling;
Pelting hail and drenching rain
On thy scanty vestments falling:
Sad and mournful are thy ways,
Grieving, wailing Autumn days!

Farm Ballads.

ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (b. 1807).

["Mr. Whittier is emphatically the apostle of all that is pure, fair, and morally beautiful."—*Athenæum*, 1882.

The delightful weather which generally falls to us in November is often known as St. Martin's Summer, from its arriving about Martinmas Day (November 11).]

The sweet day, opening as a flower
Unfolds its petals tender,
Renews for us at noontide's hour
The Summer's tempered splendor.

The birds are hushed; alone the wind,
That through the woodland searches,
The red oak's lingering leaves can find,
And yellow plumes of larches.

But still the balsam-breathing pine
Invites no thought of sorrow;

No hint of loss from air like wine
The Earth's content can borrow.

The Summer and the Winter here
Midway a truce are holding,
A soft consenting atmosphere
Their tents of peace infolding.

The silent woods, the lonely hills,
Rise solemn in their gladness;
The quiet that the valley fills
Is scarcely joy or sadness.

How strange! the Autumn yesterday
In Winter's grasp seemed dying;
On whirling winds from skies of gray
The early snow was flying.

And now while over Nature's mood
There steals a soft relenting,
I will not mar the present good
Forecasting or lamenting.

My Autumn time and Nature's hold
A dreamy tryst together;
And both, grown old, about us fold
The golden-tissued weather.

I lean my heart against the day
To feel its bland caressing;
I will not let it pass away
Before it leave its blessing.

The King's Missive, Mabel Martin, and Later Poems (1881).

TO AUTUMN.

JOHN KEATS (1795–1821).

[By general consent of critics this ode ranks among the very finest in English literature.]

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing Sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;

To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells:

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue:
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

WORDSWORTH IN HIS INDIAN SUMMER.

F. W. H. Myers.

We have reached the Indian Summer of Wordsworth's genius: it can still shine at moments bright as ever, and with even a new majesty and calm; but we feel, nevertheless, that the melody is dying from his song, that he is hardening into self-repetition, into rhetoric, into sermonizing commonplace, and is rigid where he was once profound. The *Thanksgiving Ode* (1816) strikes death to the heart. The accustomed patriotic sentiments—the accustomed virtuous aspirations—these are still there; but the accent is like that of a ghost who calls to us in hollow mimicry of a voice that once we loved.

And yet Wordsworth's poetic life was not to close without a great symbolical spectacle, a solemn farewell. Sunset among

the Cumbrian hills, often of remarkable beauty, once or twice, perhaps, in a score of years, reaches a pitch of illusion and magnificence which indeed seems nothing less than the commingling of earth and heaven. Such a sight—seen from Rydal Mount in 1818—afforded once more the needed stimulus, and evoked that "*Evening Ode, composed on an evening of extraordinary splendor and beauty*," which is the last considerable production of Wordsworth's genius. In this ode we recognize the peculiar gift of reproducing with magical simplicity, as it were, the inmost virtue of natural phenomena.

"No sound is uttered, but a deep
And solemn harmony pervades
The hollow vale from steep to steep,
And penetrates the glades.
Far distant images draw nigh,
Called forth by wondrous potency
Of beamy radiance, that imbues
Whate'er it strikes with gem-like hues!
In vision exquisitely clear
Herds range along the mountain side;
And glistening antlers are descried,
And gilded flocks appear."

Once more the poet brings home to us that sense of belonging at once to two worlds which gives to human life so much of mysterious solemnity.

"Wings at my shoulder seem to play;
But, rooted here, I stand and gaze
On those bright steps that heavenward raise
Their practicable way."

And the poem ends—with a deep personal pathos—in an allusion, repeated from the *Ode on Immortality*, to the light which "lay about him in his infancy"—the light

"Full early lost, and fruitlessly deplored;
Which at this moment on my waking sight
Appears to shine, by miracle restored!
My soul, though yet confined to earth,
Rejoices in a second birth:—
'Tis past, the visionary splendor fades,
And Night approaches with her shades."

WORDSWORTH, in *English Men of Letters*.

PLACE DE LA BASTILLE,* PARIS.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI (1828-1882).

[The Bastille, the old State prison and citadel of Paris, had been for centuries a fearful engine of despotism. The cell windows were but four inches wide, and they allowed only two inches of unobstructed light. The Bastille was captured and destroyed by a revolutionary mob, 14th July 1789, and the stones were used to construct the Bridge *De la Concorde.*]

How dear the sky has been above this place!
Small treasures of this sky that we see here,
Seen weak through prison-bars from year to year;
Eyed with a painful prayer upon God's grace
To save, and tears that strayed along the face
Lifted at sunset. Yea, how passing dear,
Those nights when through the bars a wind left clear
The heaven, and moonlight soothed the limpid space!

So was it, till one night the secret kept
Safe in low vault and stealthy corridor
Was blown abroad on gospel-tongues of flame.
O ways of God, mysterious evermore!
How many on this spot have cursed and wept
That all might stand here now and own thy name.

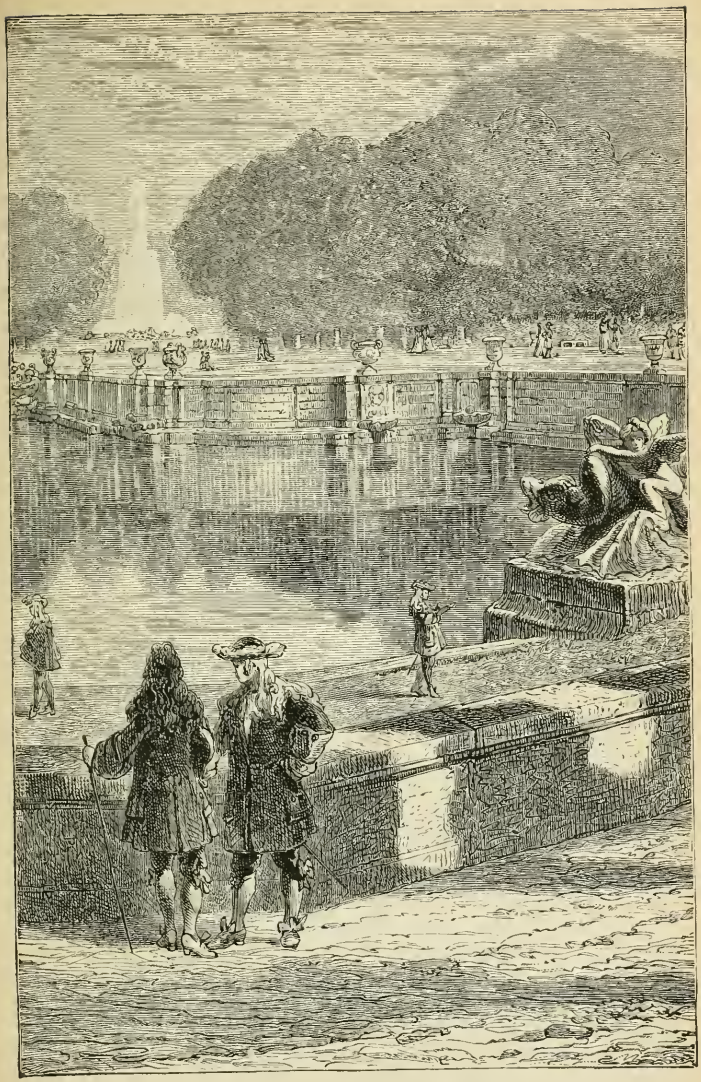
THE TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

THOMAS CARLYLE (1795-1881).

["His 'French Revolution' is a series of lurid pictures, unmatched for vehement power, in which the figures of such sons of earth as Mirabeau and Danton loom gigantic and terrible as in the glare of an eruption, their shadows swaying far and wide grotesquely awful. But all is painted by eruption-flashes in violent light and shade. There are no half-tints, no gradations, and we find it impossible to account for the continuance of power of less Titanic actors in the tragedy, like Robespierre, on any theory, whether of human nature or of individual character, supplied by Mr. Carlyle. Of his success, however, in accomplishing what he aimed at, which was to haunt the mind with memories of a horrible political nightmare, there can be no doubt."—J. R. LOWELL: *My Study Windows.*]

On Monday, the 14th of October 1793, a cause was pending in the Hall of Justice, in the new Revolutionary Court, such as those old stone walls never before witnessed—the trial of Marie Antoinette. The once brightest of queens, now tarnished, defaced, forsaken, stands here at the judgment-bar, answering for her life. The indictment was delivered her last night. To

* "Bastille Square."



THE ROYAL GARDENS AT VERSAILLES.

such changes of human fortune, what words are adequate! Silence alone is adequate.

Marie Antoinette, in this her abandonment and hour of extreme need, is not wanting to herself the imperial woman. Her look, they say, as that hideous indictment was read, continued calm. "She was sometimes observed moving her fingers, as when one plays on the piano." You discern, not without interest, across that dim revolutionary bulletin itself, how she bears herself queen-like. Her answers are prompt, clear, often of laconic brevity; resolution, which has grown contemptuous without ceasing to be dignified, veils itself in calm words. "You persist, then, in denial?" "My plan is not denial; it is the truth I have said, and I persist in that."

At four o'clock on Wednesday morning, after two days and two nights of interrogating, jury-charging, and other darkening of counsel, the result comes out—sentence of death! "Have you anything to say?" The accused shook her head, without speech. Night's candles are burning out; and with her, too, time is finishing, and it will be Eternity and Day. The Hall of Justice is dark and ill-lighted, except where she stands. Silently she withdraws from it, to die.

Two processions, or royal progresses, three and twenty years apart, have often struck us with a strange feeling of contrast. The first is of a beautiful archduchess and dauphiness, quitting her mother's city, at the age of fifteen, towards hopes such as no other daughter of Eve then had. "On the morrow," says Weber, an eye-witness, "the dauphiness left Vienna. The whole city crowded out; at first with a sorrow which was silent. She appeared; you saw her sunk back into her carriage, her face bathed in tears; hiding her eyes, now with her handkerchief, now with her hands; several times putting out her head to see yet again this palace of her fathers, whither she was to return no more.

"She motioned her regret, her gratitude, to the good nation which was crowding here to bid her farewell. Then arose not only tears, but piercing cries, on all sides. Men and women alike abandoned themselves to such expression of their sorrow. It was an audible sound of wail in the streets and avenues of Vienna. The last courier that followed her disappeared, and the crowd melted away."

The young imperial maiden of fifteen has now become a worn, discrowned widow of thirty-eight, gray before her time.

This is the last procession: "A few minutes after the trial ended, the drums were beating to arms in all sections; at sunrise the armed force was on foot, cannons getting placed at the extremities of the bridges, in the squares and crossways. By ten o'clock numerous patrols were circulating in the streets, thirty thousand foot and horse were drawn up under arms. At eleven, Marie Antoinette was brought out dressed in white. She was led to the place of execution in the same manner as an ordinary criminal—bound on a cart, accompanied by a constitutional priest in lay dress, escorted by numerous detachments of infantry and cavalry. These, and the double row of troops all along her road, she appeared to regard with indifference. On her countenance there was visible neither abashment nor pride. To the cries of 'Live the Republic,' and, 'Down with Tyranny,' which attended her all the way, she seemed to pay no heed. The tricolor streamers on the house-tops and the inscriptions on the house-fronts occupied her attention. She mounted the scaffold with courage, and at a quarter past twelve her head fell; the executioner showed it to the people, amid universal, long-continued cries of 'Vive la République.'"

The French Revolution: A History (1837).

THE DEATHS OF THOMAS CARLYLE AND GEORGE ELIOT.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE (b. 1837).

Two souls diverse out of our human sight
  Pass, followed one with love and each with wonder:
  The stormy sophist with his mouth of thunder,
Clothed with loud words and mantled with the might
Of darkness and magnificence of night;
  And one whose eye could smite the night in sunder,
  Searching if light or no light were thereunder,
And found in love of loving-kindness light.
Duty divine and thought with eyes of fire
Still following righteousness with deep desire,
  Shone sole and stern before her and above,
Sure stars and sole to steer by; but more sweet
Shone lower the loveliest lamp for earthly feet—
  The light of little children, and their love.

Contributed to *Athenæum*, April 30, 1881.

DE QUINCEY'S "LADIES OF SORROW."

David Masson, Professor of English Literature, University of Edinburgh (b. 1822).

["Levana and Our Ladies of Sorrow," forms one of three prose-poems that are included in De Quincey's *Suspiria de Profundis* ("Sighs from the Depths").]

Of the three scraps of the *Suspiria* that are entitled to rank among the lyrical prose-fantasies—namely, *Levana and Our Ladies of Sorrow*, *Savannah-la-Mar*, and *Memorial Suspiria*—only the first is of much importance. But that scrap, written in De Quincey's later life, is of as high importance as anything he ever wrote. It is perhaps the highest and finest thing, and also the most constitutionally significant, in all De Quincey. Fortunately, the essential core of it can be quoted entire. All that it is necessary to premise is that "Lēvāna" was the Roman goddess of education, the divinity who was supposed to "lift up" every newly-born human being from the earth in token that it should live, and to rule the influences to which it should be subject thenceforth till its character should be fully formed.

The Three Ladies of Sorrow.

"I know them thoroughly, and have walked in all their kingdoms. Three sisters they are, of one mysterious household; and their paths are wide apart; but of their dominion there is no end. Them I saw often conversing with Levana, and sometimes about myself. Do they talk, then? Oh no! Mighty phantoms like these disdain the infirmities of language. They may utter voices through the organs of man when they dwell in human hearts, but amongst themselves there is no voice nor sound; eternal silence reigns in *their* kingdoms. They spoke not as they talked with Levana; they whispered not; they sang not, though oftentimes methought they *might* have sung; for I upon earth had heard their mysteries oftentimes deciphered by harp and timbrel, by dulcimer and organ. Like God, whose servants they are, they utter their pleasure, not by sounds that perish, or by words that go astray, but by signs in heaven, by changes on earth, by pulses in secret rivers, heraldries painted in darkness, and hieroglyphics written on the tablets of the brain. *They* wheeled in mazes; *I* spelled the steps. *They* telegraphed from afar; *I* read the signals. *They* conspired to-

gether; and on the mirrors of darkness *my* eye traced the plots. *Theirs* were the symbols; *mine* are the words.

"What is it the sisters are? What is it that they do? Let me describe their form and their presence,—if form it were that still fluctuated in its outline, or presence it were that for ever advanced to the front or for ever receded amongst shades.

"The eldest of the three is named *Mater Lachrymarum*, Our Lady of Tears. She it is that night and day raves and moans, calling for vanished faces. She stood in Rama, where a voice was heard of lamentation,—Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted. She it was that stood in Bethlehem on the night when Herod's sword swept its nurseries of innocents, and the little feet were stiffened for ever, which, heard at times as they tottered along floors overhead, woke pulses of love in household hearts that were not unmarked in heaven. Her eyes are sweet and subtle, wild and sleepy, by turns; oftentimes rising to the clouds, oftentimes challenging the heavens. She wears a diadem round her head. And I knew by childish memories that she could go abroad upon the winds when she heard the sobbing of litanies or the thundering of organs, and when she beheld the mustering of summer clouds.

"This sister, the eldest, it is that carries keys more than Papal at her girdle, which open every cottage and every palace. She, to my knowledge, sat all last summer by the bedside of the blind beggar, him that so often and so gladly I talked with, whose pious daughter, eight years old, with the sunny countenance, resisted the temptations of play and village mirth to travel all day long on dusty roads with her afflicted father. For this did God send her a great reward. In the spring-time of the year, and whilst her own spring was budding, he recalled her to himself. But her blind father mourns for ever over *her;* still he dreams at midnight that the little guiding hand is locked within his own; and still he awakens to a darkness that is now within a second and a deeper darkness. This *Mater Lachrymarum* also has been sitting all this winter of 1844–5 within the bed-chamber of the Czar, bringing before his eyes a daughter, not less pious, that vanished to God not less suddenly, and left behind her a darkness not less profound. By the power of the keys it is that Our Lady of Tears glides, a ghostly intruder, into the chambers of sleepless men, sleepless women, sleepless children, from Ganges to the Nile, from Nile to Mississippi. And

her, because she is the first-born of her house, and has the widest empire, let us honor with the title of Madonna.

"The second sister is called *Mater Suspiriorum*, Our Lady of Sighs. She never scales the clouds, nor walks abroad upon the winds. She wears no diadem. And her eyes, if they were ever seen, would be neither sweet nor subtle; no man could read their story; they would be found filled with perishing dreams, and with wrecks of forgotten delirium. But she raises not her eyes; her head, on which sits a dilapidated turban, droops for ever, for ever fastens on the dust. She weeps not. She groans not. But she sighs inaudibly at intervals. Her sister, Madonna, is oftentimes stormy and frantic, raging in the highest against Heaven, and demanding back her darlings. But Our Lady of Sighs never clamors, never defies, dreams not of rebellious aspirations. She is humble to abjectness. Hers is the meekness that belongs to the hopeless. Murmur she may, but it is in her sleep. Whisper she may, but it is to herself in the twilight. Mutter she does at times, but it is in solitary places that are desolate as she is desolate, in ruined cities, and when the sun has gone down to his rest. This sister is the visitor of the pariah, of the Jew, of the bondsman to the oar in the Mediterranean galleys; of the English criminal in Norfolk Island, blotted out from the book of remembrance in sweet far-off England; of the baffled penitent reverting his eyes for ever upon a solitary grave, which to him seems the altar overthrown of some past and bloody sacrifice, on which altar no oblations can now be availing, whether towards pardon that he might implore, or towards reparation that he might attempt. Every slave that at noonday looks up to the tropical sun with timid reproach, as he points with one hand to the Earth, our general mother, but for *him* a stepmother,—as he points with the other hand to the Bible, our general teacher, but against *him* sealed and sequestered; every woman sitting in darkness, without love to shelter her head, or hope to illumine her solitude, because the heaven-born instincts kindling in her nature germs of holy affections, which God implanted in her womanly bosom, having been stifled by social necessities, now burn sullenly to waste, like sepulchral lamps amongst the ancients; all that are betrayed; and all that are rejected—outcasts by traditionary law, and children of hereditary disgrace;—all these walk with Our Lady of Sighs. She also carries a key, but she needs it little; for her kingdom is chiefly amongst the tents of Shem, and the

houseless vagrant of every clime. Yet in the very highest walks of man she finds chapels of her own; and even in glorious England there are some that to the world carry their heads as proudly as the reindeer, who yet secretly have received her mark upon their foreheads.

"But the third sister, who is also the youngest—! Hush! whisper whilst we talk of *her!* Her kingdom is not large, or else no flesh should live; but within that kingdom all power is hers. Her head, turreted like that of Cyb'ĕlë, rises almost beyond the reach of sight. She droops not; and her eyes, rising so high, *might* be hidden by distance. But, being what they are, they cannot be hidden; through the treble veil of crape which she wears, the fierce light of a blazing misery, that rests not for matins or for vespers, for noon of day or noon of night, for ebbing or for flowing tide, may be read from the very ground. She is the defier of God. She is also the mother of lunacies and the suggestress of suicides. Deep lie the roots of her power, but narrow is the nation that she rules. For she can approach only those in whom a profound nature has been upheaved by central convulsions, in whom the heart trembles and the brain rocks under conspiracies of tempests from without and tempests from within. Madonna moves with uncertain steps, fast or slow, but still with tragic grace. Our Lady of Sighs creeps timidly and stealthily. But this youngest sister moves with incalculable motions, bounding, and with tiger's leaps. She carries no key; for, though coming rarely amongst men, she storms all doors at which she is permitted to enter at all. And *her* name is *Mater Tenebrārum*, Our Lady of Darkness."

This is prose-poetry; but it is more. It is a permanent addition to the mythology of the human race. As the Graces are three, as the Fates are three, as the Furies are three, as the Muses were originally three, so may the varieties and degrees of misery that there are in the world, and the proportions of their distribution among mankind, be represented to the human imagination for ever by De Quincey's Three Ladies of Sorrow and his sketch of their figures and kingdoms.

DE QUINCEY, in *English Men of Letters* (1881).

THE BEST OF THACKERAY'S NOVELS.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE (1815–1882).

When we were young we used to be told, in our house at home, that "elbow-grease" was the one essential necessary to getting a tough piece of work well done. If a mahogany table was to be made to shine, it was elbow-grease that the operation needed. Forethought is the elbow-grease which a novelist, or poet, or dramatist, requires. It is not only his plot that has to be turned and re-turned in his mind, not his plot chiefly, but he has to make himself sure of his situations, of his characters, of his effects; so that when the time comes for hitting the nail he may know where to hit it on the head; so that he may himself understand the passion, the calmness, the virtues, the vices, the rewards and punishments which he means to explain to others; so that his proportions shall be correct, and he be saved from the absurdity of devoting two-thirds of his book to the beginning or two-thirds to the completion of his task. It is from want of this special labor more frequently than from intellectual deficiency, that the tellers of stories fail so often to hit their nails on the head. To think of a story is much harder work than to write it. The author can sit down with the pen in his hand for a given time, and produce a certain number of words. That is comparatively easy; and if he have a conscience in regard to his task, work will be done regularly. But to think it over as you lie in bed, or walk about, or sit cosily over your fire, to turn it all in your thoughts and make the things fit—that requires elbow-grease of the mind. The arrangement of the words is as though you were walking simply along a road; the arrangement of your story is as though you were carrying a sack of flour while you walked. Fielding had carried his sack of flour before he wrote *Tom Jones*, and Scott his before he produced *Ivanhoe*. So had Thackeray done—a very heavy sack of flour—in creating *Esmond*. In *Vanity Fair*, in *Pendennis*, and in *The Newcomes*, there was more of that mere wandering in which no heavy burden was borne. The richness of the author's mind, the beauty of his language, his imagination and perception of character, are all there. For that which was lovely he has shown his love, and for the hateful his hatred; but, nevertheless, they are comparatively idle books. His only work, as far as I can judge them, in which there is no touch of idleness, is *Esmond*.

Barry Lyndon is consecutive, and has the well-sustained purpose of exhibiting a finished rascal; but *Barry Lyndon* is not quite the same from beginning to end. All his full-fledged novels, except *Esmond*, contain rather strings of incidents and memoirs of individuals, than a completed story. But *Esmond* is a whole from beginning to end, with its tale well told, its purpose developed, its moral brought home, and its nail hit well on the head and driven in.

I told Thackeray once that it was not only his best work, but so much the best that there was none second to it. "That was what I intended," he said, "but I have failed. Nobody reads it." "After all what does it matter?" he went on after a while. "If they like anything, one ought to be satisfied. After all Esmond was a prig." Then he laughed and changed the subject, not caring to dwell on thoughts painful to him. The elbow-grease of thinking was always distasteful to him, and had no doubt been so when he conceived and carried out this work.

To the ordinary labor necessary for such a novel he added very much by his resolution to write it in a style different, not only from that which he had made his own, but from that also which belonged to the time. He had devoted himself to the reading of the literature of Queen Anne's reign; and having chosen to throw his story into that period, and to create in it personages who were to be peculiarly concerned with the period, he resolved to use as the vehicle for his story the forms of expression then prevalent. No one who has not tried it can understand how great is the difficulty of mastering a phase of one's own language other than that which habit has made familiar. To write in another language, if the language be sufficiently known, is a much less arduous undertaking. The lad who attempts to write his essay in Ciceronian Latin struggles to achieve a style which is not indeed common to him, but is more common than any other he has become acquainted with in that tongue. But Thackeray in his work had always to remember his Swift, his Steele, and his Addison, and to forget at the same time the modes of expression which the day had adopted. Whether he asked advice on the subject I do not know. But I feel sure that if he did he must have been counselled against it. Let my reader think what advice he would give to any writer on such a subject. Probably he asked no advice, and would have taken none. No doubt he found himself at first imperceptibly gliding into a phraseology which had attractions for his ear, and then

probably was so charmed with the peculiarly masculine forms of sentences which thus became familiar to him, that he thought it would be almost as difficult to drop them altogether as altogether to assume the use of them. And if he could do so successfully, how great would be the assistance given to the local coloring which is needed for a novel in prose, the scene of which is thrown far back from the writer's period! Were I to write a poem about Cœur de Lion, I should not mar my poem by using the simple language of the day; but if I write a prose story of the time, I cannot altogether avoid some attempt at far-away quaintnesses in language. To call a purse a "gypsire," and to begin your little speeches with "Marry come up," or to finish them with "Quotha," are but poor attempts. But even they have had their effect. Scott did the best he could with his Cœur de Lion. When we look to it we find that it was but little, though in his hands it passed for much. "By my troth," said the knight, "thou hast sung well and heartily, and in high praise of thine order." We doubt whether he achieved any similarity to the language of the time; but still, even in the little which he attempted, there was something of the picturesque. But how much more would be done if in very truth the whole language of a story could be thrown with correctness into the form of expression used at the time depicted!

It was this that Thackeray tried in his *Esmond*, and he has done it almost without a flaw. The time in question is near enough to us, and the literature sufficiently familiar to enable us to judge. Whether folk swore by their troth in the days of King Richard I. we do not know, but when we read Swift's letters, and Addison's papers, or Defoe's novels, we do catch the veritable sounds of Queen Anne's age, and can say for ourselves whether Thackeray has caught them correctly or not. No reader can doubt that he has done so. Nor is the reader ever struck with the affectation of an assumed dialect. The words come as though they had been written naturally, though not natural to the middle of the nineteenth century. But though Thackeray was successful in adopting the tone he wished to assume, he never quite succeeded, as far as my ear can judge, in altogether dropping it again.

And yet it has to be remembered that though *Esmond* deals with the times of Queen Anne, and "copies the language" of the time, as Thackeray himself says in the dedication, the story is not supposed to have been written till the reign of George II.

Esmond in his narrative speaks of Fielding and Hogarth, who did their best work under George II. The idea is that Henry Esmond, the hero, went out to Virginia after the events told, and there wrote the memoir in the form of an autobiography. The estate of Castlewood, in Virginia, had been given to the Esmond family by Charles II.; and this Esmond, our hero, finding that expatriation would best suit both his domestic happiness and his political difficulties—as the reader of the book will understand might be the case—settles himself in the colony, and there writes the history of his early life. He retains the manners, and with the manners the language of his youth. He lives among his own people, a country gentleman with a broad domain, mixing but little with the world beyond, and remains an English gentleman of the time of Queen Anne. The story is continued in *The Virginians*, the name given to a record of two lads who were grandsons of Harry Esmond, whose names are Warrington.

THACKERAY, in *English Men of Letters.*

FROM "HENRY ESMOND." (1852.)

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY (1811–1863).

When Francis, fourth Viscount Castlewood, came to his title, and presently after to take possession of his house of Castlewood, county Hants, in the year 1691, almost the only tenant of the place, besides the domestics, was a lad of twelve years of age, of whom no one seemed to take any note, until my Lady Viscountess lighted upon him going over the house with the housekeeper, on the day of her arrival. The boy was in the room known as the book-room, or yellow gallery, where the portraits of the family used to hang—that fine piece, among others by Sir Antonio Van Dyke, of George, second viscount, and that by Mr. Dobson of my lord the third viscount, just deceased, which it seems his lady and widow did not think fit to carry away, when she sent for and carried off to her house at Chelsea, near to London, the picture of herself by Sir Peter Lely, in which her ladyship was represented as a huntress of Diana's court.

The new and fair Lady of Castlewood found the sad, lonely, little occupant of this gallery busy over his great book, which he laid down when he was aware that a stranger was at hand. And knowing who that person must be, the lad stood up and bowed before her, performing a shy obeisance to the mistress of his house.

She stretched out her hand—indeed, when was it that that hand would not stretch out to do an act of kindness, or to protect grief and ill-fortune? "And this is our kinsman," she said; "and what is your name, kinsman?"

"My name is Henry Esmond," said the lad, looking up at her in a sort of delight and wonder, for she had come upon him as a *Dea certe*,* and appeared the most charming object he had ever looked on. Her golden hair was shining in the gold of the sun; her complexion was of a dazzling bloom; her lips smiling, and her eyes beaming with a kindness which made Harry Esmond's heart to beat with surprise.

"His name is Henry Esmond, sure enough, my lady," says Mrs. Worksop, the housekeeper (an old tyrant whom Henry Esmond plagued more than he hated): and the old gentlewoman looked significantly towards the late lord's picture, as it now is in the family, noble and severe-looking, with his hand on his sword, and his order on his cloak, which he had from the emperor during the war on the Danube against the Turk.

Seeing the great and undeniable likeness between this portrait and the lad, the new viscountess, who had still hold of the boy's hand as she looked at the picture, blushed and dropped the hand quickly, and walked down the gallery, followed by Mrs. Worksop.

When the lady came back, Harry Esmond stood exactly in the same spot, and with his hand as it had fallen when he dropped it on his black coat.

Her heart melted, I suppose (indeed she hath since owned as much), at the notion that she should do anything unkind to any mortal, great or small; for when she returned, she had sent away the housekeeper upon an errand by the door at the farther end of the gallery; and, coming back to the lad, with a look of infinite pity and tenderness in her eyes, she took his hand again, placing her other fair hand on his head, and saying some words to him, which were so kind, and said in a voice so sweet, that the boy, who had never looked upon so much beauty before, felt as if the touch of a superior being or angel smote him down to the ground, and kissed the fair protecting hand as he knelt on one knee. To the very last hour of his life, Esmond remembered the lady as she then spoke and looked—the rings on her fair hands, the very scent of her robe, the beam of her eyes lighting up with surprise and kindness, her lips blooming in a smile, the sun making a golden halo round her hair.

* *Dea certe* (dissyll.), "a goddess plainly."

As the boy was yet in this attitude of humility, enters behind him a portly gentleman, with a little girl of four years old in his hand. The gentleman burst into a great laugh at the lady and her adorer, with his little queer figure, his sallow face, and long black hair. The lady blushed, and seemed to deprecate his ridicule by a look of appeal to her husband; for it was my Lord Viscount who had now arrived, and whom the lad knew, having once before seen him in the late lord's lifetime.

THE GERM THEORY OF DISEASE.

JOHN TYNDALL, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., &c. (b. 1820),

Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution of Great Britain.

[Dr. Tyndall at first devoted himself to the experimental investigation of the laws of heat, light, sound, and electricity. A few years ago, while at Geneva, he received a trivial injury in the ankle which developed into so serious a matter that for six weeks he was kept a close prisoner in bed. While meditating during this sad holiday, Tyndall was led to inquire into the transmission of disease germs (*bacteria*) by the atmosphere; and his researches, ever since continued, have yielded sanitary results of the highest value. His instruments of research are the electric beam, the microscope, glass flasks, and various infusions of animal and vegetable matter. Simultaneously, other experimentalists have been working out kindred problems. In France, where the silk-husbandry was paralyzed by a mysterious disease among the silk worms, Pasteur traced the disease to parasitical "vibrios," and indicated the remedy. Then Pasteur went to the relief of other great industries which were crippled by microscopical antagonists. Dr. Koch, a young German physician, also traced to parasitic organisms and mastered that terrible cattle scourge *splenic fever*. The momentous fact seems now to be established that the microscopical parasites occasioning specific diseases lose their fatal powers if cultivated in oxygen and "attenuated;" and if an animal or a human being is inoculated with the debilitated parasite, susceptibility to the dangerous variety ceases thereat. Dr. Koch has announced that he has traced to a parasite ("bucellus") that dread disease consumption, and that he is now able to produce the disease at will. Pasteur, still more recently, has traced to specific "microbes" hydrophobia and various epidemics. The anticipations here expressed by Tyndall have been fulfilled almost before his manuscript was in print.]

I have spoken of the floating dust of the air, of the means of rendering it visible, and of the perfect immunity from putrefaction which accompanies the contact of germless infusions and moteless air. Consider the woes which these wafted particles, during historic and prehistoric ages, have inflicted on mankind; consider the loss of life in hospitals from putrefying wounds; consider the loss in places where there are plenty of wounds, but no hospitals, and in the ages before hospitals were anywhere founded; consider the slaughter which has hitherto followed that of the battle-field, when those bacterial destroyers are let loose, often producing a mortality far greater than that of the

battle itself; add to this the other conception, that in times of epidemic disease the self-same floating matter has mingled with it the special germs which produce the epidemic, being thus enabled to sow pestilence and death over nations and continents; —consider all this, and you will come with me to the conclusion that all the havoc of war, ten times multiplied, would be evanescent if compared with the ravages due to atmospheric dust.

This preventible destruction is going on to-day, and it has been permitted to go on for ages, without a whisper of information regarding its cause being vouchsafed to the suffering sentient world. We have been scourged by invisible thongs, attacked from impenetrable ambuscades, and it is only to-day that the light of science is being let in upon the murderous dominion of our foes. Facts like these excite in me the thought that the rule and governance of this universe are different from what we in our youth supposed them to be—that the inscrutable Power, at once terrible and beneficent, in whom we live and move and have our being and our end, is to be propitiated by means different from those usually resorted to. The first requisite towards such propitiation is *knowledge;* the second is *action*, shaped and illuminated by that knowledge. Of knowledge we already see the dawn, which will open out by-and-by to perfect day; while the action which is to follow has its unfailing source and stimulus in the moral and emotional nature of man—in his desire for personal well-being, in his sense of duty, in his compassionate sympathy with the sufferings of his fellowmen. "How often," says Dr. William Budd in his celebrated work on typhoid fever—"how often have I seen in past days, in the single narrow chamber of the day-laborer's cottage, the father in the coffin, the mother in the sick-bed in muttering delirium, and nothing to relieve the desolation of the children but the devotion of some poor neighbor, who in too many cases paid the penalty of her kindness in becoming herself the victim of the same disorder!" From the vantage-ground already won I look forward with confident hope to the triumph of medical art over the scenes of misery like that here described. The cause of the calamity being once clearly revealed, not only to the physician, but to the public, whose intelligent co-operation is absolutely essential to success, the final victory of humanity is only a question of time. We have already a foretaste of that victory in the triumphs of surgery as practised at your doors.

Floating Matter of the Air (1882).

THE DISCOVERY AND EXPLORATION OF THE PELLY (YUKON) RIVER.

(*Contributed by the Discoverer.*)

ROBERT CAMPBELL, lately a Chief Factor of the Hudson Bay Company.

[The Yukon (Pelly) is the largest river that flows from the American continent into the Pacific Ocean. Rising as the "Pelly" River in the Rocky Mountains, on the northern frontier of British Columbia, it maintains a westerly direction for several hundred miles. It crosses the 141st meridian, which forms the eastern boundary of Alaska, and holding a northwest course for more than six hundred miles, it is joined by the Porcupine River from the north. At the junction stands the Hudson Bay Company's station, Fort Yukon. Up to this point the river is called the Pelly, but for the remaining twelve hundred miles of its course it is known as the Yukon. It enters the Sea of Kamchatka (Behring Sea) by several mouths, and the name of one of these mouths, the Kwich-pak (pr. *Kwif-pak*), has by the Russians been misapplied to the whole river. The total course of this magnificent river is estimated at more than two thousand five hundred miles; at six hundred miles from the mouth it exceeds a mile in width, and it is navigable at high water to within a short distance of its very source. In 1838, Malakoff, a Russian official, entered the Yukon and explored it for about six hundred miles—to its junction with the Nulato; four years later, Derabin founded a settlement at this spot. Early in the winter of 1843 Zagoskin, of the Russian imperial navy, arrived on the scene, assisted in building Fort Nulato, and made a report of progress, which has been translated into German. Zagoskin's chart of the Yukon shows only seven hundred miles of its course from the mouth. Here Russian exploration terminated. In 1840, as he himself relates below, Mr. Robert Campbell, an officer of the Hudson Bay Company, while searching for the source of the Colville River, discovered the watershed of a river which he named the "Pelly," and which in 1850, by an exploration of twelve hundred miles, he proved to be identical with the Yukon.

The following valuable monograph has been with great kindness prepared by the explorer himself expressly for this Reader, and it has been edited from his autograph draft. The connected narrative of these discoveries is now for the first time published, though since 1853 we have enjoyed the fruits of Mr. Campbell's explorations in the maps of British Columbia and Alaska which were prepared by the late Mr. Arrowsmith from Mr. Campbell's journals of exploration.

Early in the spring of 1838 Mr. Campbell, after encountering dangers that had baffled previous explorers, succeeded in establishing a Hudson Bay post at Dease's Lake, the source of one of the west tributaries of the Mackenzie River. In July of the same year he discovered the watershed of the Stikeen River. Since the discovery of the wonderful Cassiar gold-fields in 1873, Stikeen River and Dease Lake have become familiar names: the river is the great gateway to the north gold-field of British Columbia, and Lake Dease has been the centre of much feverish life and activity. The remainder of 1838 and the year 1839 were spent by Mr. Campbell either in perilous explorations or in making preparations for them. The explorer was on one occasion reduced to such dire straits that he and his companions were forced to use for food the parchment windows of their hut, and even the very lacing of their snow-shoes.]

In the spring of 1840 I was appointed to explore the north

branch of the Liard River* to its sources, and to cross the Rocky Mountains and try to find any river flowing westward, especially the head-waters of the Colville, the mouth of which, in the Arctic Ocean, had been recently discovered by Messrs. Dease and Simpson.

In pursuance of these instructions I left Fort Halkett† in May with a canoe and seven men, among them my trusty Indians Lapie and Kitza, and the interpreter Hoole. After ascending the stream some hundred miles, and far into the mountains, we entered a beautiful lake, which I named Frances Lake, in honor of Lady Simpson.‡ The river thus far is rather serpentine, with a swift current, and flanked on both sides by chains of mountains, which ascend to a higher altitude in the background. The country is well wooded with poplar, spruce, pine, fir, and birch. Game is pretty abundant, especially beaver, on the meat of which, with moose-deer, geese, and ducks, we generally lived. Mountain trout are very fine and abundant, and easily taken with a hook and any bait. About five miles farther on, the lake divides into two branches round "Simpson's Tower." The south, which is the longer branch, extends forty miles. Leaving the canoe and part of the crew near the south-west extremity of this branch, I set out with three Indians and the interpreter. Shouldering our blankets and guns, we ascended the valley of a river which we traced to its source in a lake ten miles long, which, with the river, I named Finlayson's Lake and River. The lake is situated so near the water-shed, that, in high floods, water flows from both ends down both sides of the mountains, feeding the Arctic and Pacific Oceans.

From this point we descended the west slope of the Rocky Mountains, and on the second day from Finlayson's Lake, we had the pleasing satisfaction of seeing from a high bank a splendid river in the distance. I named the bank from which we caught the first glimpse of the river "Pelly Banks," and the river "Pelly River," after our home governor Sir H. Pelly. I may mention, in passing, that Sir George Simpson in a kind letter called them both after me, "Campbell's Banks and River," but in my reply I disclaimed all knowledge of any such

* The chief affluent of the Mackenzie River from the west.—*Editor.*

† Fort Halkett is on the Liard River.—*Editor.*

‡ The wife of Sir George Simpson, who was from 1821 to 1857 the Canadian Governor of the Hudson Bay Company.—*Editor.*

A DOG-TRAIN AMONG THE ROCKIES.

places.* After reaching the actual bank of the river we constructed a raft, on which we embarked, and had the pleasure of drifting down a few miles on its bosom; and at parting, we cast into the stream a sealed tin can, with memoranda of our discovery, the date, etc.

Highly delighted with our success, we retraced our steps to Frances Lake, where we regained the rest of our party, who during our absence had built a house on the point at the forks of the lake and called it "Glenlyon House." Returning, we reached Fort Halkett [on River Liard] about the 10th of September, and forwarded the report of our trip by the party who brought up our outfit.

The Company now resolved to follow up these discoveries, and in pursuance of this plan I was ordered in 1841 to establish a trading-post on Frances Lake so as to be ready for future operations westward. In 1842, birch bark for the building of a large canoe to be used in exploring the Pelly was brought up from Fort de Liard with the outfit, and during the winter was sent over the mountains by dog-sleighs to Pelly Banks, where the necessary buildings were put up, and the canoe was built in the early spring of 1843. Early in June I left Frances Lake with some of the men. We walked over the mountains to the Pelly Banks, and shortly after started down stream in the canoe with the interpreter Hoole, two French Canadians, and three Indians. As we advanced, the river increased in size, and the scenery formed a succession of picturesque landscapes. About twenty-five miles from Pelly Banks we encountered a bad rapid, —"Hoole's"—where we were forced to disembark everything. Elsewhere we had a nice flowing current. Ranges of mountains flanked us on both sides: on the right hand the mountains were generally covered with wood; the left range was more open, with patches of green poplar running up its valleys and *burnsides*, reminding one of the green brae-face of the Highland glens. Moose-deer and bears were often seen as we passed along; and at points where the precipice rose abrupt from the water's edge, the wild sheep,—"big horn,"—were often seen on the shelving rocks. They are very keen-sighted. Once they take alarm, they file swiftly and gracefully over the mountain.

* With characteristic self-forgetfulness the explorer's own name does not once appear over the wide area of his discoveries: but Mr. Whymper (*Travel and Adventure in the Territory of Alaska*) tells us that "Fort Selkirk" on the Yukon is, locally, always known as "Mr. Campbell's Fort."—*Editor.*

When we chanced to get one, we found it splendid eating—good enough for even an epicure.

Thus we travelled on for several days. We saw only one family of Indians,—"Knife" Indians,—till we reached the junction of the Pelly with a tributary which was named the Lewis. Here we found a large camp of Indians,—the "Wood" Indians. We took them by no ordinary surprise, as they had never seen a white man before, and they looked upon us and everything about us with some awe as well as curious surprise. Two of their chiefs, father and son, were very stout, tall, and good-looking. We smoked the pipe of peace together, and I distributed some presents. They spoke very loud, as do all Indians in their natural state, but they seemed kind and peaceable. When we explained to them as best we could that we were going down stream, they all raised their voices against it. Among other dangers, they indicated that inhabiting the lower river were many tribes of "bad" Indians,—"numerous as the sand,"—"who would not only kill us, but eat us." We should never return, and friends coming to look after us would unjustly blame them for our murder. All this frightened our men to such a degree that I had reluctantly to consent to our return, which under the circumstances was the only alternative course. I learned afterwards that it would have been madness in us to have made any further advance, unprepared as we were for such an enterprise.

Much depressed, we that afternoon retraced our course up stream; but before doing so, I launched on the river a sealed can containing memoranda of our trip, etc. I was so dejected at the unexpected turn of affairs that I was perfectly heedless of what was passing; but on the third day of our upward progress, I noticed, on both sides of the river, fires burning on the hill-tops far and near. This awoke me to a sense of our situation. I conjectured that, as in Scotland of the olden time, these were *signal-fires*: that they summoned the Indians to surround and intercept us. Thus awakened we made the best use of paddle and "tracking-line" to get up stream and ahead of the Indian signals. On the fourth morning, we came to a party of Indians on the bank of the river opposite from us. They made signs to us to cross over; which we did. They were very hostile,—bows bent and arrows in hand,—and they would not come down from the top of the high bank to the water's edge to receive us. I sent up a man with pieces of tobacco,—the em-

TRACKING ON PELLY RIVER.

blem of peace,—to reassure them; but at first they would hardly remove their hands from their bows to receive it. We ascended the bank to them, and had a most friendly interview, carried on by words and signs. It required, however, some *finesse* and adroitness to get away from them. Once in the canoe we quickly pushed out and struck down stream and obliquely for the opposite bank, so as to be beyond arrow-flight, and I faced about gun in hand to watch their actions. The river was there too broad for either ball or arrow. We worked hard during the rest of the day and till late. The men were tired out, and I made them all sleep in my tent that night while I kept watch. At that season the night is so clear that one can read, write, or work throughout. Our camp lay on the bank of the river at the base of a steep bank which had large trees here and there up its grassy slope. In the forks of one of these trees I passed the greater part of this anxious night, reading *Hervey's Meditations* and keeping a vigilant look-out. Occasionally I descended and walked to the river-bank, but all was still. Two years afterwards, when friendly relations had been established with the Indians in this district, I learned to my no small astonishment that the hostile tribe encountered down the river had dogged us all day, and when we encamped for the night had encamped behind the crest of the hill; and that from this lair they had watched my every movement. With such exact detail as only Indians can observe, they described me seated in the tree, holding "something white" (the book) in my hands, and often raising my eyes to make a survey of the neighborhood; then, descending to the river-bank, taking my horn-cup from my belt, and even while I drank glancing up and down the river and towards the hill. They confessed that, had I knelt down to drink, they would have rushed upon me and drowned me in the swift current; after thus noiselessly despatching me, they would have massacred the sleeping inmates of my tent. How often, without knowing it, are we protected from danger by the merciful hand of our God! Next morning we were early in motion, and were glad to observe that we had outwitted the Indians and outstripped their signal-fires. After this we travelled more at leisure; we hunted along our advance, and in due time reached Frances Lake.

For a few years after this we confined our operations to trading, etc., between Frances Lake and Pelly Banks; but during the summer we sent hunting-parties down the Pelly to collect

provisions for our establishments; and by this means we obtained accurate information respecting the Pelly River, its resources, Indian tribes, etc.

In the winter of 1847–8, we built boats at Pelly Banks, and, sending off our returns to Fort Simpson, we left Pelly Banks early in June 1848, to establish a post at the forks of Pelly and Lewis Rivers which was named Fort Selkirk. Ever since the discovery of the Pelly River in 1840, various conjectures were hazarded as to what river the Pelly was, and where it entered the sea.

Fort Yukon was, I think, established in 1846 or 1847* from Peel River near the mouth of the Mackenzie. From the first I expressed my belief, in which hardly any one concurred, that the Pelly and the Yukon were identical. In 1850, having obtained Sir George Simpson's permission, I explored the lower river, and by reaching Fort Yukon I proved the correctness of my conjectures.†

From Fort Yukon I directed my boat and party upwards into the Porcupine River. I was accompanied by Mr. Murray, who was coming out with the returns, and whose duty it was to bear back with him the Yukon outfit from La Pierre's House at the head of the Porcupine River, to which point supplies were transported over the mountains in winter by dog-sleighs from Peel River. La Pierre's House duly reached, we left our boat there and walked over the mountains to Peel River, about ninety miles; thence by boat we ascended the Mackenzie River to Fort Simpson. I thus performed a circuit of several thousand miles from my point of departure on the Liard River. Great astonishment was felt by all my friends and acquaintances when they saw me reach Fort Simpson by *coming up the Mackenzie River* instead of descending the Liard, for no one entertained a suspicion that the Pelly River had any connection with the Yukon, or that the Pelly was linked with the Porcupine, Peel, and Mackenzie Rivers. Thenceforward this new route, so unexpectedly found out, was made the highway for the transport of outfits, and result of trade to the Pelly and all intermediate posts.

When I visited England in 1853, this vast stretch of country,

* The original fort was built in 1847. This having been undermined by the river, was replaced in 1867 by a new fort a mile farther down.—*Editor.*

† In this exploration Mr. Campbell must have descended the river twelve hundred miles.—*Editor.*

—until then a blank on the map, and untrodden and unknown of white men,—was, under my direction, correctly delineated on his map of North America by the late J. Arrowsmith, the Hudson Bay Company's hydrographer; and hence it happens that many of these rivers and places of note are named after my friends or after the rivers in my native glens.

The Pelly [Yukon] is a magnificent river, increasing in size by the many affluents that swell its tide. It sweeps in a gentle, serpentine course, round the spurs of the double mountain range that generally skirts each side of the valley.

At a distance of some forty-five miles from Fort Yukon, the mountains recede, the river widens and for miles wanders among countless islands. Of these twin ranges the more distant is much the loftier. Many of its summits are dotted with wreaths of snow, while others wear a perpetual mantle of white. Many of the Pelly's affluents are large streams—especially the M'Millan; Lewis, White, and Stewart Rivers. Four kinds of salmon ascend the river in great numbers in their season; and then comes a busy harvest-time for the Indians, who assemble in large camps along the river, and are most expert in the use of the spear. Large numbers of salmon are killed, some for present use, and some for winter use. Salmon have been seen and killed above Pelly Banks, which is more than two thousand miles from the sea. Steamers from the Pacific have already ascended to Fort Yukon (twelve hundred miles); and during the freshet they can ascend more than twelve hundred miles further (to Hoole's Rapid). The lakes all over the country abound in excellent white fish.

The fauna of the country is rather abundant and varied. It includes moose and reindeer; bears, black and grizzly; wolves, wolverines; rats, hares; the fox, lynx, beaver, mink, and marten. I saw the bones, head, and horns of buffaloes; but this animal had become extinct before our visit, as had also some species of elephants, whose remains were seen in various swamps. I forwarded an elephant's thigh-bone to the British Museum, where it may still be seen.

The vegetation of the country is rich and varied. I forwarded several examples of the flora to the late Sir William J. Hooker, Director of the Kew Gardens. I also sent him specimens of all the rocks from Yukon to Pelly Banks. The climate is more pleasant and genial than in the same latitude on the east side of the mountains.

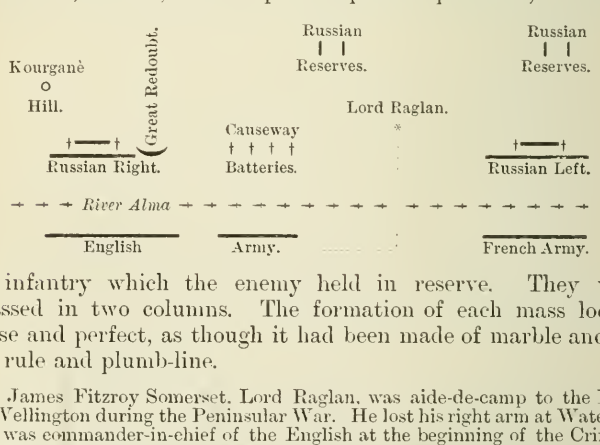
THE TURNING-POINT AT THE ALMA.

(September 20, 1854.)

ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE (b. 1811).

[England and France became the allies of Turkey against Russia in the beginning of 1854, and the Crimean War began. The object of the expedition was to reduce Sebastopol, the great Russian stronghold. The allies landed at Eupatoria, on the west coast of the Crimea, on September 14th. A week later they reached the river Alma, and found fifty thousand Russians under Prince Menschikoff posted on the rocky heights of its south bank, and prepared to dispute their passage. The battle was hotly contested. Not till after three hours' hard fighting did the allies succeed in forcing the passage of the river. Then the scaling of the southern heights was commenced. After giving orders for the general advance, Lord Raglan, accompanied only by his staff, rode across the Alma at a point between the English and the French armies, mounted the opposite slope, and took up his position on a knoll far in advance of either of the allied armies, and in the very heart of the enemy's position. From this spot he commanded a view of nearly the whole ground destined to be the scene of the English attack. The historian Kinglake was beside Lord Raglan on the knoll.]

Lord Raglan * looked upon that part of the Russian army which confronted ours; he saw it in profile; he saw down into the flank of the Causeway batteries, which barred the mouth of the pass; and, beyond, he saw into the shoulder of the Great Redoubt, then about to be stormed by Codrington's brigade. Above all, he saw, drawn up with splendid precision, the bodies



of infantry which the enemy held in reserve. They were massed in two columns. The formation of each mass looked close and perfect, as though it had been made of marble and cut by rule and plumb-line.

* James Fitzroy Somerset, Lord Raglan, was aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington during the Peninsular War. He lost his right arm at Waterloo. He was commander-in-chief of the English at the beginning of the Crimean War, but was cut off by disease at Balaklava. Marshal St. Arnaud, the French commander, fell an early victim to fatigue and anxiety.

These troops, being in reserve, were of course some way in rear of the enemy's batteries and his foremost battalions, but they were only nine hundred yards from the eye of the English general; for it was Lord Raglan's strange and happy destiny to have ridden almost into the rear of the positions, and to be almost as near to the enemy's reserves as he was to the front of their array.

All this—now told with labor of words—Lord Raglan saw at a glance; and at the same moment he divined the fatal perturbation which would be inflicted upon the enemy by the mere appearance of our head-quarter staff in this part of the field. The knoll, though much lower than the summit of the telegraph height, stood out bold and plain above the pass. It was clear that even from afar the enemy would make out that it was crowned by a group of plumed officers. It would not, Lord Raglan thought, occur to any Russian general that fifteen or twenty staff officers, whether French or English, could have reached the knoll without having thousands of troops close at hand. The enemy's generals would therefore infer that a large proportion of the allied force had won its way into the heart of the Russian position.

This was the view which Lord Raglan's mind had seized when, at the very moment of crowning the knoll, he looked round, and said, "Our presence here will have the best effect." Then, glancing down as he spoke into the flank of the Causeway batteries, and carrying his eye round to the enemy's

infantry reserves, Lord Raglan said, "Now, if we had a couple of guns here!" His wish was instantly seized by Colonel Dickson and one or two other officers. They rode off in all haste.

The rest of the group which had followed Lord Raglan remained with him upon the summit of the knoll, and every one, facing eastward and taking out his glass, began to scan the ground destined to be assailed by the English troops. The Light Division had not then begun to emerge from the thick ground and the channel of the river, but presently some small groups, and afterwards larger gatherings of the red-coats, appeared upon the top of the river's bank, on the Russian side; and at length, seen in profile by Lord Raglan, there began the tumultuous onset of Codrington's brigade against the Great Redoubt. Lord Raglan knew that the distance between him and the scene of the struggle at the Redoubt was too great to allow of his then tampering with it; for any order that he might send would lose its worth in the journey, and tend to breed confusion. And it was not in his way to assuage his impatience by making impotent efforts.

Watching the onslaught of Codrington's brigade, Lord Raglan had seen the men ascend the slope and rush up over the parapet of the Great Redoubt. Then moments, then whole minutes—precious minutes—elapsed, and he had to bear the anguish of finding that the ground where he longed to see the supports marching up was still left bare. Then—a too sure result of that default—he had to see our soldiery relinquishing their capture and retreating in clusters down the hill.

This was the condition of things when, having been hurried down to the ford, and dragged through the river, and up over steep, rugged ground, the two guns for which Lord Raglan had prayed were brought up at length to the summit of the knoll. They were guns belonging to Turner's battery, and they were already crossing the river when Dickson came upon them. The two pieces were soon unlimbered, and one of them—for the artillerymen had not all been able to keep pace—was worked by Dickson, with his own hands. The guns were pointed upon the flank of the Causeway batteries. Every one watched keenly for the result of the first shot. The first shot failed. Some one said, "Allow a little more for the wind;" and the words were not spoken as though they were a quotation from *Ivanhoe,* but rather in a way showing that the speaker knew something

of artillery practice. The next shot, or the next shot but one, took effect upon the Causeway batteries. It struck, they say, a tumbril * which stood just in rear of the guns.

It presently became a joyful certainty that the Causeway batteries, exposing their flank to the fire from the knoll, could not hold their ground; and in a few moments a keen-eyed officer, who was one of the group around Lord Raglan, cried out, with great joy, "He is carrying off his guns!" And this was true. The field-pieces which formed the Causeway batteries were rapidly limbered up, and dragged to another ground far up in the rear. With the two great columns of infantry, which constituted the enemy's reserves, it fared no better. After not more than two failures, the gunners got their range, and our nine-pounders ploughed through the serried masses of the two Russian columns, cutting lanes through and through them. Yet for some minutes the columns stood firm. And even when the still increasing havoc at length overruled the punctilio of those brave men, it seemed to be in obedience to orders, and not under the stress of any confusing terror, that the two great columns gave way. They retreated in good order.

Our gunners then tried their pieces upon the Vladimir battalions, and, although the range was too great to allow of their striking the column, they impressed the Russian commander with a contrary belief. He was sure that these troops were reached by the guns on the knoll; and his belief was one of the causes which helped to govern his movements. This was the time when the great column of the Ouglitz corps—being fired, it seemed, with a vehement spirit—was still marching down from the Kourganè Hill, with a mind to support the Vladimir battalions, and enable them to press the retreat of our soldiery, then coming down in clusters from the Great Redoubt; but the disasters which Lord Raglan had that moment inflicted upon the enemy, by the aid of the two guns on the knoll, made it natural for the Russian generals, who saw what was done, to stop short in any forward movement.

The Ouglitz column, as we have seen, was stopped in the midst of its eager advance; and, for want of the support which these troops had been going to lend, the triumphant Vladimir column was brought to a halt on the site of the Great Redoubt. So, here was the spell which now for several minutes had been governing the battle. The apparition of a score of plumed

* A covered cart used for pioneers' implements or for artillery stores.

horsemen on this knoll may have had more or less to do with the resolve which led the Russian general to dismantle the Great Redoubt; but, at all events, this apparition and the fire of Lord Raglan's two guns had enforced the withdrawal of the Causeway batteries,—had laid open the entrance of the pass,—had shattered the enemy's reserves,—had stopped the onward march of the Ouglitz battalions, and had chained up the high-mettled Vladimir in the midst of its triumphant advance.

The Invasion of the Crimea.

PASSAGES FROM THE SPEECHES OF JOHN BRIGHT.

(B. 1811.)

1. *Mr. Bright on his own Political Career.*

[The passage here quoted forms the peroration of a speech delivered in the House of Commons, April 23, 1866, in support of the second reading of the *Representation of the People* Bill. The term "Babylon" seems to have been first applied to London by Sheil (1791-1851), in the epithet "Modern Babylon."]

I did not rise with the expectation that I should convince honorable gentlemen that they are wrong and that I am right; the most that I can hope for is, that some fact or some argument may find a lodgment in some mind, and may moderate hostility to a proposal which I think the country requires, and the country is anxious to receive. I have not spoken in favor of the Government. I have said that I think their figures are wrong and untrue—injurious to their own bill and their own case. Now, will the House believe for once that I am speaking to them from no party spirit, from no desire to do anything in the country or to the country more than they would wish? My view of the public interest is at least as conscientious and as honest as theirs can be. I have been misrepresented, and condemned, and denounced, by honorable gentlemen opposite, and by not a few writers of their press. My conscience tells me that I have labored honestly only to destroy that which is evil, and to build up that which is good. The political gains of the last twenty-five years, as they were summed up the other night by the honorable member for Wick,* are my political gains, if they can be called the gains, even in any degree, of any living Englishman.

* Mr. Laing.

And, if now, in all the great centres of our population—in Birmingham, with its busy district—in Manchester, with its encircling towns—in the population of the West Riding of Yorkshire—in Glasgow, and amidst the vast industries of the west of Scotland—and in this great Babylon in which we are assembled—if we do not find ourselves surrounded by hungry and exasperated multitudes—if now, more than at any time during the last hundred years, it may be said, quoting the beautiful words of Mr. Sheridan, that

"Content sits basking on the cheek of toil,"—

if this House and if its statesmen glory in the change, have I not as much as any living man some claim to partake of that glory? I know, and every thoughtful man among you knows, and those gentlemen who sit on that bench, and who are leading you to this enterprise, they know, that the policy I have urged upon the House and upon the country, so far as it has hitherto been accepted by Parliament, is a policy conservative of the public welfare, strengthening the just authority of Parliament, and adding from day to day fresh lustre and dignity to the Crown. And now, when I speak to you asking you to pass this bill—when I plead on behalf of those who are not allowed to speak themselves in this House—if you could raise yourselves for this night, for this hour, above the region of party strife—if you could free yourselves from the pestilent atmosphere of passion and prejudice which so often surrounds us here, I feel confident that at this moment I should not plead in vain before this Imperial Parliament on behalf of the English Constitution and the English People.

2. *Negotiations at Vienna.*

[The following speech was delivered in the House of Commons, February 23, 1855, while the Russian War was still in progress. In the passage beginning "The Angel of Death," Mr. Bright reached the very highest order of eloquence.]

I should like to ask the noble lord [Lord Palmerston] at the head of the Government—although I am not sure if he will feel that he can or ought to answer the question—whether the noble lord, the member for London, has power, after discussions have commenced, and as soon as there shall be established good grounds for believing that the negotiations for peace will prove successful, to enter into any armistice? ["No! no!"]

I know not, sir, who it is that says "No, no;" but I should like to see any man get up and say that the destruction of two hundred thousand human lives, lost on all sides during the course of this unhappy conflict, is not a sufficient sacrifice. You are not pretending to conquer territory; you are not pretending to hold fortified or unfortified towns; you have offered terms of peace, which, as I understand them, I do not say are not moderate; and breathes there a man in this House, or in this country, whose appetite for blood is so insatiable that, even when terms of peace have been offered and accepted, he pines for that assault in which of Russian, Turk, French, and English, as sure as one man dies, twenty thousand corpses will strew the streets of Sebastopol? I say I should like to ask the noble lord, and I am sure that he will feel, and that this House will feel, that I am speaking in no unfriendly manner towards the Government of which he is at the head—I should like to know, and I venture to hope that it is so, if the noble lord, the member for London, has power, at the earliest stage of these proceedings at Vienna at which it can properly be done—and I should think that it might properly be done at a very early stage—to adopt a course by which all further waste of human life may be put an end to, and further animosity between three great nations be, as far as possible, prevented.....

I cannot but notice, in speaking to gentlemen who sit on either side of this House, or in speaking to any one I meet between this House and any of those localities we frequent when this House is up—I cannot, I say, but notice that an uneasy feeling exists as to the news which may arrive by the very next mail from the East. I do not suppose that your troops are to be beaten in actual conflict with the foe, or that they will be driven into the sea; but I am certain that many homes in England in which there now exists a fond hope that the distant one may return—many such homes will have been rendered desolate when the next mail shall arrive. The Angel of Death has been abroad throughout the land; you may almost hear the beating of his wings. There is no one, as when the first-born were slain of old, to sprinkle with blood the lintel and the two side-posts of our doors, that he may spare and pass on: he takes his victims from the castle of the noble, the mansion of the wealthy, and the cottage of the poor and the lowly; and it is on behalf of all these classes that I make this solemn appeal.

TWO STUDIES IN SHELLEY.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

1. *Sunset and San Lazzaro.*

In the middle of August (1818), Shelley left his wife at the Bagni di Lucca, and paid a visit to Lord Byron at Venice. He arrived at midnight in a thunderstorm. *Julian and Maddălo* was the literary fruit of this excursion—a poem which has rightly been characterized by Mr. Rossetti as the most perfect specimen in our language of the "poetical treatment of ordinary things." The description of a Venetian sunset, touched to sadness amid all its splendor by the gloomy presence of the madhouse, ranks among Shelley's finest word-paintings; while the glimpse of Byron's life is interesting on a lower level. Here is the picture of the sunset and the island of San Lazzaro [*Lat'sa-ro*]:—

"Oh!
How beautiful is sunset, when the glow
Of heaven descends upon a land like thee,
Thou paradise of exiles, Italy,
Thy mountains, seas, and vineyards, and the towers
Of cities they encircle!—It was ours
To stand on thee, beholding it; and then,
Just where we had dismounted, the count's men
Were waiting for us with the gondŏla.
As those who pause on some delightful way,
Though bent on pleasant pilgrimage, we stood
Looking upon the evening, and the flood
Which lay between the city and the shore,
Paved with the image of the sky. The hoar
And airy Alps, towards the north, appeared,
Through mist, a heaven-sustaining bulwark, reared
Between the east and west; and half the sky
Was roofed with clouds of rich emblazonry,
Dark purple at the zenith, which still grew
Down the steep west into a wondrous hue
Brighter than burning gold, even to the rent
Where the swift sun yet paused in his descent
Among the many-folded hills. They were
Those famous Euganean* hills, which bear,
As seen from Lido through the harbor piles,
The likeness of a clump of peaked isles;—

* *Eugăn'ean Hills*, near Padua and Verona in Northern Italy. The name has come down from classical antiquity which connected the hills with the refugees that founded Padua and Verona. In 1370 the poet Petrarch took up his residence at Arquà in the Euganean Hills, and was found dead in his library, July 19, 1374.

And then, as if the earth and sea had been
Dissolved into one lake of fire, were seen
Those mountains towering, as from waves of flame,
Around the vaporous sun, from which there came
The inmost purple spirit of light, and made
Their very peaks transparent. 'Ere it fade,'
Said my companion, 'I will show you soon
A better station.' So o'er the lagune
We glided; and from that funereal bark
I leaned, and saw the city, and could mark
How from their many isles, in evening's gleam,
Its temples and its palaces did seem
Like fabrics of enchantment piled to heaven.
I was about to speak, when—'We are even
Now at the point I meant,' said Maddalo,
And bade the gondolieri cease to row.
'Look, Julian, on the west, and listen well
If you hear not a deep and heavy bell.'
I looked, and saw between us and the sun
A building on an island, such a one
As age to age might add, for uses vile,—
A windowless, deformed, and dreary pile;
And on the top an open tower, where hung
A bell, which in the radiance swayed and swung,—
We could just hear its coarse and iron tongue:
The broad sun sank behind it, and it tolled
In strong and black relief. 'What we behold
Shall be the madhouse and its belfry tower,'
Said Maddalo; 'and ever at this hour,
Those who may cross the water hear that bell,
Which calls the maniacs, each one from his cell,
To vespers." *Julian and Maddalo* (1818).

It may be parenthetically observed that one of the few familiar quotations from Shelley's poems occurs in *Julian and Maddalo*:—

"Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong:
They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

2. *An Island Retreat in the Ægean.*

The description of this visionary isle, and of the life to be led there by the fugitives from a dull and undiscerning world, is the most beautiful that has been written this century in the rhymed heroic metre:—

"It is an isle under Ionian skies,
Beautiful as a wreck of Paradise;

And, for the harbors are not safe and good,
This land would have remained a solitude
But for some pastoral people native there,
Who from the Elysian, clear, and golden air
Draw the last spirit of the age of gold,
Simple and spirited, innocent and bold.
The blue Ægean girds this chosen home,
With ever-changing sound and light and foam
Kissing the sifted sands and caverns hoar;
And all the winds wandering along the shore,
Undulate with the undulating tide.
There are thick woods where sylvan forms abide;
And many a fountain, rivulet, and pond,
As clear as elemental diamond,
Or serene morning air. And far beyond,
The mossy tracks made by the goats and deer
(Which the rough shepherd treads but once a year),
Pierce into glades, caverns, and bowers, and halls
Built round with ivy, which the waterfalls,
Illumining, with sound that never fails
Accompany the noonday nightingales;
And all the place is peopled with sweet airs.
The light clear element which the isle wears
Is heavy with the scent of lemon-flowers,
Which floats like mist laden with unseen showers,
And falls upon the eyelids like faint sleep;
And from the moss violets and jonquils peep,
And dart their arrowy odor through the brain,
Till you might faint with that delicious pain.
And every motion, odor, beam, and tone
With that deep music is in unison—
Which is a soul within a soul; they seem
Like echoes of an antenatal dream.
It is an isle 'twixt heaven, air, earth, and sea
Cradled, and hung in clear tranquillity;
Bright as that wandering Eden, Lucifer,
Washed by the soft blue oceans of young air.
It is a favorite place. Famine or blight,
Pestilence, war, and earthquake, never light
Upon its mountain peaks; blind vultures, they
Sail onward far upon their fatal way.
The wingëd storms, chanting their thunder-psalm
To other lands, leave azure chasms of calm
Over this isle, or weep themselves in dew,
From which its fields and woods ever renew
Their green and golden immortality." *Epipsychidion* (1820).

SHELLEY, in *English Men of Letters.*

EMPEDOCLES ON ÆTNA.

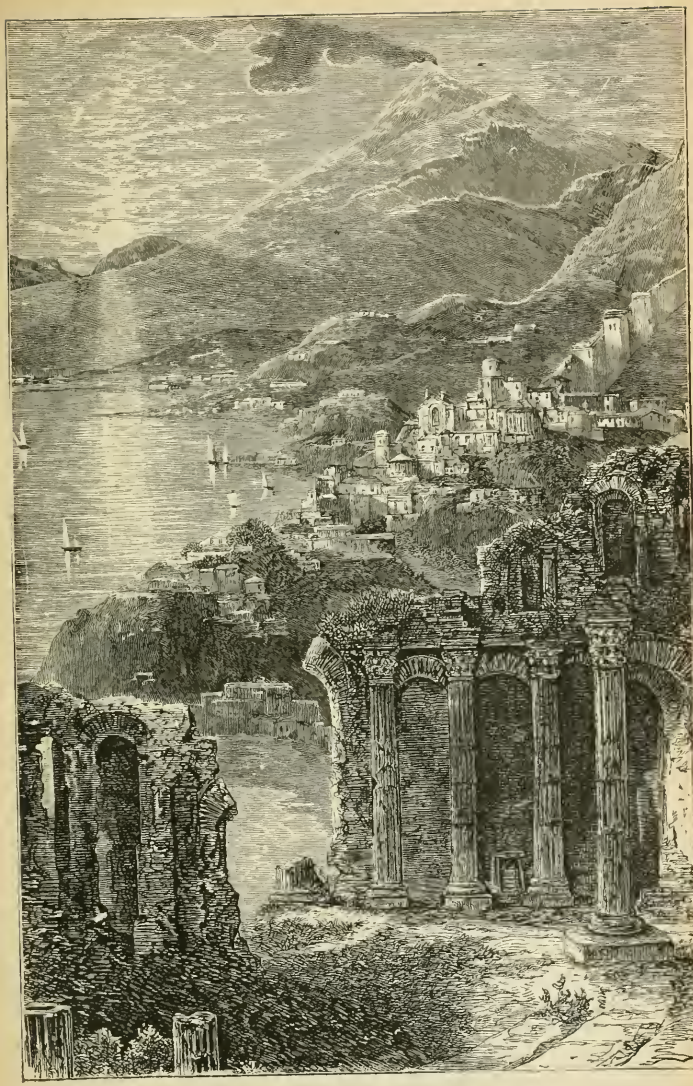
MATTHEW ARNOLD.

[Empedocles, a native of Agrigen'tum in Sicily, flourished about the middle of the fifth century B.C. He obtained great celebrity by his knowledge of medicine and sanitary expedients. His ethical system suggested to the Roman poet Lucretius the framework of his poetical philosophy. Empedocles is said to have found his death by plunging headlong into the crater of Mount Ætna. Arnold's dramatic poem appeared in 1853, but was withdrawn shortly afterwards, to be republished at the request of Robert Browning in 1869.]

ACT II.—*Evening. The Summit of Ætna.*

Empedocles. Alone!
On this charred, blackened, melancholy waste,
Crowned by the awful peak, Ætna's great mouth
Round which the sullen vapor rolls—alone!
Pausanias is far hence; and that is well,
For I must henceforth speak no more with man.
He has his lesson too, and that debt's paid;
And the good, learned, friendly, quiet man,
May bravelier front his life, and in himself
Find henceforth energy and heart. But I,
The weary man, the banished citizen,
Whose banishment is not his greatest ill,
Whose weariness no energy can reach,
And for whose hurt courage is not the cure—
What should I do with life and living more?

No, thou art come too late, Empedocles!
And the world hath the day, and must break thee,
Not thou the world. With men thou canst not live,
Their thoughts, their ways, their wishes, are not thine;
And being lonely thou art miserable,
For something has impaired thy spirit's strength,
And dried its self-sufficing fount of joy.
Thou canst not live with men nor with thyself,
O sage! O sage! Take, then, the one way left;
And turn thee to the elements, thy friends,
Thy well-tried friends, thy willing ministers,
And say: Ye servants, hear Empedocles,
Who asks this final service at your hands!
Before the sophist-brood hath overlaid
The last spark of man's consciousness with words;
Ere quite the being of man, ere quite the world
Be disarrayed of their divinity;
Before the soul lose all her solemn joys,
And awe be dead, and hope impossible,



MOUNT ÆTNA FROM TAORMINA.

And the soul's deep eternal night come on—
Receive me, hide me, quench me, take me home!

ELECTRICAL DISCOVERIES, 1831 1881.

Sir John Lubbock, F.R.S. (b. 1834). President of British Association, 1881.

Electricity in the year 1831 may be considered to have just been ripe for its adaptation to practical purposes; it was but a few years previously, in 1819, that Œrsted had discovered the deflective action of the current on the magnetic needle, that Ampère had laid the foundation of electro-dynamics, that Schweizzer had devised the electro-coil or multiplier, and that Sturgeon had constructed the first electro-magnet. It was in 1831 that Faraday, the prince of pure experimentalists, announced his discoveries of voltaic induction and magneto-electricity, which with the other three discoveries constitute the principles of nearly all the telegraph instruments now in use; and in 1834 our knowledge of the nature of the electric current had been much advanced by the interesting experiment of Sir Charles Wheatstone, proving the velocity of the current in a metallic conductor to approach that of the wave of light.

Practical applications of these discoveries were not long in coming to the fore, and the first telegraph line on the Great Western Railway, from Paddington to West Drayton, was set up in 1838. In America, Morse is said to have commenced the development of his recording instrument between the years 1832 and 1837, while Steinhall, in Germany, during the same period was engaged upon his somewhat super-refined ink-recorder, using for the first time the earth for completing the return circuit; whereas in this country Cooke and Wheatstone, by adopting the more simple device of the double-needle instrument, were the first to make the electric telegraph a practical institution. Contemporaneously with or immediately succeeding these pioneers, we find in this country Alexander Bain, Breguet in France, Schilling in Russia, and Werner Siemens in Germany, the last having first (in 1847), among others, made use of gutta-percha as an insulating medium for electric conductors, and thus cleared the way for subterranean and submarine telegraphy.

Four years later, in 1851, submarine telegraphy became an

accomplished fact through the successful establishment of telegraphic communication between Dover and Calais. Submarine lines followed in rapid succession, crossing the English Channel and the German Ocean, threading their way through the Mediterranean, Black, and Red Seas, until in 1866, after two abortive attempts, telegraphic communication was successfully established between the Old and New Worlds, beneath the Atlantic Ocean.

In connection with this great enterprise, and with many investigations and suggestions of a highly scientific and important character, the name of Sir William Thomson will ever be remembered. The ingenuity displayed in perfecting the means of transmitting intelligence through metallic conductors with the utmost despatch and certainty, as regards the record obtained between two points hundreds and even thousands of miles apart, is truly surprising. The instruments devised by Morse, Siemens, and Hughes, have also proved most useful.

Duplex and quadruplex teleg'raphy, one of the most striking achievements of modern telegraphy, the result of the labors of several inventors, should not be passed over in silence. It not only serves for the simultaneous communication of telegraphic intelligence in both directions, but renders it possible for four instruments to be worked irrespectively of one another, through one and the same wire connecting two distant places.

Another more recent and perhaps still more wonderful achievement in modern telegraphy is the invention of the telephone and microphone, by means of which the human voice is transmitted through the electric conductor by mechanism that imposes through its extreme simplicity. In this connection the names of Reiss, Graham Bell, Edison, and Hughes are those chiefly deserving to be recorded.

Whilst electricity has thus furnished us with the means of flashing our thoughts by record or by voice from place to place, its use is now gradually extending for the achievement of such quantitative effects as the production of light, the transmission of mechanical power, and the precipitation of metals. The principle involved in the magneto-electric and dynamo-electric machines by which these effects are accomplished, may be traced to Faraday's discovery in 1831 of the induced current, but their realization to the labors of Holmes, Siemens, Pacinotti, Gramme,* and others. In the electric light, gas-lighting has found a for-

* *Siemens*, pr. See'mens; *Pacinotti*, pr. Pachinot'ti; *Gramme*, pr. Gram.

midable competitor, which appears destined to take its place in public illumination and in lighting large halls, works, etc. ; for which purposes it combines brilliancy and freedom from noxious products of combustion with comparative cheapness. The electric light seems also to threaten, when sub-divided in the manner recently devised by Edison, Swan, and others, to make inroads into our dwelling-houses.

By the electric transmission of power, we may hope some day to utilize at a distance such natural sources of energy as the Falls of Niagara, and to work our cranes, lifts, and machinery of every description by means of sources of power arranged at convenient centres. To these applications the brothers Siemens have more recently added the propulsion of trains by currents passing through the rails, the fusion in considerable quantities of refractory substances, and the use of electric centres of light in horticulture, as proposed by Werner and William Siemens. By an essential improvement by Faure* of the Planté Secondary Battery the problem of storing electrical energy appears to have received a practical solution, the real importance of which is clearly proved by Sir W. Thomson's recent investigation of the subject.

It would be difficult to assign the limits to which this development of electrical energy may not be rendered serviceable for the purposes of man.

Presidential Address to the British Association, August 1881.

THE "PENTAMERON" OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

SIDNEY COLVIN, M.A.

(Fellow of Trinity College, and Slade Professor of Fine Art, Cambridge.)

The *Pentam'ĕron* (published 1837) is a series of dialogues, connected by a slender thread of narrative, and supposed to have been held on five successive days between Petrarch and Boccaccio,† in Boccaccio's villa of Certaldo, during his recovery from an illness and not long before his death. In the *Pentameron* Landor is at his very best. All his study of the great Italian writers of the fourteenth century, and all his recent

* *Faure*, pr. Fore.

† Francesco Petrarca, Italian poet, 1304–1374: *Sonnets*, etc.—Giovanni Boccaccio (pr. *Jo-van'-ee Bo-kat'-cho*), Italian novelist and poet, 1313–1375: *The Decameron, or Hundred Tales.*

observations of Tuscan scenery and Tuscan character, are turned to skilful and harmonious account. Landor loved and understood Boccaccio through and through; and if he overestimated that prolific and amiable genius in comparison with other and greater men, it was an error which, for the present purpose, was almost an advantage. Nothing can be pleasanter than the intercourse of the two friendly poets as Landor has imagined it; nothing more classically idyllic* than the incidental episodes. Let us take from the *Pentameron* an example of what Landor could do in allegory. This was a form of composition for which Landor had in general some contempt, especially when, as by Spenser,† it was used as a foundation, more or less shifting and dubious, for an independent structure of romance. But the direct and unambiguous use of allegory in illustration of human life and experience he thought occasionally permissible, and no one except the object of his aversion, Plato,‡ has used it so well. Petrarch's allegory, or rather dream, in the *Pentameron*, is of love, sleep, and death. It is an example unmatched, as I think, in literature, of the union of Greek purity of outline with Florentine poignancy of sentiment. The oftener we read it, the more strongly it attracts and holds us by the treble charm of its quiet, sober cadences, its luminous imagery, and its deep, consolatory wisdom. The thoughts and feelings concerning life and the issues of life, which it translates into allegorical shape, will be found to yield more and more meaning the closer they are grasped:—

"I had reflected for some time on this subject (the use and misuse of allegory, says Petrarch), when, wearied with the length of my walk over the mountains, and finding a soft old mole-hill covered with gray grass by the wayside, I laid my head upon it and slept. I cannot tell how long it was before a species of dream or vision came over me.

"Two beautiful youths appeared beside me; each was winged; but the wings were hanging down, and seemed ill adapted to flight. One of them, whose voice was the softest I ever heard, looking at me frequently, said to the other, 'He is

* See page 467.

† Edmund Spenser (1552–1599), author of the allegorical epic "The Faërie Queene." The six surviving books of the poem contain six allegorical legends descriptive of Holiness, Temperance, Chastity, Friendship, Justice, and Courtesy.

‡ Plato, the famous Greek philosopher (B.C. 429–347). With his *Dialogues* are interwoven the allegories above referred to.

under my guardianship for the present; do not awaken him with that feather.' Methought, on hearing the whisper, I saw something like the feather of an arrow, and then the arrow itself—the whole of it, even to the point; although he carried it in such a manner that it was difficult at first to discover more than a palm's length of it; the rest of the shaft (and the whole of the barb) was behind his ankles.

"'This feather never awakens any one,' replied he rather petulantly, 'but it brings more of confident security, and more of cherished dreams than you, without me, are capable of imparting.'

"'Be it so,' answered the gentler; 'none is less inclined to quarrel or dispute than I am. Many whom you have wounded grievously call upon me for succor; but, so little am I disposed to thwart you, it is seldom I venture to do more for them than to whisper a few words of comfort in passing. How many reproaches on these occasions have been cast upon me for indifference and infidelity! Nearly as many and nearly in the same terms as upon you.'

"'Odd enough that we, O Sleep! should be thought so alike!' said Love contemptuously. 'Yonder is he who bears a nearer resemblance to you; the dullest have observed it.'

"I fancied I turned my eyes to where he was pointing, and saw at a distance the figure he designated. Meanwhile the contention went on uninterruptedly. Sleep was slow in asserting his power or his benefits. Love recapitulated them, but only that he might assert his own above them. Suddenly he called on me to decide, and to choose my patron. Under the influence, first of the one, then of the other, I sprang from repose to rapture; I alighted from rapture on repose, and knew not which was sweetest. Love was very angry with me, and declared he would cross me throughout the whole of my existence. Whatever I might on other occasions have thought of his veracity, I now felt too surely the conviction that he would keep his word. At last, before the close of the altercation, the third genius had advanced, and stood near us. I cannot tell how I knew him, but I knew him to be the genius of Death. Breathless as I was at beholding him, I soon became familiar with his features. First they seemed only calm; presently they became contemplative, and lastly beautiful; those of the Graces themselves are less regular, less harmonious, less composed. Love glanced at him unsteadily, with a counte-

nance in which there was somewhat of anxiety, somewhat of disdain, and cried, 'Go away! go away! Nothing that thou touchest lives.'

"'Say rather, child!' replied the advancing form, and advancing grew loftier and statelier,—'say rather that nothing of beautiful or of glorious lives its own true life until my wing hath passed over it.'

"Love pouted, and rumpled and bent down with his forefinger the stiff short feathers on his arrow-head, but replied not. Although he frowned worse than ever, and at me, I dreaded him less and less, and scarcely looked toward him. The milder and calmer genius, the third, in proportion as I took courage to contemplate him, regarded me with more and more complacency. He held neither flower nor arrow, as the others did; but throwing back the clusters of dark curls that overshadowed his countenance, he presented to me his hand, openly and benignly. I shrank on looking at him so near, and yet I sighed to love him. He smiled, not without an expression of pity, at perceiving my diffidence, my timidity; for I remembered how soft was the hand of Sleep, how warm and entrancing was Love's. By degrees I grew ashamed of my ingratitude, and turning my face away, I held out my arms and felt my neck within his. Composure allayed all the throbbings of my bosom, the coolness of freshest morning breathed around, the heavens seemed to open above me, while the beautiful cheek of my deliverer rested on my head. I would now have looked for those others, but, knowing my intention by my gesture, he said consolatorily,—

"'Sleep is on his way to the earth, where many are calling him; but it is not to them he hastens, for every call only makes him fly further off. Sedately and gravely as he looks, he is nearly as capricious and volatile as the more arrogant and ferocious one.'

"'And Love,' said I, 'whither is he departed? If not too late I would propitiate and appease him.'

"'He who cannot follow me, he who cannot overtake and pass me,' said the genius, 'is unworthy of the name, the most glorious in earth or heaven. Look up! Love is yonder, and ready to receive thee.'

"I looked; the earth was under me; I saw only the clear blue sky, and something brighter above it."

ODE ON INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850).

["In *Lycidas* (1637) we have reached the high-water mark of English poesy and of Milton's own productions. A period of a century and a half was to elapse before poetry in England seemed in Wordsworth's *Ode on Immortality* (1807) to be rising again towards the level of inspiration which it had once attained in *Lycidas*."—MARK PATTISON.]

I.

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

II.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief:
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong.
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng;
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday.

Thou child of joy,
Shout round me; let me hear thy shouts, thou happy shepherd-boy!

IV.

Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee:
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
O evil day if I were sullen
While the Earth herself is adorning
This sweet May morning;
And the children are pulling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers, while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm!
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
But there's a tree, of many one,
A single field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone;
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

V.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come,
From God, who is our home.
Heaven lies about us in our infancy;
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows
He sees it in his joy;
The youth, who daily further from the east
Must travel, still is nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

VI.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And even with something of a mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

VII.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,
A six-years' darling of a pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See at his feet some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly learnëd art;
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral;
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song:
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part;
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
With all the persons, down to palsied age,
That Life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

VIII.

Thou whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity;
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage; thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind—
Mighty prophet! seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou, over whom thy immortality
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,

A presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

IX.

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live!
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction;—not, indeed,
For that which is most worthy to be blest;
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings—
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized—
High instincts, before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised;
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence—truths that wake,
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence, in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sigirt of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,

And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

X.

Then sing, ye birds! sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,

*"I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they."*

Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy

Which, having been, must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI.

And O ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,
Think not of any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

TENNYSON'S "IDYLLS OF THE KING."

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN (b. 1833).

We come at last to Tennyson's master-work, so recently brought to a completion after the labor of twenty years, during which period the separate *Idylls* of the King* had appeared from time to time. Nave and transept, aisle after aisle, the Gothic minster has extended, until, with the addition of a cloister here and a chapel yonder, the structure stands complete. I hardly think that the poet at first expected to compose an epic. It has grown insensibly, under the hands of one man, who has given it the best years of his life; but somewhat as Wolf conceived the Homeric poems to have grown, chant by chant, until the time came for the whole to be welded together in heroic form. Yet in other great epics the action rarely ceases, the links are connected, and the movement continues from day to day until the

* Idyll (from *eidullion*, a little form or image), a short, highly-wrought, descriptive poem, usually, but not necessarily, pastoral in subject. Theoc'ritus, the Sicilian Greek poet, used the term to describe his dramatic poems in which are pictured the everyday life of the common people of Sicily.

end. Here we have a series of idylls, like the tapestry-work illustrations of a romance, scene after scene, with much change of actors and emotions, yet all leading to one solemn and tragic close. It is the epic of chivalry—the Christian ideal of chivalry which we have deduced from a barbaric source—our conception of what knighthood should be, rather than what it really was; but so skilfully wrought of high imaginings, faëry spells, fantastic legends, and medieval splendors, that the whole work, suffused with the Tennysonian glăm'or of golden mist, seems like a chronicle illuminated by saintly hands, and often blazes with light like that which flashed from the holy wizard's book when the covers were unclasped. And, indeed, if this be not the greatest narrative poem since *Paradise Lost*, what other English production are you to name in its place?

Tennyson early struck a vein in the black-letter compilation of Sir Thomas Malory.* A tale was already fashioned to his use, from which to derive his legends and exalt them with whatsoever spiritual meanings they might require. The picturesque qualities of the old Anglo-Breton romance fascinated his youth, and found lyrical expression in the weird, melodious, pre-Raphaelite† ballad of *The Lady of Shalott*. The young poet here attained great excellence in a walk which Rossetti and his pupils have since chosen for their own, and his early studies are on a level with some of their masterpieces. Until recently, they have made success in this direction a special aim, while Tennyson would not be restricted even to such attractive work, but went steadily on, claiming the entire field of imaginative research as the poet's own.

His strong allegorical bent, evinced in that early lyric, was heightened by analysis of the Arthurian legends. The English caught this tendency long since from the Italians; the Elizabethan era was so charged with it that the courtiers of the Virgin Queen hardly could speak without a mystical double meaning—for an illustration of which read the dialogue in certain portions of Kingsley's *Amyas Leigh*.‡ From Sidney and Spenser down to plain John Bunyan, and even to Sir Walter

* Sir Thomas Malory—*The Byrth, Lif, and Actes of Kyng Arthur*. London, 1485. Printed by R. Caxton. "Sir Thomas Malory compiled from various French authorities his celebrated *Morte d'Arthur*, indisputably the best prose romance the language can boast" (Sir Walter Scott).

† See note, page 282.

‡ *Amyas Leigh* is the hero of Kingsley's novel *Westward Ho!* the scene of which is laid at the time of the Spanish Armada.

Scott, allegory is a natural English mode; and, while adopted in several of Tennyson's pieces, it finds a special development in the *Idylls of the King*. The name thus bestowed upon the early instalments of this production seems less adapted to its complete form. Like the walls of Troy, it

> "Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed;
> A cloud that gathered shape."*

The shape no longer is idyllic, and doubt no longer exists whether a successful epic can be written in a mature period of national literature. We have one here, but subdivided into ten distinct poems, each of which suits the canonical requirement, and may be read at a single sitting.

To my mind, there is a marked difference in style between the original and later portions of this work. The *Morte d'Arthur* of 1842 is Homeric to the farthest degree possible in the slow, Saxon movement of the verse; grander, with its "hollow oes and aes," than any succeeding canto, always excepting *Guinevere*. Nor do I think the later idylls equal to those four which first were issued in one volume, and which so cleared the Laureate's fame from the doubt suggested by *Maud and other Poems*. *Vivien* is a bold and subtle analysis, a closer study of certain human types than Tennyson is wont to make. *Elaine* still remains, for pathetic sweetness and absolute beauty of narrative and rhythm, dearest to the heart of maiden, youth, or sage. *Enid*, while upon the lower level of *Pelleas and Ettare* and *Gareth and Lynette*, is clear and strong, and shows a freedom from mannerism characteristic of the author's best period. It would seem that his creative vigor reached its height during the composition of these four idylls; certainly, since the production of *Enoch Arden*, at an early subsequent date, he has not advanced in freshness and imagination. His greatest achievement still is that noblest of modern episodes, the canto entitled *Guinevere*, surcharged with tragic pathos and high dramatic power. He never has so reached the *passio vera* of the early dramatists as in this imposing scene. There is nothing finer in modern verse than the interview between Arthur and his remorseful wife, nothing loftier than the passage beginning,—

> "Lo! I forgive thee as Eternal God
> Forgives: do thou for thine own soul the rest.
> But how to take last leave of all I loved?—

* Quoted from Tennyson's *Œnōnë*, 40.

O golden hair, with which I used to play
Not knowing! O imperial-moulded form,
And beauty such as woman never wore
Until it came a kingdom's curse with thee!
I cannot touch thy lips, they are not mine,
But Lancelot's: nay, they never were the king's."

Victorian Poets (1875).

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR.

(*Conclusion of the "Idylls of the King."*)

ALFRED TENNYSON (b. 1809).

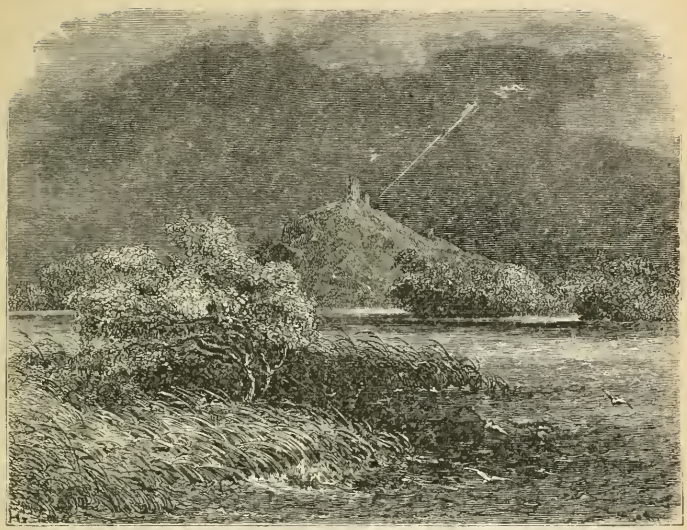
"But now farewell! I am going a long way
With these thou seest—if indeed I go
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)—
To the island valley of Avilion,*
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Looked one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

But when that moan had passed for evermore,
The stillness of the dead world's winter dawn
Amazed him, and he groaned, "The king is gone."
And therewithal came on him the weird rhyme,
"From the great deep to the great deep he goes."

Whereat he slowly turned and slowly clomb
The last hard footstep of that iron crag;
Thence marked the black hull moving yet, and cried,
"He passes to be king among the dead,
And after healing of his grievous wound

* Usually spelled Avalon—the poetical name of Glastonbury, Somersetshire. In Arthurian romance it is described as an island, and at certain seasons it does seem to have been hemmed in by floods. At present the site is a low peninsula formed by the Brue, which here flows between the Poldew and Mendip Hills.



"And on the mere the wailing died away."

He comes again; but—if he come no more—
Oh me, be yon dark queens in yon black boat,
Who shrieked and wailed, the three whereat we gazed
On that high day, when, clothed with living light,
They stood before his throne in silence, friends
Of Arthur, who should help him at his need?"

Then from the dawn it seemed there came, but faint
As from beyond the limit of the world,
Like the last echo born of a great cry,
Sounds, as if some fair city were one voice
Around a king returning from his wars.

Thereat once more he moved about, and clomb
Even to the highest he could climb, and saw
Straining his eyes beneath an arch of hand,
Or thought he saw, the speck that bare the king,
Down that long water opening on the deep
Somewhere far off, pass on and on, and go
From less to less and vanish into light.
And the new sun rose, bringing the new year.

SYNOPTICAL TABLE OF AUTHORS

REPRESENTED IN THE THIRD, FOURTH, AND FIFTH BOOKS OF THIS SERIES OF READERS.

*** The numerical references are to the number and the page of the Reader where the Selection will be found. Verse is indicated by Italics.

Addison, Joseph: *The Twenty-third Psalm*, iii. 132; Frozen Voices, iii. 198; Ned Softly the Poet, iv. 132.
Aldrich, Thomas Bailey: *A Student of the Olden Time*, iii. 143.
Alexander, Professor J. Addison: *Monosyllabic Sonnet—The Power of Short Words*, v. 39.
Alford, Dean: *Night Scene*, iii. 182.
Allingham, William: *Autumnal Sonnet*, v. 323.
Andersen, Hans Christian: The Snow Man, iii. 206; *The Dying Child*, iv. 198.
Archer, Andrew: The Heights of Abraham, iii. 139.
Arnold, Edwin: *To Florence Nightingale*, iv. 196; *Landscapes from the "Light of Asia,"* v. 393.
Arnold, Matthew: Lines from *A Southern Night*, iii. 233; *Revolution*, iii. 260; *The Last Word*, iv. 143; *On the Death of Dean Stanley*, v. 35; Readings in Wordsworth, v. 36; *Balder's Funeral Ship*, v. 261; *Empedocles on Ætna*, v. 454; Critical Estimate of Matthew Arnold's Poetry (R. H. Hutton), v. 139.
"Athenæum:" Criticisms on Dryden's *Ode for St. Cecilia's Day*, v. 164; On Coleridge's *Ode on France*, v. 172; Notes on the Electrical Exhibition at Paris, 1881, v. 313.
Azarias, Brother: The Continental Homestead, v. 168.

Bain, Professor Alexander, LL.D.: The Style of John Stuart Mill, v. 54.
Begg, Alexander: The Last Days of "The Company," v. 368.
Björnson, Björnstjerne: *The Tree*, iii. 153.
Blackie, Professor John Stuart: *Bill's a Bright Boy*, iv. 76; From the "*Agamemnon*" *of Æschylus*, v. 193.
Blake, William: *The Tiger*, iv. 309.
Bourinot, J. G.: Canada on the Sea, iv. 264.
Brassey, Lady: Hawaiian Sports (from "The Voyage in the *Sunbeam*"), iii. 36.
Bright, John: Passages from the Speeches of, v. 448.
Brown, Hon. George: The Emancipation Proclamation, iv. 211.
Browning, Elizabeth Barrett: *Victoria's Tears*, iii. 222; *Cry of the Children*, iv. 97; *He Giveth His Beloved Sleep*, iv. 234; *Sonnet from the Portuguese*, v. 334; *At Cowper's Grave*, v. 391.
Browning, Robert: *Home Thoughts from Abroad*, iii. 135; *Apostrophe to his Deceased Wife* (from "*The Ring and the Book*"), v. 226; *Fame*, v. 227.
Bryant, W. C.: *Death of the Flowers*, iii. 191; *Hunter of the Prairies*, iv. 63; *Thanatopsis*, iv. 199; *The Prairies*, v. 127.

Bryce, Rev. Principal, M.A., LL.B.: Manitoba Then and Now, iii. 144; From Kildonan to Kildonan, v. 131.
Buchanan, Robert: From *The Idylls of Inverburn*, iv. 15; *Dying*, iv. 122; Critical Estimate of the *Idylls of Inverburn* (G. Barnett Smith), v. 145; *Motion of the Mists*, v. 148; *The Weaver's Flowers*, v. 276.
Burnaby, Lieut.-Col. Fred.: A Camel in Love, iii. 146.
Burns, Robert: *Flow Gently, Sweet Afton*, iii. 69; *Pleasures*, iii. 103; *Winter*, iv. 220; *Sing on, Sweet Thrush*, v. 22; *The Trout in Yonder Wimpling Burn*, v. 215; *Poetical Epistles*, with Critical Estimate, John Wilson ("Christopher North"), v. 295; The Songs of Burns, Critical Estimate, by Principal Shairp, v. 328.
Burton, J. Hill: The Battle of Killiecrankie, iv. 296.
Butler, Lieut.-Col. W. F.: Spring-Time in Canada, iii. 10; Sketches in the North-West, iv. 53; A Dog Train, v. 365; Fort Chipewyan, v. 366.
Byron, Lord: *Heroism*, iv. 143; *Venice*, iv. 155; *A Battle-field*, iv. 166; *The Coliseum* (from *Childe Harold*), v. 64; *Manfred's Soliloquy*, v. 66; *Greece*, v. 231; *Lake of Geneva* (from *Childe Harold*), v. 266; *Sonnet on Chillon*, v. 321; Critical Estimate of Lord Byron's Poetry, by Professor John Nichol, v. 263.

"Caballero, Fernan": The Cock and the Goose, iii. 15.
Campbell, Robert: Discovery of the Pelly (Yukon) River, v. 435.
Campbell, Thomas: *Ye Mariners of England*, iii. 168; *The Soldier's Dream*, iv. 117.
Carleton, Will: *Autumn Days*, v. 415.
Carlyle, Thomas: Dismissal of the Rump, iv. 302; Napoleon, v. 170; Trial and Execution of Marie Antoinette, v. 420.
Castelar, Emilio: A Reverie in the Coliseum, v. 58.
Cesnola, General L. P. Di: Discoveries in Cyprus, v. 359.
Chalmers, Thomas, D.D.: Cruelty to Animals, iv. 92.
Chapman, George: *Translation from Homer's "Odyssey,"* v. 194.
Chatterton, Thomas: *Almighty Framer of the Skies*, v. 208; *Resignation*, v. 209.
Cheadle, Dr.: The Wolverine, v. 363.
Clare, John: *The Sedgebird's Nest*, iv. 131.
Clemens, S. L. ("Mark Twain"): The Cayote (Prairie Wolf), iv. 68.
Clough, A. H.: *O Stream Descending*, iv. 86; *Whither the Wind their Course Directs*, v. 201; *In a Gondola*, v. 202.
Coleridge, Samuel Taylor: *Answer to a Child's Question*, iii. 18; *Child's Evening Hymn*, iii. 68; *The Ode on France* (*Athenæum's* Criticisms), v. 172; *Kubla Khan*, v. 182; *Hymn Before Sunrise*, v. 252; Studies from Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, by Mrs. Oliphant, v. 349; Coleridge's Study of Shakspeare's *Richard II.*, v. 377.
Colvin, Sidney: The "Pentam'ĕron" of Walter Savage Landor, v. 458.
Cook, Eliza: *The Old Farm Gate*, iii. 53.
Cowper, William: *Lines from "John Gilpin,"* iii. 147; Sonnet: *To Mary Unwin*, v. 188; Cowper Contrasted with Thomson and with Pope (Professor Goldwin Smith), v. 387.
Craik, Mrs. (Miss Mulock): *Grandpapa*, iii. 39.
Cunningham, Allan: *A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea*, iii. 123.

Darwin, Charles: The Work and Habits of Earthworms, v. 323; Discoveries of Charles Darwin (Sir John Lubbock's Review), v. 98.
Dawson, Principal, F.R.S.: Tide-wave in the Bay of Fundy, v. 241.
Dent, J. C.: Lord Sydenham, iv. 262.
De Quincey, Thomas: Joan of Arc, v. 308; Three Ladies of Sorrow, with Professor Masson's Critical Estimate, v. 424.

Dewart, Rev. E. Hartley, D.D.: *The Voices of Past Years*, iii. 90.
Dibdin, Charles: *Tom Bowling*, iv. 45.
Dickens, Charles: *The Ivy Green*, iii. 60; The Last Old English King, iii. 82; Execution of Mary Queen of Scots, iii. 223; Tommy Traddles (from "David Copperfield"), iv. 71; Farmed Out (from "Oliver Twist"), iv. 94; Harold Skimpole (from "Bleak House"), iv. 175; Pickwick Club on the Ice, iv. 320; Pickwick's Speech at the Club, v. 287; Dean Stanley on Charles Dickens, iv. 96.
Dobell, Sydney: *Tommy's Dead*, iv. 152.
Dowden, Edward, LL.D.: How Southey Worked, v. 184; Study of George Eliot, v. 325.
Doyle, Sir Francis H.: *Red Thread of Honor*, iv. 205.
Dryden, John: *Veni Creator*, iv. 335; On Dryden's *Ode for St. Cecilia's Day* (*Athenæum*), iv. 164; Studies from Dryden's Principal Works (George Saintsbury), v. 335.
Du Chaillu, Paul: Scandinavia, iv. 218; Agricultural Schools of Sweden, v. 161.
Dufferin, Countess of: *The Irish Emigrant*, iii. 86.
Dufferin, Earl of: Canada's Heritage, iii. 236.
Dunraven, Earl of: Moose-Hunting in Canada, iii. 188.

Edwards, Miss A. Betham: The Ancient Kings of Egypt, v. 45.
Emerson, Ralph Waldo: *The Apology*, iii. 46; *The Snow-storm*, iv. 312; *To the Humble Bee*, v. 159; *The Rhodōra*, v. 161.
Encyclopædia Britannica (9th ed.): Beaver Colony, iv. 78; Livingstone's Death and Character, iv. 247.

Forster, John: Sentence of Charles I., iv. 289.
Franklin, Capt. (Sir) John: On the Frozen Ocean, iv. 227; Lacrosse Among the Crees (1820), v. 125.
Freeman, E. A.: The Harrying of the North, v. 173; Critical Estimate of Macaulay's Style, v. 400.
Froude, James Anthony: Mary Stuart's Return to Scotland, v. 143.

Gairdner, James: End of the War of the Roses, v. 315.
Galt, John: Founding of Galt, Guelph, and Goderich, iv. 32.
Gardiner, S. R.: Death of Raleigh, v. 249.
Gibbon, Edward: Extract from the "Decline and Fall," with Critical Estimate by J. C. Morrison, v. 254.
Gibson, W. Hamilton: Traps and Trapping, iv. 123; Camping Out, iv. 185.
Gilder, W. H.: Schwatka's Search, iv. 231.
Goldsmith, Oliver: Moses at the Fair (from the "Vicar of Wakefield") iii. 158; The Good-Natured Man, Extracts with Critical Estimate, by W. Black, v. 301; Thackeray's Estimate, with Extract from *The Deserted Village*, iv. 135.
Goodale, Dora Read: *The Autumn Forest*, iii. 193.
Gosse, E. W.: Antiphonic *Sonnet*, v. 97.
Gough, J. B.: The Rapids, iii. 149; Water, iv. 172.
Grant, Rev. Principal, D.D.: Shooting Rapids, iii. 79; British Columbia, iv. 237; At the Head of Lake Superior, v. 374.
Gray, Thomas: *Stanzas from "Elegy,"* iv. 287.
Green, Richard John: The Making of England, v. 165.
Grote, George: The Death of Perikles, v. 233.
Gustaffson, Richard: The Unknown Paradise, iii. 62; A Night in a Church Spire, iii. 250.

Haliburton, J. C.: How Many Fins has a Cod? iv. 268.
Hall, Francis: *Tecumseh*, iv. 142.

Hargrave, J. J.: The Winter Mail, v. 367.
Harris, W. S.: The Pitcher Plant, iii. 124.
Harte, F. Bret: The Coyote, iv. 70; *The Réveillé*, iv. 212; *Dickens in Camp*, v. 290.
Havergal, Miss: "*That's not the Way at Sea!*" iii. 42.
Hawthorne, Nathaniel: Rill from the Town Pump, iii. 104.
Hazlitt, William: The Four Greatest English Poets, iv. 108.
Hearne, Samuel: An Audible Aurora, v. 123; Dying Swans, v. 124.
Heavysege, Charles: Sonnet, *Canadian Winter Night*, iii. 205; *The Dark Huntsman*, iv. 126; Scene from *Saul*, v. 213.
Helps, Sir Arthur: Capture of Montezuma, v. 87.
Hemans, Mrs.: *The Homes of England*, iii. 98.
Herrick, Robert: *Gather Ye Rosebuds*, iii. 59.
Herschel, Sir John F.: The Great Earthquake, iv. 145.
Higginson, J. W.: The Mound Builders, iv. 242.
Hirst, Henry B.: *The Owl*, iii. 181.
Hogg, James: *The Skylark*, iv. 52.
Holmes, Oliver Wendell, M.D.: *The Old Man's Dream*, iii. 199; *Spring*, iv. 31; *Rudolph*, iv. 283.
Hood, Thomas: *To a Child Embracing his Mother*, iii. 97.
Houghton, Lord (Richard Monckton Milnes): *The Men of Old*, iii. 81; *The Long Ago*, iv. 234.
Howe, Hon. Joseph: Canada, its Scenery and Majestic Proportions, iv. 20; *Centenary of Halifax*, iv. 181; *Our Fathers*, v. 107.
Howitt, Mrs. Mary: *The Sparrow's Nest*, iii. 20; *The Kingfisher*, iii. 47; *Quails*, iii. 112; *Cry of the Suffering Creatures*, iv. 91.
Hugessen, F. H. Knatchbull (Lord Brabourne): The Barn Elves, iii. 108.
Hunt, Leigh: *The Grasshopper and the Cricket*, iii. 136; *Sonnet on the Nile*, v. 43.
Hutton, R. H.: Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, iv. 292; Study of Matthew Arnold's Poetry, v. 139; Studies in *The Lady of the Lake* and *Marmion*, v. 219.
Huxley, T. H.: Physiology of the Crayfish, v. 103.

Ingelow, Jean: Minnows with Silver Tails, iii. 56; *The Child and the Boatman*, iii. 163.
Irving, Washington: The Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow, iii. 93; Old Fur-Trading Nabobs, iv. 81; The Alhambra, v. 81.

Jameson, Anna: Reverie near St. Thomas, iv. 183.
Johnson, Samuel: The Happy Valley, iii. 133; A Study in "Johnsonese" (Leslie Stephen), v. 297.
Johnston, Rev. Hugh, M.A.: Geysers of California, iii. 186.

Kane, E. K.: A Walrus Hunt, iv. 221.
Keats, John: *Meg Merrilies*, iii. 145; *Sonnet*, iv. 128; *Influence of Beauty*, iv. 252; *Sunrise in the Latmian Forest*, v. 13; *Sonnet on the Nile*, v. 43; *On Looking into Chapman's "Homer,"* v. 195; The Growth of Keats's Style (Professor Masson), v. 196; *Ode to Autumn*, v. 417.
Keltie, J. S. (in *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 9th ed.): Livingstone's Death and Character, iv. 247.
Kemble, Mrs. Fanny: Sonnet—*Weary*, v. 96.
Kinglake, A. W.: Journey Across the Desert, iii. 227; The Turning Point of the Alma, v. 444.
Kingsley, Rev. Charles: *The Three Fishers*, iii. 18; Zeal-for-Truth Thoresby, iv. 279; How Coal is Made, v. 244.

Kingston, W. H.: A Buffalo Hunt, iii. 101; The Charming of the Wolves, iii. 234.
Kirby, William: Galissonière and Bigot, iv. 89.
Knox, Mrs. Isa (Craig): *The Country Surgeon*, iii. 164.
Krîlof, Ivan Andrievitch: The Pike, iii. 21.

Landon, Letitia E.: *The Old Home*, iv. 151.
Landor, Walter Savage: *Children*, iii. 162; *On "The Lays of Ancient Rome,"* v. 286; The "Pentameron," with Critical Estimate by Sidney Colvin, v. 458.
Lang, Andrew: Sonnet—*The Odyssey*, v. 195.
Langmead, T. P. Taswell: The Liberty of the Press, v. 277.
Lansdell, Henry: Waiting for their Release, iv. 121.
Lauder, Mrs.: The Castle-Fairy of Osterodë, iii. 170.
Lecky, W. E. H.: Edmund Burke—An Estimate, v. 401; Abandonment of the Loyalists, v. 108.
Lemoine, J. M.: The Death of Montcalm, v. 212.
Lingard, Rev. John: Hereward the English Outlaw, iv. 49.
Longfellow, H. W.: *The Open Window*, iii. 138; *Sonnet*, iii. 226; *Hiawatha's Sailing*, iv. 189; *The Light-house*, iv. 277; *Victor and Vanquished*, iv. 326; *My Books*, iv. 326; *The Day is Done*, v. 156; *How Strange the Sculptures*, v. 176; *Possibilities*, v. 218; *Evangeline: A Tale of Acadie*, v. 235; *Chimes*, v. 361; From *The Song of Hiawatha*, v. 370; Sonnet—*Garfield*, v. 96.
Lorne, His Excellency the Marquis of: *Red Lances in the Sky*, iii. 195; The Heart of the Dominion, v. 137.
Louise, H.R.H. The Princess, Marchioness of Lorne: Pictures from my Portfolio,—Quebec, iv. 11.
Lover, Samuel: *The Angel's Whisper*, iii. 185; *Indian Summer*, iv. 215.
Low, Lieut.: The Battle of the Nile, iv. 253.
Lowell, J. R.: *The Heritage*, iii. 130; *The First Snow-fall*, iii. 204; *The Sower*, iv. 282.
Lubbock, Sir John: The Habits of Ants, v. 149; Condition of Prehistoric Man, v. 76; Discoveries of Charles Darwin, v. 98; Electrical Discoveries, 1831-1881, v. 456.
Lytton, Edward, Lord (Bulwer Lytton): The Blind Flower-girl of Pompeii, iv. 249.
Lytton, Robert, Lord ("Owen Meredith"): *Composure*, iii. 61; *A Summer Storm in the Pyrenees* (from *Lucile*), v. 311.

Macaulay, Thomas Babington, Lord: *Lines from Horatius*, iii. 15; Killarney, iii. 119; Glencoe, iii. 120; England in 1685, iii. 238; Death of Hampden, iv. 285; The Puritans, iv. 290; The Black Hole of Calcutta, iv. 306; The Father of History, v. 228; The Trial of Warren Hastings, v. 396; Critical Estimates of Macaulay: Rev. Dr. Punshon, v. 280; E. A. Freeman, v. 400; W. S. Landor, v. 286.
M'Carthy, Justin: The Retreat from Cabul, iv. 200; The English Historians of Our Own Day, v. 340.
M'Gee, Hon. Thomas D'Arcy: *The Indian's Faith*, iii. 100; *The Flight of the Wild Geese*, iii. 148; The British Constitutional System, v. 385.
Machar ("Fidelis"), Miss: *Untrodden Ways*, iv. 263.
Mackay, Charles: *The Good Time Coming*, iii. 242; *Down upon the Green Earth*, iv. 39.
Mackenzie, Sir Alexander: Discovery of the Mouth of the Mackenzie River, iv. 224; Glimpse of the Peace River (1793), v. 125.
Mackenzie, Rev. J.: The Unwritten History of Our Forefathers, iv. 41.
Mackenzie, Robert: New Brunswick, iv. 310.
M'Lachlan, Alexander: *We're a' John Tamson's Bairns*, iv. 318.

M'Leod, Norman, D.D.: The Dutchman's Paradise, iv. 129.
Macmillan, Rev. Hugh: The Hospice of St. Bernard, iii. 31.
Macoun, Prof. John, M.A., F.L.S.: The Birds of the North-West, v. 101.
Mahony, Rev. Francis ("Father Prout"): *The Bells of Shandon*, iv. 24.
Marshall, Charles: The True North-West Passage, v. 377.
Martin, Sir Theodore: The Last Illness of the Prince Consort, iv. 328.
Marvell, Andrew: *The Bermudas*, iv. 300.
Masson (Prof.), David: Old St. Paul's School, iv. 74; Prose and Verse, v. 20; On the Growth of Keats's Style, v. 196; On De Quincey's "Three Ladies of Sorrow," v. 424.
Mill, John Stuart: Critical Examination of his Style (Professor Alexander Bain), v. 54.
Miller, Hugh: My Boyhood, iii. 67.
Milton, John: *Converse in Paradise* (from *Paradise Lost*), iii. 161; The English Nation, v. 276; Studies in *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, and *Lycidas* (Mark Pattison), v. 403; Passages from *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, and *Lycidas*, v. 407.
Milton, Viscount: The Wolverine, v. 363.
Moltke, Count von: Gibraltar, iii. 232.
Montcalm, Marquis de: Letter Written during Wolfe's Siege of Quebec, v. 210.
Montgomery, James: *Home*, iii. 203.
Moodie, Mrs. Susanna: *The Sleigh Bells*, iii. 225.
Moore, Thomas: Lines from *The Woodpecker*, iii. 48; *The Canadian Boat Song*, iii. 76; *The Turf shall be my Fragrant Shrine*, iii. 231; *She is Far from the Land*, iv. 25; *The Meeting of the Waters*, iv. 26; *From the Banks of St. Lawrence*, iv. 46; *O Thou who Driest the Mourner's Tear*, v. 251; *In the Gulf of St. Lawrence*, v. 384.
Morley, John: Cobden and the Corn Laws, v. 319.
Morris, William: *The Garden of the Hesperides*, iv. 147; *October*, in *The Earthly Paradise*, v. 138.
Morrison, J. C.: Critical Estimate of Gibbon, v. 254.
Motherwell, William: *The Midnight Wind*, iii. 125.
Motley, J. L.: The Exploits of Drake, v. 246.
Müller (Prof.), F. Max: The Growth and the Decay of Language, v. 205.
Murdoch, Beamish: The Founding of Halifax, iv. 178.
Myers, F. H.: The Characteristics of Poetic Diction, v. 17; Wordsworth in his Indian Summer, v. 418.

Neale, Rev. J. M.: *The Fisherman's Song*, iii. 29.
Newman, J. H. (Cardinal): *Flowers Without Fruit*, v. 158; Ancient and Modern Empires, v. 267.
Nichol (Prof.), John: Byron's Place in English Literature, v. 263.
Niebuhr, B. G.: The Eleventh Labor of Hercules, iii. 71.
Nightingale, Florence: The Health of Houses, iv. 193, and iv. 197.
Nordenskiöld, A. E: The Achievements of the *Vega*, v. 224.

Oliphant, Mrs.: Studies from Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, v. 349.
Opie, Mrs.: *Lines from The Orphan Boy*, iv. 257.

Parkman, Francis: The Heroine of Verchères, iii. 165; The Bushrangers (Coureurs des Bois), iv. 240.
Pattison, Rev. Mark, B.D.: Studies in Milton's *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, and *Lycidas*, v. 403.
Payne, John Howard: *Home, Sweet Home*, iii. 66.
Pope, Alexander: *In Windsor Forest*, iv. 40, and v. 389; From the *Essay on Criticism*, v. 23; Critical Estimate of the *Essay on Criticism* (Leslie Stephen), v. 24; *The Dying Christian to his Soul*, v. 148; Pope at his

Best, with Extracts (Leslie Stephen), v. 347; Pope Contrasted with Cowper (Prof. Goldwin Smith), v. 387, 389.
Pringle, Thomas: *Farewell to Scotland*, iii. 65.
Procter, A. A.: *Sowing and Reaping*, iii. 92.
Procter, B. W. ("**Barry Cornwall**"): *The Sea*, iv. 18.
Punshon, Rev. W. Morley, D.D.: Critical Estimate of Lord Macaulay, v. 280.

Rae, W. Fraser: In the Winnipeg Market, v. 372.
Ramsay, Allan: *Lochaber No More*, iv. 22.
Rattray, W. J.: Memories of the Old Land, iv. 27.
Rawlinson (Prof.), George: Egypt, its Literature, etc., v. 49.
Reade, John: On the Death of Charles Heavysege, iv. 128.
Rossetti, Christina G.: *Remember*, iii. 219; *The First Spring Day*, iv. 30.
Rossetti, Dante Gabriel: *Czar Alexander II.*, iv. 120; *Alas! So Long*, iv. 138; *Sunset Wings*, iv. 327; *Tiber, Nile, and Thames*, v. 44; *The Last Three from Trafalgar*, v. 304; *Place de la Bastille*, v. 420; *A Match with the Moon*, v. 95.
Rossetti, William M.: *The Census Paper*, v. 189.
Ruskin, John: The Pine, iii. 249; Clouds, iii. 212; Literature, Creative and Sentimental, v. 203; Grasses, v. 413; Man the Great Destroyer, v. 90; The Test of a Truly Great Man, v. 106; Shakspeare's Word Mastery, v. 121.
Russell, Thomas: *Sonnet to Vaucluse*, v. 94.
Ryerson, Rev. Egerton, D.D., LL.D.: The U.E. Loyalists, iv. 149.

Sangster, Charles: *Invitation*, iii. 9; *The Rapid*, iii. 80; *The Thousand Islands*, iv. 14; *Brock*, iv. 171; *The Ocean Stay*, iv. 266; *Autumn Ode*, v. 333; *The Swallows*, v. 102.
Saxe, J. G.: *Rhyme of the Rail*, iii. 44; *The Head and the Heart*, iv. 73; *The Cold Water Man*, iv. 173.
Scadding, Rev. Henry, D.D.: Orillia Memories, v. 111.
Schliemann, Henry: Discoveries at Mycenæ, v. 189.
Schoolcraft, Henry Rowe (*Ed.* **Matthews**): The Origin of the Robin, iii. 74; Gray Eagle and his Five Brothers, iii. 114; Hiawatha, the Mischief-maker, iii. 176.
Scott, Sir Walter: *Soldier, Rest*, iii. 173; *The Charge at Waterloo*, iv. 167; A Study of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* (R. H. Hutton), iv. 292; Studies in the *Lady of the Lake* and *Marmion* (R. H. Hutton), v. 219.
Shairp, J. C. (Principal): Studies in Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*, v. 180; Critical Estimate of Burns's Songs, v. 328.
Shakspeare, William: *England* (from *Richard II.*), iii. 87; Lines from *Macbeth*, iii. 118; *Winter*, iii. 211; *Sonnet LXXI.*, iii. 219; *Friendship*, iv. 73; *King John*, Framework of the Play, iv. 104; Scenes from *King John*, iv. 109; *The Merchant of Venice*, Framework of the Play, iv. 157; Scenes from the *Merchant of Venice*, iv. 162; *Cleopatra's Progress down the Cydnus* (*Antony and Cleopatra*), v. 48; *Sonnet LX.*, with Analysis, v. 152; A Study of *Richard II.* (S. T. Coleridge), v. 377; *Blow, Blow, thou Winter Wind*, v. 110; Studies in *King John* and *Henry VIII.* (A. C. Swinburne), v. 114; Shakspeare's Word-Mastery (J. Ruskin), v. 121; Estimate of Shakspeare (W. Hazlitt), iv. 108.
Shelley, P. B: *Summer and Winter*, iii. 214; *The Sensitive Plant*, iv. 80; *A Dream of the Unknown*, v. 15; *Sonnet on the Nile*, v. 43; *Ozymandias*, v. 44; *The Flight of the Hours*, v. 86; Studies in *Prometheus Unbound* (Principal Shairp), v. 180; Two Studies in Shelley (J. A. Symonds), v. 451.
Sherlock, Frederick: Boyhood of President Lincoln, iii. 183.
Sigourney, Mrs.: *The Dog at his Master's Grave*, iii. 121.

Smith, George: In the Library of Sardanapalus, v. 345.
Smith, G. Barnet: Critical Estimate of Buchanan's *Idylls of Inverburn*, v. 145.
Smith (Prof.), Goldwin: A True Captain of Industry, iii. 215; The Labor Movement, v. 153; A Study of Cowper, v. 387; Estimate of Pattison's Milton, v. 403.
Smith, Horace: The Countryman and the Lawyer, iii. 27.
Southesk, Earl of: A Man from Red River, v. 362.
Southey, Robert: *The Traveller's Return*, iii. 40; *Night in the Desert*, iii. 84; *The Victory*, iv. 256; *The Evening Rainbow*, v. 187.
Spurgeon, Rev. C. H.: Self-Help, iii. 130.
Stanley, A. P. (Dean): The Burning of the *Goliath*, iii. 41; On Charles Dickens, iv. 96; The Black Prince at Crecy, iv. 113; The Eight Hundredth Anniversary of Westminster Abbey, v. 31.
Stanley, H. M.: The Finding of Livingstone, iv. 244; The Descent of the Congo, v. 40.
Stedman, E. C.: Critical Estimate of Swinburne's *Atalanta in Calydon*, v. 272; Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, v. 467.
Stephen, Leslie: Estimate of Pope's *Essay on Criticism*, v. 24; Study in "Johnsonese," v. 297; Pope at his Best, v. 347.
Stubbs, Rev. (Prof.) William: English Schools in the Middle Ages, iv. 209; Magna Carta, v. 305.
Swift, Jonathan (Dean): Gulliver Among the Giants, iii. 20; Lilliputian Tailors and Cooks, iv. 101; Characterization of Swift (W. M. Thackeray), iv. 202.
Swinburne, Algernon Charles: *The Water Fairy*, iv. 177; *August*, iv. 214; *By the North Sea*, v. 167; Choruses from *Atalanta in Calydon*, v. 274; Critical Estimate of the *Atalanta* (E. C. Stedman), v. 272; *On the Deaths of Thomas Carlyle and George Eliot*, v. 423; Studies in Shakspeare's *King John* and *Henry VIII.*, v. 114.
Symonds, J. A.: Origin of the English Sonnet, v. 91; Two Studies in Shelley, v. 451.

Taché, Archbishop: The Glories of the Prairie, v. 126.
Talfourd, Charles Noon: *To Charles Dickens*, v. 289.
Taylor, J. Bayard: *The Bison Track*, iv. 64; *Storm Song*, iv. 275.
Tennyson, Alfred: *The Brook*, iii. 156; *New Year's Chimes* (from *In Memoriam*), iii. 261; Stanzas from *The Princess*, iv. 13; *The Lotus-Eaters*, iv. 216; *Epitaph on Franklin, Westminster Abbey*, iv. 230; *Break, Break, Break*, iv. 267; *Dedication of the Idylls of the King*, iv. 334; *Enoch Arden Watching for a Sail*, v. 133; *Locksley Hall*, v. 134; *The Passing of Arthur*, v. 470; Critical Estimate of the *Idylls of the King* (E. C. Stedman), v. 467.
Thackeray, W. M.: The Character of Swift, iv. 102; Characterization of Goldsmith, iv. 135; Henry Esmond, v. 431; Estimate of Thackeray's Novels (Anthony Trollope), v. 428.
Thomson, James: *Rule, Britannia*, iii. 175; Stanzas from the *Castle of Indolence*, iv. 217.
Thorpe, Benjamin: Gertrude's Bird, iii. 46.
Todd, Rev. John, D.D.: Indian Legend of the Yosemite Valley, v. 291.
Topelius, Zach.: The Snowball Battle, iii. 243.
Trench, Archbishop: The Word "Kind," iii. 137.
Trevelyan, G. O.: Sight-seeing with Uncle Tom Macaulay, v. 177.
Trollope, Anthony: The Best of Thackeray's Novels, v. 428.
Turner, Charles (Tennyson): *On a Fly Crushed in a Book*, iii. 126; *The Process of Composition*, v. 57; *The Harvest Moon*, v. 334.
Tyndall, John, M.D., LL.D.: Rivers, iii. 154; The Germ Theory of Disease, v. 433.

Vere, Aubrey de: *Sad and Sweet*, iii. 70; *Affliction*, v. 97.
Victoria, Her Majesty Queen: The Death of Sir Robert Peel, iii. 220.

Wallace, D. Mackenzie: Easter Eve in Moscow, iv. 118.
Waller, Edmund: *Old Age*, v. 158.
Walpole, Spencer: The Misuse of Parliamentary Privilege, v. 279.
Warner, C. D.: The Boy Farmer in America, iii. 49; The Birch Back-Log, iv. 315.
Watts, Theodore: *The Christmas Card*, iii. 241; *The Sonnet's Voice*, v. 93.
Webster, Mrs. Augusta: *The Storm*, iii. 168.
White, J. Blanco: *Night and Death*, iv. 236.
White, R. Grant: The Bones of Speech, v. 27; How Shakspeare Spoke, v. 28; How Mr. Tennyson Reads, v. 29; Poor Reading, v. 30.
Whittier, J. G.: *Jack in the Pulpit*, iii. 12; *The Red River Voyageur*, iii. 34; An Old-fashioned Fireside, iv. 313; St. Martin's Summer, v. 416.
Wilde, R. H.: *My Life is like the Summer Rose*, iv. 103.
Willard, Mrs.: *Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep*, iii. 193.
Williams, W. H.: First Glimpses of the Rocky Mountains, v. 373.
Willis, N. P.: *May*, iii. 75.
Wilson, Alexander: The Blue Bird, iii. 126; *Lines on the Blue Bird*, iii. 128.
Wilson, Daniel, LL.D.: Prehistoric Man, iii. 217; *The Scot Abroad*, iv. 29; *Hymns from Chatterton*, v. 208.
Wilson, John ("Christopher North"): *The Evening Cloud*, iii. 213; Estimate of Burns's Poetical Epistles, v. 295.
Withrow, Rev. W. H., M.A., D.D.: The Catacombs of Rome, v. 67.
Wood, J. T.: Discovery of the Temple of Ephesian Diana, v. 269.
Wordsworth, William: *Lines from "The Excursion,"* iii. 33; *To a Butterfly*, iii. 85; *In the Pass of Killiecrankie*, iv. 301; *To the Cuckoo*, v. 16; *Michael*, v. 36; *The Fountain*, v. 37; *The Highland Reaper*, v. 38; *Two Sonnets on the Sonnet*, v. 93, 94; *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*, v. 462; Critical Estimate of Wordsworth's Poetry (F. H. Myers), v. 418.

LITERARY AND BIOGRAPHICAL MEMORANDA OF LIVING AUTHORS.

(BROUGHT UP TO OCTOBER 1882.)

Aldrich, Thos. Bailey, one of the best of living American poets; born Portsmouth, N.H., 1836; passed his youth in Louisiana; was three years in a New York counting-house; became "reader" for a large publishing house; afterwards wrote for *New York Evening Mirror;* assisted in editing *Home Journal* and *Saturday Press;* has contributed many poems and prose sketches to *Putnam's Monthly, The Knickerbocker, Harper's Monthly,* and *The Atlantic.* Works: "The Bells," 1854; "Daisy's Necklace," 1856; "Ballad of Baby Bell, and other Poems;" "The Course of True Love," etc., 1858; "Pampinea, and other Poems," 1861; "Out of His Head," a prose romance, 1862; "Poems," 1863 and 1865. "The Story of a Bad Boy" (1869) was somewhat autobiographical; it was followed by other prose tales, "Margery Daw," 1873; "Prudence Palfrey," 1874; "The Queen of Sheba," 1877. In 1874 he returned to poetry in "The Cloth of Gold." An example of Aldrich's latest work, "Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book," is given, Reader iii. 143. His recent poetry is of fine artistic quality; it is addressed rather to a scholarly than to a popular audience.

Allingham, William, born at Ballyshannon, Ireland, 1828. For many years held a position in the Customs (England); succeeded J. A. Froude as editor of *Fraser's Magazine* in 1874, retired 1879. His early contributions appeared in the *Athenæum* and *Household Words.* Publications: "Poems," 1850; "Day and Night Songs," 1854 and 1855; "Laurence Bloomfield in Ireland: A Modern Poem in Twelve Chapters" (5000 lines of decasyllabic couplets), 1864; "Fifty Modern Poems," 1865. His famous "Autumnal Sonnet" will be found in Reader v. 323.

Arnold, Edwin, born County Sussex, England, 1832; son of R. C. Arnold, J.P.; educated at King's School, Rochester, and King's College, London; obtained a scholarship at University College, Oxford; was appointed Principal of Government Sanscrit College at Poona (Bombay), which he held through the mutiny and up to 1861; a frequent contributor to literary and critical journals; his earlier publications were chiefly translations from Greek and Sanscrit authors; in 1880 appeared his principal poem, "The Light of Asia" (Reader v. 393), which ran through nineteen editions in less than a year. Arnold was connected with the *Daily Telegraph* (London), 1861–1880, and arranged the expedition of George Smith to Nineveh (Reader v. 345) and the two expeditions of H. M. Stanley to Africa (Reader iv. 244; v. 40).

Arnold, Matthew, eldest son of Dr. Arnold of Rugby; born 1822, near Staines (England); educated at Winchester, and Rugby, and at Balliol College, Oxford; Inspector of Schools, 1851; Professor of Poetry, Oxford, 1857–67; Assistant-Commissioner on Continental Systems of Education, 1859-60. Publications: "The Strayed Reveller, and other Poems," 1848; "Empedocles on Ætna," 1853 (recalled, but again published at the instance of Robert Browning); collected edition of Poems, 1869. His prose critical writings include three lectures, "On Translating Homer," 1861; "Essays on Criticism," 1865; "Culture and Anarchy," 1869. This last volume put into circulation many of his special phrases or quotations, "sweetness and light," etc.

Bain, Alexander, LL.D., born at Aberdeen, Scotland, 1818; graduated at Marischal College, 1840; Examiner in Logic and Moral Philosophy, University College, Lon-

don, 1857-62; Professor of Logic, Aberdeen, 1860-80; Rector of University, Aberdeen, 1881; contributed to *Westminster Review* since 1840. Publications: "The Senses and the Intellect," 1855; "The Emotion and the Will," 1859; "Manual of English Composition and Rhetoric," 1866; "Mental and Moral Science," 1868; "Logic, Deductive and Inductive," 1870; "Mind and Body: Theories of their Relation," 1873; "Minor Works of George Grote, with Critical Remarks," etc., 1873; "Companion to the Higher English Grammar," 1874. Articles "Logic" and "Mental Philosophy," in "Chambers' Encyclopædia."

Björnson, Björnstjerne (approximate pronunciation, *Bee-irn'-stee-er'nay Bee-irn'-son*), Norwegian dramatic poet and novelist; born at Kvikne, Österdalen, 1832; son of a clergyman; studied at University of Christiania, 1852; became early connected with the press; in consequence of political animosities removed to Copenhagen, returning to Christiania in 1862. His novels have become, through translations, exceedingly popular in England and the United States. The best known are "Arne" (London, 1866), "The Fisher Maiden" (New York, 1869), "The Happy Boy" (Boston, 1870), "The Newly-Married Couple" (London, 1870), "Love and Life in Norway" (London, 1870).

Blackie, John Stuart, son of Aberdeen banker; born Glasgow, 1809; studied at Aberdeen and Edinburgh, and two years at Gottingen, Berlin, and Rome, his Continental studies being devoted to German, Italian, and classical philology; Professor of Latin, Marischal College, Aberdeen, from 1841 till 1852, when his metrical translation of Æschylus (see Reader v. 193) obtained for him the Greek Chair at Edinburgh, which he continued to hold till August 1882. Publications: "Translation of Faust," 1834; "Poems," 1857 and 1860; "Homer and the Iliad," 1866; "Lays of the Highlands and Islands," 1872; "Horæ Hellenicæ" (philological papers), 1874; "Songs of Religion and Life," 1876; "The Wise Men of Greece," 1877, a series of dramatic dialogues intended to show that the germs of all modern scientific discoveries are to be found in Greek philosophy between the eras of Pythagoras and Plato.

Bourinot, John George, born Sydney, N.S., 1834; eldest son of Senator Bourinot; educated at Trinity College, Toronto; connected himself with the press in 1855, first as parliamentary reporter for the Toronto *Leader;* he afterwards became editor and proprietor of the Halifax *Evening Reporter;* was for several years First Clerk Assistant of the House of Commons (Ottawa), and in November 1880 was appointed Clerk of the House. Publications: "Debates and Procedings of N.S. House of Assembly, Third Session Twenty-third Parliament," 1866; "Confederation of the Provinces of British North America," 1866. Contributed to the *Canadian Monthly Magazine* an important series of articles on the commercial and the intellectual development of Canada, also on our political future. Mr. Bourinot's papers have been discussed at some length by Justin M'Carthy in the "History of Our Own Times," vol. ii.

Bright, Right Hon. John, M.P., born at Greenbank, near Rochdale, 1811; son of Jacob Bright, a Quaker cotton-spinner, into whose firm John and his brother were in due time admitted. John Bright's education did not extend to the classical languages, but included an unusually substantial course of English literature. In 1835 he delivered to a literary institute in Rochdale a series of lectures on his then recent travels in the Holy Land; shared in the agitation for the Reform Bill 1831-2; in 1839 helped to organize the Anti-Corn-Law League; was returned as member for Durham 1843, which he represented till 1847, when he was elected for Manchester; spoke for the first time in the Commons August 7, 1843; was re-elected for Manchester 1852; was rejected at the general election following the defeat of Lord Palmerston (1857), but was elected for Birmingham, which he still (1882) represents; accepted office under the two Gladstone Administrations (1868, 1880). Mr. Bright's speeches embrace some exceedingly fine examples of parliamentary eloquence (Reader v. 448). They were revised by Mr. Bright and published under the editorial supervision of Thorold Rogers. 1869. In 1880 Mr. Bright, assisted by Thorold Rogers, edited the speeches of his old friend and fellow-agitator Richard Cobden.

Browning, Robert, born at Camberwell, a suburb of London, 1812; educated at London University; in 1832 he went to Italy, where he studied with intense interest the mediæval records of Italian life and manners, and such traces of the old time as survive in country villages. Publications: "Para-

celsus," 1835; "Strafford: A Tragedy," 1837; "Sordello" (a rhapsodical poem, since suppressed), 1840; dramatic and lyrical poems appeared from 1842 to 1846 under the name of "Bells and Pomegranates;" "The Ring and the Book" and "Balaustion's Adventure," 1871; "Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangen, Savior of Society," 1871; "Fifine at the Fair," 1872; "Red Cotton Nightcap Country," 1873; "Aristophanes' Apology," 1875; "The Agamemnon of Æschylus," transcribed 1877; "La Sasiaz: the Two Poets of Croisic," 1878. A recent number of the *Academy* ranks Browning as the second of contemporary English poets, Tennyson being the first.

Buchanan, Robert, born 1841 at Caverswall, Staffordshire; educated at High School and University of Glasgow. His "Undertones" appeared in 1860, followed by "Idylls and Legends of Inverburn," 1865, and "London Poems," 1866; "The Witchfinder: A Tragedy;" "Napoleon Fallen: A Lyrical Drama," 1871; "Drama of Kings," 1871. "The Witchfinder" was represented at Sadler's Wells Theatre, and his comedy, "A Madcap Prince," was acted at the Haymarket, August 1874. Prose writings:—In October 1871 Buchanan published in the *Contemporary Review*, under the name of "Thomas Maitland," an article on the "Fleshly School of Poetry" which severely handled Swinburne, D. G. Rossetti, and others. An acrimonious controversy ensued. In fiction Buchanan has written "The Shadow of the Sword" and "The Martyrdom of Madeline," the latter (1882) abounding in personal portraits or caricatures under fictitious names.

Butler, Lieutenant-Colonel, William Francis, C.B., born County Tipperary, Ireland, 1838; educated at Dublin; appointed ensign 69th Regiment 1858, lieutenant 1863, captain 1872, major 1874; undertook a special mission to Red River in connection with Colonel Wolseley's expedition (see Reader iv. 53); visited North-West again in 1872 (Reader v. 365), the two visits furnishing material respectively for "The Great Lone Land," 1872, and "The Wild North Land," 1873; served on the Ashantee Expedition, 1873, in command of the West Akim forces; his experiences were recorded in "Akimfoo," 1875. He married in 1877 Miss Elizabeth Thompson the painter.

Carleton, "Will," born Hudson, Lenawee County, Michigan, 1845; son of pioneer settler from New Hampshire; graduated at Hillsdale College, Michigan, 1863. *Harper's Magazine* reprinted, with illustrations, his ballad, "Betsy and I are Out," 1872, which made him known to a large circle of readers. This was followed by his "Farm Ballads" and "Farm Legends," both of which have become very popular.

Castelar, Emilio. (See Reader v. 58.)

Cesnola, General. (See Reader v. 359.)

Clemens, Samuel Langhorne ("Mark Twain." See Reader iv. 68), born at Florida, Missouri, 1835; lived as a journalist at Virginia, Nevada, 1862-5, at San Francisco for three years, and at Buffalo for one year. Published "Jumping Frog and other Sketches," 1867; "Innocents Abroad," 1869 (of which it is said one hundred thousand copies were sold within two years); humorous contributions in *The Galaxy;* "Roughing It," a highly tinted autobiography, 1872. In 1874 appeared "The Golden Age," which was dramatized and obtained a great success through Raymond's impersonation of *Colonel Mulberry Sellers*, the leading character.

Colvin, Sidney, M.A., born Norwood, Surrey, 1845; graduated at Cambridge as third in classical tripos, 1867; Fellow of Trinity College, 1869; Slade Professor of Fine Arts, 1873 (re-elected, 1876); Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, 1876; since 1867 a frequent contributor in literary and art criticism to the *Cornhill Magazine*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, and *Fortnightly Review;* author of "Landor," in "English Men of Letters," and editor of "Selections from Landor," in "Golden Treasury Series," 1882.

Cook, Miss Eliza, born Southwark, London, 1817. From 1840, the date of her first volume of poetry, to 1874, when her collected works were published, her pen was generally engaged on some gentle picture of home life. "The Old Farm Gate" and "The Old Arm Chair" are the most popular of her poems.

Craik, Mrs. (Dinah Mulock), born, 1826, at Stoke-on-Trent, Staffordshire; married George Lillie Craik, 1865; has written short lyrical pieces of great tenderness and beauty, but she is best known for her numerous novels, and especially for "John Halifax, Gentleman," which appeared in 1857.

Dawson, John William, LL.D., F.R.S., born Pictou, N.S., October 1820; graduated

at Edinburgh, 1840. His studies were chiefly directed to natural history, geology, and practical chemistry, and during his residence at the University he contributed on geological topics to the Edinburgh press. In 1842 he accompanied Sir Charles Lyell in his geological exploration of Nova Scotia, and subsequently devoted himself to original research. Contributed to the "Proceedings of the Geological Society of London" the earliest accounts of the Nova Scotian formations; lectured on botany and geology in the Academy of Picton and in Dalhousie College; from 1850 to 1853 was Superintendent of Public Instruction for Nova Scotia; in 1855 became Principal of M'Gill University, Montreal. Publications: "Acadian Geology," 1855 (second edition, 1858; third edition, 1878); "Archaia," 1860; "Air-Breathers of the Coal Period," 1859 and 1863; "Fossil Men and their Modern Representatives," 1880. Principal Dawson's contributions to the "Proceedings of the Royal Society of Edinburgh" and to "The Canadian Naturalist" are extremely numerous and valuable. He was the first to identify (1864) the true character of certain organic remains occurring in the Laurentian limestones of Canada, and is thus entitled to the honor of tracing animal life back to its earliest "dawn;" for the *Eozoön Canadense*, as Dr. Dawson named the fossil, is the oldest known form of animal life.

Doyle, Sir Francis Hastings Charles, Bart., poet and critic; born 1810, near Tadcaster, Yorkshire; Professor of Poetry at Oxford, 1867–1877. Works: "The Return of the Guards, and other Poems," 1866; "Lectures on Poetry," 1869 and 1877. (See Reader iv. 205.)

Du Chaillu, Paul Belloni, born in Paris, 1835; son of trader to the west coast of Africa, which Paul early visited for the purpose of studying its flora and fauna and the languages and manners of the native tribes. Spent the four years 1855–9 in the equatorial belt of Africa, extending his researches to about 2° on each side of the line. He discovered a large number of species of birds and mammals hitherto undescribed, notably the gorilla ("Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa," 1861; revised edition, 1871). A second expedition (1863–5), undertaken to vindicate the truthfulness of his narrative, was described in "A Journey to Ashango Land," 1867. During a residence in the United States he wrote a series of books for the young, based on his own adventures: "Stories of the Gorilla Country," 1868; "Wild Life under the Equator," 1869; "Lost in the Jungle," 1869; "My Apingi Kingdom," 1870; "The Country of the Dwarfs," 1871. From 1871 to 1878 Du Chaillu made a series of journeys to Scandinavia; lived among the people for nearly five years; learned their languages and their ways; and he has given us the fruits in what is from literary and scientific aspects the most valuable of all his works, "The Land of the Midnight Sun," two volumes, 1882. (See Reader iv. 218; v. 161.)

Dufferin (Marquis of), The Right Hon. Frederick Temple Blackwood, K.C.B., K.P., born June 21, 1826; son of fourth Baron Dufferin and Helen Selina, grand-daughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. The Earl of Dufferin's mother not only came of literary stock, but was herself the authoress of that most pathetic ballad, "I'm Sittin' on the Stile, Mary," written about 1838. (See Reader iii. 86.) Lord Dufferin was educated at Eton and Christchurch, Oxford; he went from Oxford to Ireland during the famine (1846–7), and published his experiences. A yacht voyage to Iceland in 1859 afforded him material for the clever "Letters from High Latitudes." In 1860 he went to Syria as Lord Palmerston's Commissioner to inquire into the massacre of Christians, and by his prudent management earned his K.C.B. He was Under-Secretary of State for India (1864–6) and Under-Secretary of War (1866–7). Under Mr. Gladstone he accepted the office of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; and from April 1872 to October 1878 he was the Governor-General of Canada. He has since acted successively as ambassador to St. Petersburg and to the Porte. In addition to the publications above noticed he has contributed to practical politics, "Irish Emigration and the Tenure of Land in Ireland;" "Mr. Mill's Plan for the Pacification of Ireland Examined;" "An Inquiry into the State of Ireland." Among Lord Dufferin's contributions to light literature may be mentioned "The Honourable Impulsia Gushington," a society satire.

Edwards, Miss Amelia Betham. (See Reader v. 45.)

Freeman, Edward Augustus, D.C.L. (Oxford), **LL.D.** (Cambridge), born at Harborne, Staffordshire, 1823; educated at

Oxford; became Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, 1845; Examiner in the School of Law and Modern History, 1857–8 and 1863–4; in School of Modern History, 1873. His works range over architecture, history, and politics. Of the historical works the chief are, "History of Federal Government," vol. i., 1863; "History of the Norman Conquest," 1867–76, continued in 1882 by "The History of the Reign of William Rufus;" "Old English History," 1869; "Growth of the English Constitution," 1872; "General Sketch of European History," 1872; "Historical Essays," (two series), 1872–3; "The Ottoman Power in Europe—its Nature, its Growth, and its Decline," 1877. (For Freeman's account of his own style see Reader v. 173 and 400.)

Froude, James Anthony, born Dartington, Devonshire, 1818; son of Archdeacon Froude; educated at Westminster, and at Oriel College, Oxford; Fellow of Exeter College, 1842; was ordained in the Church of England (1844), but a change of opinions was marked by the publication of his "Nemesis of Faith" (1848) and by the resignation of his fellowship; became an active contributor to *Fraser's Magazine* and the *Westminster Review;* published "History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada" (twelve volumes), 1856–70; "Short Studies on Great Subjects" (three series), being reprints of essays contributed to various periodicals; "The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century," 1871–4; "Cæsar: A Sketch," 1878. After Carlyle's death in 1881, Froude, as his literary executor, edited the "Reminiscences," and in 1882 appeared the first two volumes (forty years) of Froude's Biography of Carlyle. (For an estimate of Froude as an historian see Reader v. 341).

Goodale, Dora Read, born October 29, 1866; has written, in conjunction with her sister Elaine, two volumes of verse, "Apple Blossoms," 1878; "All Round the Year: Verses from Sky Farm," 1881. The latter is a remarkable volume when we consider the youth of the writers; it has won the favorable notice of the *Athenæum* and of other critical journals. "Sky Farm," the home of these sisters, is in South Egremont, Massachusetts, on the very summit of the Berkshire Hills.

Gosse, Edmund William, born in London, September 21, 1849; son of Philip Henry Gosse, F.R.S., who resided some three years near the Coaticook River, Quebec, and recorded his experiences in that pleasant volume, "The Canadian Naturalist," 1840. E. W. Gosse was educated in Devonshire; became, through Charles Kingsley's influence, assistant-librarian at the British Museum, 1867; was appointed translator to the Board of Trade, 1875. Publications: "Madrigals, Songs, and Sonnets" (in conjunction with J. A. Blaikie), 1870; "On Viol and Flute" (lyrical), 1873; "King Erik: A Tragedy," 1876; "Unknown Lover" (dramatic), 1878. He has contributed critical studies in English, Scandinavian, and Dutch literature to *Athenæum, Academy, Cornhill Magazine, Fortnightly Review,* and to ninth edition of "Encyclopædia Britannica." He contributed "Gray," to "English Men of Letters," 1882.

Gough, John B., born at Sandgate, Kent, England, 1817; at twelve years came to United States, spending two years on a farm; in 1831 got employment in New York as bookbinder, and in 1839 became bookbinder on his own account, but by dissipation was reduced to the greatest misery. Since 1843 he has lectured on temperance with powerful effect. His autobiography and a volume of his orations appeared in 1845. In 1853, 1857, and 1878 he visited England.

Grant, Rev. George Monro, D.D., Principal of Queen's University and College, Kingston, Ontario; born December 22, 1835, at Albion Mines, County Pictou, N.S.; received his early instruction at Pictou Academy and West River Seminary, and his university training at Glasgow. He has warmly identified himself with philanthropic and educational movements. His literary publications include, "Study of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Carlyle," 1867; "Ocean to Ocean," a delightful narrative of his exploratory tour with Mr. Sandford Fleming over the line of the future Pacific Railway (editions in 1873 and 1877); articles on the "Great North-West," in *Good Words;* papers on "Joseph Howe" and "Religion and Culture," in the *Canadian Monthly;* articles on "Canada," in *Scribner's Magazine.* "Picturesque Canada" appeared under Principal Grant's supervision, and it includes important contributions of his own. (See Reader v. 374.)

Harte, Francis Bret, born at Albany,

New York, 1837; son of a teacher in the Albany Ladies' Academy; at seventeen went to California, where he taught school; tried mining; became a compositor on a newspaper at Eureka; then at San Francisco became compositor, and afterwards editor of *Golden Era*; obtained positions in Surveyor-General's office, United States Marshal's office, and in the branch mint; became connected with *The Californian*. His first publications were poems and sketches of Californian life, contributed to the *Overland Monthly*, which he founded July 1868. His published works include, "Luck of Roaring Camp, and other Tales," 1869; "Poems," 1870; "Condensed Novels," 1867 and 1870; "East and West Poems," 1871; "Poetical Works," 1871; "Mrs. Skaggs' Husbands," 1872; "Select Poems," 1874; "Story of a Mine," 1878.

Holmes, Oliver Wendell, M.D., American poet and essayist; born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1809; graduated at Harvard, 1829; abandoning law for medicine, went in 1832 to Europe to attend the Paris and other great hospitals; appointed to the Chair of Anatomy and Physiology in Dartmouth College, 1838, and in Harvard, 1847; after some metrical essays, he published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, in a series of papers, "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," 1857; then came "The Professor at the Breakfast Table," and in 1872 "The Poet of the Breakfast Table." The last collected and revised edition of his poems is brought up to 1877. Dr. Holmes' medical researches are marked by the same originality as his contributions to literature. He is famous for his social qualities. Many of his best poems have been written for college commencements or festive occasions, and have been recited or sung by the author himself with telling effect.

Houghton, Baron (Richard Monckton Milnes), born in Yorkshire, 1809; graduated at Cambridge, 1831; elected M.P. for Pontefract, 1837, and continued to represent it till his elevation to the peerage, 1863. Has published "Palm Leaves;" "Poems of Many Years;" "Life of Keats," 1848. His collected poems appeared in 1876.

Howitt (Botham), Mary, born Uttoxeter (pr. *Ux'eter*), England, 1804; married William Howitt, 1823, and in the same year they published conjointly a collection of poems, "The Forest Minstrel." Her ballads are her strongest efforts, especially when she depicts animal life. (See "The True Story of Web-Spinner," Reader ii. 202; "The Cry of the Suffering Creatures," Reader iv. 91.)

Hugessen, Right Hon. F. H. Knatchbull- (created Lord Brabourne in 1880), born County Kent, England, 1829; educated at Eton and Oxford; M.P. for Sandwich, 1857; Under-Secretary for the Home Department, December, 1868–71; Under-Secretary for the Colonies, 1871 to February 1874. He has written several clever books of stories: "Stories for my Children," 1869; "Queer Folk," 1873 (see Reader iii. 108); "Whispers from Fairyland," 1874; etc.

Huxley, Thomas Henry, LL.D, Ph.D., F.R.S., born Ealing, County Middlesex, England, 1825; educated at Ealing School; received his medical training at Charing Cross Hospital; was assistant-surgeon to H.M.S. *Rattlesnake* from 1846 to 1850; succeeded Forbes in the Chair of Natural History at the School of Mines, 1854; sat at London School Board, 1870–2; was Lord Rector of Aberdeen University, 1872–5; received LL.D. from the University of Dublin, 1878; was appointed Government Inspector of Fisheries, 1881. Huxley's writings have been almost exclusively devoted to natural science and educational topics. Besides papers contributed to the proceedings of various learned societies, the following have been published: "Oceanic Hydrozoa;" "Man's Place in Nature," 1863; "Lectures on Comparative Anatomy," 1864; "Lessons on Elementary Physiology," 1866 (second edition, 1868); "An Introduction to the Classification of Animals," 1869; "Lay Sermons, Addresses, and Reviews," 1870 (second edition, 1871); "Manual of the Anatomy of Vertebrated Animals," 1871; "Critiques and Addresses," 1873; "American Addresses," with a Lecture on the Study of Biology, 1877; "Physiology: An Introduction to the Study of Nature," 1877; "The Crayfish: An Introduction to the Study of Zoology," 1880. (See Reader v. 103.)

Ingelow, Miss Jean, born at Boston, Lincolnshire (England), 1830. Her father was a banker of intellectual turn; her mother was of Scottish descent. Her "Poems," published first in 1862 or 1863, gave this shy recluse sudden fame, and ran through fourteen editions in five years. The poems—"Divided," "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire, 1571," and "The

Songs of Seven"—have not been surpassed by any of her later efforts. Of her contributions to fiction, "Off the Skelligs" (1873) is probably the best known. Miss Ingelow resides in London, and devotes much of her means to deeds of charity.

Kemble, Frances Anne, born in London, 1811; a daughter of Charles Kemble the actor, and a niece of the famous Mrs. Siddons. Miss Kemble married Pierce Butler of Philadelphia, but resumed her own name in 1849. Her sonnets are remarkable for an exquisite finish, and will survive after her plays and books of travel have been forgotten. (See Reader v. 96.)

Kinglake, Alexander William, born near Taunton, 1811; educated at Eton, and Trinity College, Cambridge; called to the bar 1837, but he withdrew from the profession in 1856. His "Eöthen" ("From the East")—1844—by its fresh and graphic style was a delightful surprise. He *gave* the manuscript to a publisher, having vainly tried to *sell* it. In 1857 Kinglake entered Parliament as member for Bridgewater, which he continued to represent for eleven years. For nineteen years after "Eöthen," he published nothing beyond an article in the *Quarterly Review* on "The Political Uses of the Mediterranean." He had, however, been collecting material for a larger enterprise, and in 1863 appeared the first two volumes of his "Invasion of the Crimea," which in 1874 reached a fifth volume, with apparently many more to come.

Knox, Mrs. Isa (Craig), born at Edinburgh, 1831. Her poetical compositions first appeared in the *Scotsman*, signed "Isa," and led to her employment as a regular contributor. In 1856 she published a volume of poems. Removing to London (1857), she acted as secretary to the newly-organized Social Science Association; in 1859 she won the first prize (£50), among six hundred and twenty competitors, for her Ode on the Burns Centenary Festival; published (1865) "Duchess Agnes, and other Poems." Married her cousin Mr. John Knox. For an example of her poetry, see Reader iii. 164.

Lang, Andrew, poet and critic; educated at Oxford, Fellow of Merton College. Published, in conjunction with S. H. Butcher, Fellow of University College, Oxford (and Blackie's successor in the Greek Chair at Edinburgh), a fine prose version of the "Odyssey," to which Lang has prefixed a noble sonnet (Reader v. 195). He has also executed fine prose translations of Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus with an essay on Theocritus; and he has now (1882) in hand, assisted by two other scholars, a prose version of Homer's "Iliad." The "XXII Ballades in Blue China" gave Lang his first popularity as a poet. He has contributed several critiques to Ward's "English Poets." Lang has in course of publication "Helen of Troy," a poem in six books of about four hundred lines each.

Lecky, William Edward Hartpole, M.A., born near Dublin, 1838; graduated at Trinity College, 1859. His "Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland" appeared anonymously in 1861, and attracted much attention; it appeared with the author's name 1871–72. In 1865 he published the "History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe;" in 1869 the "History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne;" in 1878 the first two volumes of "A History of England in the Eighteenth Century;" and in 1882 vols. three and four, the last bringing the history to 1782. (See Reader v. 108, 401.)

Le Moine, James Macpherson, born at Quebec, 1825; educated at the Seminary; practised law for some time; afterwards accepted the Collectorship of Revenue, Quebec. His scientific publications include valuable notes on the ornithology and the fisheries of Canada; his literary works include three volumes of "Maple Leaves," 1863–65; historical monographs; "Quebec Past and Present," 1876; "The Scot in New France," 1881; "Picturesque Quebec," 1882.

Lorne, The Marquis of (Sir John George Edward Henry Douglas Sutherland Campbell, G.C.M.G., M.P.), eldest son of the Duke of Argyll, was born at Stafford House, London, 1845. Elected M.P. for Argyllshire February 1868; and in December was appointed Private Secretary to the Duke of Argyll at the India Office. Married H.R.H. the Princess Louise, fourth daughter of Queen Victoria, March 21, 1871. The Marquis of Lorne's publications include, "A Trip to the Tropics and Home through America," 1867; "Guido and Lita: A Tale of the Riviera," 1875 (see Reader iii. 195); "The Psalms Literally Rendered in Verse," 1877; and a poem on the city of Quebec, contributed to *Good Words*, 1882. In July 1878 the Mar-

quis of Lorne succeeded Lord Dufferin as Governor-General, and reached Canada November 1878; visited the North-West in 1881 (see Reader v. 137); and in 1882, accompanied by the Princess Louise, undertook a journey to British Columbia.

Lowell, James Russell, LL.D., born at Cambridge, Mass., 1819; graduated at Harvard, 1838; by profession a lawyer, though he early abandoned law for literature. In 1855 succeeded Longfellow in the Chair of Modern Languages at Harvard; 1857–62 edited the *Atlantic Monthly*; 1863–72 edited the *North American Review*. Of his poetical works, the most popular are "The Vision of Sir Launfal," 1848; "The Biglow Papers," first series, 1848, second, 1864. Of his critical writings the best known are, "Among My Books," 1870, and "My Study Windows," 1871. In 1874, Lowell declined the post of Minister to Russia; in 1877 became Minister to Spain, and he is now (1882) Minister to Great Britain.

Lubbock, Sir John, Bart., M.P., F.R.S., born in London, 1834, son of Sir J. W. Lubbock, the banker and astronomer; educated at a private school and at Eton; admitted to his father's bank at fourteen years, he became a partner in 1856; introduced many important reforms in the practice of banking; has sat on three Royal Commissions — those on International Coinage, on Public Schools, and on the Advancement of Science. Published "Prehistoric Times," 1865; "Origin of Civilization, and the Primitive Condition of Man," 1870; "Origin and Metamorphoses of Insects," 1874; "On British Wild Flowers, Considered in Relation to Insects," 1875. He has contributed numerous memoirs or monographs to the proceedings of various learned societies. As President of the British Association, 1881, he reviewed the progress of science for the previous fifty years. Selections from this address are given, Reader v. 76, 98, 456. Sir John resides at High Elms, near Farnborough, county Hants, where he owns a demesne of fourteen thousand acres.

Lytton, Earl of (Edward Robert Bulwer-Lytton), son of the novelist and poet Edward, Lord Lytton; born 1831, educated at Harrow and at Bonn in Germany; entered the diplomatic service at eighteen, as Attaché at Washington, and he has since been accredited to several of the Courts of Europe as *Chargé d'Affaires*. Published, 1855, "Clytemnestra, and other Poems," by "Owen Meredith;" "The Wanderer: A Collection of Poems in Many Lands," 1859; "Lucile," 1860 (see Reader v. 311); "Poetical Works of Owen Meredith," 1867; "Fables in Song," 1874. (See Reader iii. 61.)

M'Carthy, Justin, M.P., born at Cork, 1830; connected with Cork *Examiner*, 1846–53; next with Liverpool *Northern Times;* then with London *Morning Star* as parliamentary reporter, foreign editor, and finally chief editor, 1864–68. Spent three years, 1868–71, in the United States, and returned to London. Political and historical contributions from his pen have appeared in the *Westminster Review*, the *Fortnightly*, the *London Review*, the *Galaxy*, and several other English and American periodicals. Has written many novels, commencing with "Paul Messie," 1866. Of his historical works, the most important is "A History of Our Own Times," which is brought down to 1880. (Reader iv. 200, v. 340.)

Mackay, Charles, LL.D., born at Perth, Scotland, 1814; educated in London and Brussels; from 1834–43 was on the staff of the London *Morning Chronicle;* edited Glasgow *Argus*, 1844–47; contributed poems to the *Daily News*, "leaders" to the *Illustrated London News*, and miscellaneous articles to *All the Year Round* and other periodicals. Founded the *London Review*, 1860. His poems are very numerous; for examples see Reader iii. 242, iv. 39. His chief prose works are "Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions" and "Lost Beauties of the English Language."

M'Lachlan, Alexander, born at Johnstone, Scotland, 1820; under the influence of Chartist sympathies emigrated to the United States, whence he removed to Canada, 1840. His publications include, "Poems, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect," Toronto, 1856; "Lyrics and Miscellaneous Poems," 1858; "The Emigrant, and other Poems," 1861. His collected "Poems and Songs" were published in 1874.

Macmillan, Rev. Hugh, LL.D., F.R.S.E., born at Aberfeldy, Perthshire, 1833; educated at Breadalbane Academy and Edinburgh University. Published "Bible Teachings in Nature," 1866; "First Forms of Vegetation;" "Holidays on High Lands;" "The Ministry of Nature;" "The Garden and the City;" "Sun-glints in the Wilderness;" "The Sabbath of the Fields,"

Most of his works have passed through two or more editions, and some have been translated into the languages of Northern Europe.

Martin, Sir Theodore, K.C.B., born at Edinburgh, 1816; educated at the High School; practised in Edinburgh and London as a solicitor. In conjunction with Professor Aytoun wrote the "Book of Ballads, by Bon Gaultier," also a translation of Goethe's "Ballads." He translated from the Danish of Henrik Hartz "King René's Daughter;" from the German, Oehlenschläger's dramas "Correggio," 1854, and "Aladdin," 1857, as well as Goethe's "Faust," 1862, Heine's "Poems and Ballads," 1878, and miscellaneous poems of Goethe, Schiller, and Uhland; from the Italian, Dante's "Vita Nuova," 1862; from the Latin, the poems of Catullus, and the "Odes" of Horace. Of his "Life of the Prince Consort," the first part appeared in 1877, the fifth and last in 1880. (See Reader iv. 328.) He married in 1851 the actress Miss Helen Faucit.

Masson, David, born at Aberdeen, 1822; educated at Marischal College and Edinburgh University, in which latter he became Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature, October 1865, having for thirteen years filled the similar Chair in University College, London. Edited for some years (beginning with 1859) *Macmillan's Magazine*, to which and to the reviews he was a frequent contributor. His great achievement is the "Life of Milton," in six large volumes, 1858–80 (see Reader iv. 74); for examples of style drawn from his critical works, see Reader v. 20, 196, 424. The last of these selections is from his latest publication, "De Quincey," in "English Men of Letters," 1881.

Moltkë, Helmuth, Karl Bernhard, Count von, Chief Marshal of the German Empire, Chief of the General Staff, born at Parchim (Mecklenburg-Schwerin), October 26, 1800. His parents removing to Holstein, he went at eleven years to learn the military profession in the Copenhagen barracks, and at eighteen became an officer. In 1822 entered the Prussian service as a lieutenant in the 8th Infantry, and after ten years of the hardest study, was entered on the General Staff. He spent the years 1835–39 in Turkey, assisting Mahmoud II. in his wars against the Kurds and against Egypt. Returning to Berlin in 1839, Moltke became Adjutant to Prince Frederick William in 1856; in 1858, Chief of the General Staff; and in 1859 Lieutenant-General. He arranged the campaigns against Denmark in 1864 and Austria 1866. In the latter war Moltke personally commanded the Prussians in the great battle of Sadowa (Königgrätz), and arranged with the defeated Austrians the terms of truce. The successful strategy of the Prussians in the great war with France, 1870–71, was entirely arranged by Moltke, who has since become the historian of his own victories ("The German-French War," first volume in 1873). His earlier publications included an interesting account of his travels in the Mediterranean. (See Reader iii. 232.)

Morley, John, born at Blackburn, Lancashire, 1838; educated at Cheltenham College, and at Lincoln College, Oxford. Contributed at an early age to the *Saturday Review;* in 1867 succeeded G. H. Lewes as editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, from which he has recently withdrawn. His publications include, "Edmund Burke: A Historical Study," 1867; "Critical Miscellanies," 1871; Lives of Voltaire, 1872, Rousseau, 1873, and Diderot, 1878; "On Compromise," 1874; "Life of Richard Cobden," 1881. For a selection from the last, see Reader v. 319. The series of biographies in "English Men of Letters" is edited by Mr. Morley.

Morris, William, born near London, 1834; educated at Marlborough School, and at Exeter College, Oxford. Not succeeding in the profession of painting, he set up in 1863 a factory in London for the designing and making of decorative house-furnishings (wall-paper, stained glass, tiles, etc.). He gives his days to this work and his evenings to poetry. His poems, which are remarkable for a happy revival of Chaucer's style and versification, include "The Life and Death of Jason," 1867; and "The Earthly Paradise," 1868–71. (See Readers iv. 147, v. 138.)

Müller, Frederick Max (son of Wilhelm Müller, the German poet); born at Dessau, in the Duchy of Anhalt, 1823; graduated at the University of Leipzig, 1843; continued his studies there under Brockhaus in Sanskrit and Comparative Philology, finishing with Bopp and Schelling at Berlin, and Eugène Bournouf at Paris. Visiting England to collate Sanskrit manuscripts at the India House and the Bodleian

Library, he was by Bunsen, the Prussian Ambassador, induced to remain. He was engaged by the East India Company to translate and edit the "Rig Veda," the six volumes of which appeared, 1849–74. His best works in English are the "Lectures on the Science of Language," 1861–64 (see Reader v. 205), and "Chips from a German Workshop," 1868–75. In 1868 he became Professor of Comparative Philology at Oxford, and in 1875 received the assistance of a deputy-professor (Mr. Sayce).

Newman, John Henry (Cardinal), son of a London banker and elder brother of Professor F. W. Newman; born in London 1805; was educated at Ealing, and at Worcester College, Oxford. Besides numerous theological works, Cardinal Newman has published educational and historical lectures (Reader v. 267); a volume of poems (Reader v. 158), and an autobiographical analysis of his own career (*Apologia pro Vitâ Suâ*).

Nichol, John, LL.D. (son of J. P. Nichol, late Professor of Astronomy in Glasgow University); born at Montrose, 1833; educated at Glasgow University and Balliol College, Oxford. Became Professor of English Literature in Glasgow University, 1861; has contributed to reviews and magazines; wrote "Byron" for "English Men of Letters;" he contributed certain of the critiques to Ward's "English Poets."

Oliphant, Mrs. (Margaret Wilson); born at Liverpool about 1818; she is known as one of the most prolific writers of novels. Her first appeared in 1849—"Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside." In biography she has published the "Life of Edward Irving," 1862; "St. Francis of Assisi," 1870; "Memoir of the Comte de Montalembert," 1872; "The Makers of Florence: Dante, Giotto, Savonarola, and their City," 1876. In 1882 Mrs. Oliphant made an important contribution to criticism in her "Literary History of England in Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries." (See Reader v. 349.)

Parkman, Francis, born at Boston, Mass., 1823. Travelled in Europe, 1843–44; graduated at Harvard, 1844; abandoning law, undertook to explore the Rocky Mountains, 1846. Living among the savages, he underwent hardships that made him an invalid for life. He suffers from a painful affection that often debars him from either reading or writing. He has nevertheless produced a series of studies in the early history of Canada and the United States, distinguished for sparkling style and careful research. In order to examine the French archives, Parkman visited France in 1858, and again in 1868, the results being shown in the volumes relating to the French occupation of America. Works: "The California and Oregon Trail" (published originally in 1849 as "Prairie and Rocky Mountain Life"); "The Conspiracy of Pontiac," 1851; "Pioneers of France in the New World," 1865; "Jesuits in North America," 1867; "Discovery of the Great West," 1869; "The Old Régime in Canada," 1874; "Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV.," 1878.

Pattison, Rev. Mark, B.D., born at Hornby, Yorkshire, 1813; educated at Oriel College, Oxford. Became Fellow of Lincoln College, 1840, and Rector 1861. Edited Pope's "Essay on Man," with notes, 1869; and Pope's "Satires and Epistles," with notes, 1872. Among his contributions to literary biography are "Isaac Casaubon," 1559–1614, 1875; "Milton" in "English Men of Letters." (See Reader v. 403.) Mr. Pattison has taken an active interest in elementary and academical education, and in 1876 published "Essays on the Endowment of Research."

Rawlinson, Rev. George, M.A., born in Oxfordshire, 1815; educated at Ealing School, and Trinity College, Oxford. Became Fellow of Exeter College, 1840; Camden Professor of Ancient History, 1861. In conjunction with his brother Sir H. Rawlinson and Sir G. Wilkinson, translated "The History of Herodotus," 1858–60. His "Five Great Monarchies" appeared, 1862–65; "Seventh Great Oriental Monarchy" in 1876; "History of Ancient Egypt," 1880. (See Reader v. 49.)

Rossetti, Christina Georgina (daughter of Gabriel Rossetti the commentator on Dante, and sister of William M. Rossetti and of the late Dante G. Rossetti), born in London 1830. Published "Goblin Market, and other Poems," 1862; "The Prince's Progress, and other Poems," 1866; collected poetical works, 1876. For her fine sonnet "Remember," see Reader iii. 219; "The First Spring Day," Reader iv. 30.

Rossetti, William Michael, brother of foregoing, born in London, 1829; educated at King's College School. Entered

the Department of Excise, London, 1845; became an assistant-secretary in 1869, a position which he still (1882) retains. Mr. Rossetti's studies have been divided between the fine arts and literary criticism. He has contributed to the chief weekly reviews; has edited Moxon's series of poets (1870–75), and edited an important edition of Shelley's Poems (1870 and 1878). His "Lives of (23) Famous Poets" appeared in 1878.

Ruskin, John, M.A., born in London, February, 1819; educated at Christchurch, Oxford, where he won the Newdigate prize for poetry (1839). His art studies were pursued under Copley Fielding and J. H. Harding, and he practised in water-colors with success. His parents left him £157,000 in cash, besides property in houses and lands, and a valuable collection of pictures. His art publications began in 1843 with a pamphlet, "Modern Painters: their Superiority in the Art of Landscape Painting to all the Ancient Masters." This reappeared in 1846 greatly enlarged, and in 1860–67 was completely recast. The supremacy of Turner in landscape-painting was here proclaimed in unmeasured terms, which provoked bitter criticisms; but in 1857 Ruskin astonished the public by his own sharply-critical "notes" on Turner's pictures and drawings exhibited at Marlborough House. Ruskin preached a reform in Domestic Architecture through his "Seven Lamps of Architecture," 1849, and "The Stones of Venice," 1851–53. His minor works are very numerous, the most important being the lectures delivered as Rede Lecturer at Cambridge, 1867, and Slade Professor of Fine Art at Oxford. For examples of Ruskin's style, see Synoptical Table.

Sangster, Charles, born at the Navy Yard, Point Frederick, Kingston, July 16, 1822; the grandson of a U.E. Loyalist; employed during his boyhood in the naval laboratory at Fort Henry and in the Ordnance Office, Kingston. Edited for a short time the Ambersburg *Courier;* then became book-keeper and proof-reader on the Kingston *Whig,* where he remained till 1861. In February 1864 he took a position on the staff of the Kingston *Daily News.* Mr. Sangster's early poems were contributed to the Kingston papers, to the *Literary Garland, Barker's Magazine,* and the *Anglo-American Magazine.* His first volume of poems—"The St. Lawrence and the Saguenay, and other Poems"—appeared in 1856, and was well received; but a distinct advance was made in the volume which appeared four years later—"Hesperus, and other Poems and Lyrics." Here he wisely exchanged the Spenserian stanza (as modernized by Lord Byron in *Childe Harold*) for lighter lyrical movements. The lyrics in this collection received warm praise from Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jean Ingelow, and Bayard Taylor. Even the more formal critics (*Athenæum,* etc.) were won over. In 1867 Mr. Sangster was appointed to a position in the Civil Service at Ottawa.

Saxe, John Godfrey, LL.D., born at Highgate, Vt., 1816. Graduated at Middlebury College, 1839; practised law, 1843–50; then edited Burlington *Sentinel,* and subsequently Albany *Evening Journal.* In 1849 published a volume of poems, many of which originally appeared in *Knickerbocker Magazine.* Subsequent publications:—"Money King, and other Poems" (1859); "Clever Stories of Many Nations" (1863); "Collected Poetical Works" (1863); "Masquerade" (1866); "Fables and Legends in Rhyme" (1872); "Leisure Day Rhymes" (1875). In many of his ballads Hood's qualities are remarkably reproduced. (See "The Cold-water Man," Reader iv. 175.)

Scadding, Henry, D.D., born at Dunkeswell, Devonshire, 1813. Educated at U.C. College, Toronto. Graduated at St. John's College, Cambridge; B.A., 1837; M.A., 1840; D.D., 1852. Classical master in U.C. College, 1838–62. Rector of Holy Trinity, Toronto, 1847–63. Dr. Scadding has contributed valuable antiquarian papers to the *Journal of the Canadian Institute,* the *British-American Magazine,* the *Canadian Monthly Magazine,* and other periodicals. His most important publication is "Toronto of Old," 1873, a work of great industry and labor.

Schliemann, Henry, Ph.D., F.S.A., born at New Buckow in Mecklenburg-Schwerin, January 6, 1822. Son of a Protestant clergyman; spent the years 1823–1831 at Ankershagen, whither his father had moved. His appetite for antiquarian mystery was keenly whetted by stories of treasure concealed in the prehistoric burial-mounds and in the mediæval castle of the neighborhood. His youthful interest in Troy was excited in 1829 by Jerrer's "Universal History;" and at seven years of age he confided to his father his purpose to

excavate Troy. He was employed for five and a half years in a grocer's shop at Fürstenburg, where, in lifting a cask, he so severely strained his chest that he sought employment on board of a ship, being, however, so destitute as to have to provide a blanket for his hammock by selling his only coat. Within a fortnight, the ship was wrecked off the Texel, whence his passage was paid to Amsterdam. Here, after being reduced to the greatest straits, he obtained a petty employment in an office. He undertook to learn English, which he mastered in six months; within the next six months he conquered French; and by devoting six *weeks* each to Dutch, Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese, he wrote and spoke those languages fluently. He next got an employment of trust from Schröder and Co., indigo merchants, Amsterdam; and acquiring Russian in order to serve his employers, he became their resident agent at St. Petersburg. After eleven years he became an indigo merchant on his own account. In 1854 he extended his linguistic studies to the Swedish and Polish languages. Schliemann made large profits during the Crimean War, and on its conclusion undertook the study of modern Greek, which he mastered in six weeks; following this with ancient Greek, of which in three months he acquired enough to read Homer with delight; and he soon obtained such mastery as to write in ancient Greek on any subject with the greatest fluency. He completed his early knowledge of Latin, and while travelling in the East in 1858, learned Arabic; and he has since acquired Turkish, making in all fourteen foreign languages of which he is master. In 1863 he retired from commerce, and after a tour round the world, of which he gave some account in "La Chine et le Japon" ("China and Japan," 1866), he settled down in Paris, 1866, and devoted himself to archæology. Visited Ithaca, the Peloponnesus, and Troy, 1868, 1870; began regular excavations at Hissarlik (Troy), 1871; resumed them in 1872-1873, and published the results of his researches in "Troy and its Remains," 1874. In the interval 1874-77 Schliemann made his excavations and wonderful discoveries at Mycenæ (see Reader v. 189), of which he published accounts in English and German, 1877, and French, 1878. In 1878 he explored Ithaca. In September 1878 he resumed excavations at Hissarlik (Troy). It was during this memorable campaign that Schliemann discovered, close to the ancient royal mansion, the great Trojan treasure, which included silver vases and many thousands of articles in fine gold — goblets, diadems, bracelets, necklaces, ear-rings, brooches, etc. His fifth year's work included the examination of the mound-graves of the ancient Greek heroes, and the exploration of the Troad. The complete results of all these Trojan studies were presented in Schliemann's magnificent volume, "Ilios: the City and Country of the Trojans," 1880, dedicated to Mr. Gladstone, prefaced by Virchow, and appendixed by Sayce, Virchow, and other eminent specialists.

Shairp, John Campbell, LL.D., born Linlithgowshire, 1819. Educated at Edinburgh Academy, Glasgow University, and Balliol College, Oxford. After filling an assistant-mastership at Rugby, he became Professor of Latin at St. Andrews, 1861, and Principal of the University, 1868; in 1877 he was elected to the Chair of Poetry at Oxford, which (1882) he still holds in conjunction with the Principalship of St. Andrews. Principal Shairp's volume of poetry ("Kilmahoe, and other Poems," 1864) is rather the product of scholarly effort than of native strength. He is best known for his contributions to literary criticism: "Studies in Poetry and Philosophy," 1868; "The Poetic Interpretation of Nature," 1877; "Burns," in "English Men of Letters" (Reader v. 328); "Aspects of Poetry: Being Lectures Delivered at Oxford" (Reader v. 180), 1882.

Smith, Goldwin, M.A., LL.D., D.C.L., born at Reading, Berkshire, August 13, 1823; the son of a physician, whose family originally resided at Wybunbury in Cheshire. Educated at Eton, he entered Christchurch College, Oxford, but being elected to a demyship in Magdalen (pr. *Maudlen*), he completed his studies in that college; won in 1842 the Hertford Scholarship, "for the promotion of the study of Latin;" and in 1845 the Ireland Scholarship, "for the promotion of classical learning and taste." In 1845 he took his B.A., with a first-class in classics, bearing away also the Chancellor's prizes for Latin verse. Within the next two years the Chancellor's prizes for the Latin essay

and the English essay fell to his pen. In 1847 became Fellow and Tutor of University College, and was called to the bar of Lincoln's Inn, but he never entered on the actual practice of law. Acted as secretary to the two Royal Commissions of Inquiry into the Condition of the University of Oxford; sat also on the Commission on Popular Education in England; 1858–1866 filled the Chair of Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford; and 1868–1871 the Chair of Resident Professor of English and Constitutional History in Cornell University, Ithaca. Having in 1871 exchanged this for a non-resident chair, and removed to Toronto, he interested himself in Canadian public questions. Edited the *Canadian Monthly*, 1872–1874; contributed to the *Nation* and other journals; and still more recently issued *The Bystander*, a monthly review of current questions, foreign and domestic. Dr. Smith's published papers are very numerous, but many of them have not yet appeared in collected form. They include, besides scattered lectures, addresses, and contributions to reviews or to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," the following:—"The Study of History," 1861; "The Empire"—a series of letters published in the *Daily News*, 1862, 1863; "Three English Statesmen" (Pym, Cromwell, Pitt), 1867; "The Irish Question," 1868; "A Short History of England down to the Reformation," 1869; "Cowper," in "English Men of Letters," 1880. (See Reader v. 387; for other examples of Dr. Smith's style, see Reader iii. 215; Reader v. 153, 404.)

Stanley, Henry M., born near Denbigh, Wales, in 1840. His original name was John Rowlands. At three years of age he was sent to the poorhouse of St. Asaph, where he stayed ten years, learning enough to qualify him to assist in a school at Mold, Flintshire. In 1854 he shipped at Liverpool as a cabin-boy, on a vessel bound to New Orleans. He there obtained employment from a merchant named Stanley, who adopted him and gave him his name. Serving in the Confederate army, he was taken prisoner, and subsequently served in the Northern army and in the navy. As *New York Herald's* correspondent, he went in 1868 to Abyssinia, in 1869 to Spain, and later in the same year he undertook to obtain news of Livingstone. He found the lost traveller at Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, November 10, 1871. (See Reader iv. 244.) In 1873 he was sent by the London *Daily Telegraph* and the *New York Herald* to explore the lake region of Equatorial Africa. This he accomplished, and reached England February 1878. (See Reader v. 40.) He has described these two great African expeditions in "How I Found Livingstone," 1872; and "Through the Dark Continent," 1878.

Stedman, Edmund Clarence, M.A., born Hartford, Connecticut, 1833. Attended Yale College. Contributed "The Diamond Wedding" to *New York Tribune*, 1859. In 1861–63 acted as war correspondent in Va. for the *New York World*. Besides contributions to the *Atlantic*, *Scribner's*, the *Galaxy*, etc., he has published "Poems," 1860; Poems relating to the Civil War, 1861 and 1864; "The Blameless Prince," etc., 1869; a translation of the Greek Sicilian Poets; "Poets of the Victorian Era," 1875;—the last a valuable critical examination of recent English poetry.

Stubbs, Rev. William, M.A., D.D., born at Knaresborough, 1825. Educated at Ripon Grammar School, and Christchurch College, Oxford, where, after graduating first-class in classics, he was elected to a fellowship in Trinity College. Succeeded Goldwin Smith in 1866 as Regius Professor of Modern History. Edited various chronicles for the Master of the Rolls; also "Select Charters Illustrative of English Constitutional History," 1870; (second edition, 1874). His principal original work is "The Constitutional History of England, in its Origin and Development" (three volumes, 1874, 1875, 1878).

Swinburne, Algernon Charles, born in London, 1837. Son of Admiral Swinburne, by a daughter of the third Earl of Ashburnham. After five years at Eton, he entered Balliol College, Oxford, 1857; there he spent nearly four years, but left without a degree. Visited Florence, where he won the warm regard of Walter Savage Landor. Swinburne is a poet and critic of prodigious industry:—"Nineteen books of prose and verse, besides critical letters and brochures, within twenty years." Of his dramatic poetry, the first place is due to the trilogy on Mary Queen of Scots—namely, "Chastelard," 1865; "Bothwell," 1874; "Mary Stuart," 1881: the next in order is the Greek tragedy, in the manner

of Æschylus, "Atalanta in Calydon" (see Reader v. 272, 274). Of his lyric poetry, the best—so far published—is found in the choruses of his dramas, and in the volumes "Songs before Sunrise," 1871; "Songs of the Spring Tides," 1880; "By the North Sea" (see Reader v. 167, 274). His critical works include "William Blake: A Critical Essay," 1868; "George Chapman: A Critical Essay," 1875; "Essays and Studies," 1875; "A Note on Charlotte Brontë," 1877; "A Study of Shakspeare," 1880; "Beaumont and Fletcher," and "Congreve," in the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

Tennyson, Alfred, D.C.L., F.R.S., Poet Laureate, born at his father's rectory, Somerby, Lincolnshire, 1809. He was the third of twelve children, of whom two elder brothers also were poetical—Frederick, author of "Days and Hours," 1854; and Charles (who assumed the name "Turner"), author of many exquisite sonnets (see Reader iii. 126; Reader v. 57, 334). Alfred received his early instruction from his father, and proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge. In conjunction with his brother Charles, he published in 1827 "Poems by Two Brothers," which received measured commendation from "Crusty Christopher" of *Blackwood's Magazine*. In 1830 Tennyson published "Poems; chiefly Lyrical." The contents were not remarkable, but the re-issue in 1833 brought "The May Queen," "Œnone," "The Lotus-Eaters" (Reader iv. 216), "The Lady of Shalott," and "A Dream of Fair Women." In 1842 appeared "English Idylls, and other Poems" (two volumes); contained the strongest work of his previous volumes, with new work of the finest quality—"Locksley Hall" (Reader iv. 135), "Morte d'Arthur" (Reader v. 470), and other poems, which, after forty years' criticism, continue to hold their high ground. Bulwer Lytton attempted to lead a reaction in his "New Timon;" but his attack on "Miss Alfred" brought Tennyson's reply in *Punch*, and therewith inextinguishable laughter at "the padded man that wore the stays." In 1847 appeared "The Princess: A Medley," in blank verse, discussing in whimsical philosophy the proper sphere of woman. "The Princess" was somewhat coldly received, but the second edition was enriched with fine lyrical interludes: for example, "The Bugle Song," and "Home they Brought her Warrior Dead" (Reader iv. 13); 1850 brought (anonymously) the "In Memoriam," a series of one hundred and twenty-nine brief elegies, commemorating the poet's bosom-friend, Arthur Hallam, who was taken off with appalling suddenness in 1833 (Reader iii. 261). In 1851, on the death of Wordsworth, the Laureateship was easily decided. Tennyson's rising popularity was somewhat checked by "Maud," 1855, though the "other poems" which accompanied "Maud" included such fine idylls as "The Brook" (Reader iii. 156). Enthusiasm broke away from all critical restraint on the appearance of the "Idylls of the King," 1859. This noble series of Arthurian legends closed in 1872 with the "Passing of Arthur" ("Morte d'Arthur"), the starting-point of thirty years before (Reader v. 470). The wrecked hopes that strew the humbler as well as the higher walks of life gave to "Enoch Arden" (1874) the effect of an artistic contrast. Tennyson's dramas include "Queen Mary," 1875; "Harold," 1876; "The Falcon," 1879; "The Cup," 1881. He contributed a dramatic monologue, "Despair," to the *Nineteenth Century*, November 1881. In the same periodical (September 1882) he published an apostrophe "To Virgil," written at the request of the Mantuans for the nineteenth centenary of Virgil's death. In the poetic invitation to the Rev. F. D. Maurice, "Come to the Isle of Wight," etc., Tennyson has made famous the residence at which he executed some of his finest work. A recent number of *The Academy* ranks the chief contemporary English poets in the following order:—Tennyson, Browning, Rossetti, Morris, Arnold, and Swinburne.

Trench, Richard Chenevix, D.D. Archbishop of Dublin, born 1807. Graduated from Trinity College, Cambridge, 1829. Author of some volumes of poetry, and editor of "The Household Book of Poetry," but best known for his studies in the English language:—"Deficiencies in English Dictionaries," "Glossary of English Words Used in Different Senses," "The Study of Words" (Reader iii. 137), "English Past and Present."

Trevelyan, George Otto, M.P., born 1838 at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, son of Sir C. E. Trevelyan and Hannah More Macaulay, sister of Lord Macaulay. Educated at Harrow School, and Trinity College, Cambridge, taking at graduation

second in the first class in classics. Has filled offices of high responsibility under both Gladstone Administrations. His literary career commenced with his "Letters of a Competition Wallah," contributed to *Macmillan*, 1864. His most important works are "The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay," 1876 (Reader v. 177), and "The Early History of Charles James Fox," 1881.

Trollope, Anthony, born 1815; second son of J. A. Trollope, barrister, and of Mrs. Trollope the novelist. He is the younger brother of Thomas Adolphus Trollope, also an author of note. Anthony Trollope was educated at Winchester and at Harrow. From 1834–67 he was connected with the British postal service; and while engaged in arranging postal connections, he visited the United States, the West Indies, Australia, and other countries. He has written numerous novels,—"Barchester Towers," "The Warden," "The Prime Minister," etc. He has contributed "Cæsar" to "Ancient Classics for English Readers," and "Thackeray" to "English Men of Letters." (See Reader v. 428.)

Turner, Charles (Tennyson). See TENNYSON, ALFRED.

Tyndall, John, LL.D., F.R.S., born in 1820 at Leighlin Bridge, near Carlow (Ireland). After a course of Euclid, conic sections, and trigonometry, he obtained a small post in the Irish and afterwards in the English Ordnance Survey; 1844–47 was employed on railway engineering; in 1847 became teacher of Natural Philosophy in Queenswood College (Stockbridge, Hampshire), where he formed a friendship with Frankland, the resident professor of chemistry. With Frankland Tyndall took lectures of Bunsen at Marburg, 1848, and in conjunction with Knoblauch published original researches in magnetism and diamagnetism. After graduating in 1851, he entered Magnus' laboratory at Berlin. Returning to England, he was elected F.R.S. In 1853 he became Professor of Natural Philosophy at the Royal Institution; he relieved Faraday of his duties at the Trinity House in 1866; and on Faraday's death (1867) succeeded him as Superintendent of the Royal Institution. Numerous honors and distinctions have been bestowed upon Tyndall in recognition of his researches and discoveries. His publications include:—numerous papers in the "Philosophical Transactions;" "Glaciers of the Alps," 1860; "Mountaineering," 1861; "Heat Considered as a Mode of Motion," 1863; "Radiation," 1865; "Sound," 1867 (third edition, with discovery of acoustic opacity, 1875),—this last work has been reproduced in China at the expense of the Chinese Government; "Faraday as a Discoverer," 1868; "Essays on the Use and Limit of the Imagination in Science," 1870; "Fragments of Science," 1871; "The Forms of Water," 1872 (see Reader iii. 154); "Contributions to Molecular Physics in the Domain of Radiant Heat," 1872; Presidential Address to the British Association at Belfast, August 1874. Tyndall has of late devoted much attention to the germ theory of disease; his views and researches are published in "Floating Matter of the Air," 1882. (See Reader v. 433.) Tyndall married in 1876 the daughter of Lord Claude Hamilton.

Webster, Mrs. Augusta. Mr. Stedman and Mr. Stoddart agree with many of the English critics in ranking Mrs. Webster "among the best of female poets." Her earlier work consisted chiefly of vigorous translations (after the manner of Mrs. Browning) from the ancient Greek. Her "Prometheus" (from Æschylus) and "Medea" (from Euripides) are especially good. In English poetry her strength has been chiefly directed to the drama, but she has also written sweet and graceful lyrics. Her publications include "Dramatic Studies;" "The Auspicious Day," a drama, 1872. "Disguises," her latest drama, has been well received by the critics. Mrs. Webster is a champion in the movement for the higher education of women. She was a candidate for the London School Board in 1879. The domestic and practical side of her character is pleasantly seen in her "Housewife's Opinions."

Whittier, John Greenleaf ("The Quaker Poet"), born at Havershill, Massachusetts, 1807. Worked on his father's farm till he was twenty. Attended Havershill Academy two years. In 1829 became editor of the *American Manufacturer* (Boston); in 1830 editor of the *New England Weekly Review* (Hartford). After a short return to the farm, Whittier entered the Massachusetts Legislature, and became deeply interested in the Anti-slavery movement, which he assisted with his pen. This part of his mission ended with the poems "In War Time," 1863. The first

collected edition of his poems appeared in 1850. His more recent publications include "Songs of Labor," 1851; "The Chapel of the Hermits," 1852; "The Panorama," 1856 (for an example of this volume, see "The Red River Voyageur," Reader iii. 34); "Home Ballads," 1860; "In War Time," 1863; "Snow-Bound" (see Reader iv. 313); "The Tent on the Beach," 1867; "Among the Hills," 1868; "The Pennsylvania Pilgrim," 1873. (For an example of Whittier's latest work, see Reader v. 416).

Wilson, Daniel, LL.D., F.R.S.E., was born in Edinburgh 1816. Dr. Wilson is an elder brother of the late Dr. George Wilson, the distinguished Professor of Technology, whose attractive character has been so gracefully portrayed in the Memoir (1860) by his sister, Miss Jessie Aitken Wilson (Mrs. Sime). Dr. Daniel Wilson was educated at the High School and the University of Edinburgh. At an early age he contributed on literary and archæological questions to the periodical press of London and Edinburgh. In 1846–48 appeared his "Memorials of Edinburgh in the Olden Time," illustrated by his own pencil. This was cordially received by the critics and antiquarians. In "Oliver Cromwell and the Protectorate," 1848, Dr. Wilson drew on many sources of information not then generally accessible. He illustrated the subject by the researches and meditations of Carlyle and Forster, and the pioneer labors of Noble. In 1851 Dr. Wilson published the first edition of the very important work, "The Archæology and Pre-Historic Annals of Scotland" (second edition, 1863; new and enlarged edition, Macmillan and Co., 1875). This work (which included two hundred illustrations from the author's pencil) won the very highest commendations from Hallam and from the *Reviews*. Here Dr. Wilson broke ground in the field of archæology which has since been cultivated with so much success by Dr. Wilson himself, by Lubbock and others. Dr. Wilson extended to the primeval annals of our continent his method of archæological induction in "Pre-Historic Man: Researches into the Origin of Civilization in the Old and the New World," 1862; (second edition, 1865; third edition, 1876). Two literary studies followed these researches in archæology—"Chatterton: A Biographical Study," 1869; "Caliban, the Missing Link," 1873; and simultaneously with the latter, Dr. Wilson republished (with additions) an early volume of poetry under the title, "Spring Flowers" (second edition, 1875). Two volumes of "Reminiscences of Old Edinburgh," 1878, form a graceful pendant to his "Memorials of Edinburgh in the Olden Time." Dr. Wilson's uncollected publications embrace contributions to the "Journal of the Canadian Institute," which he edited for four years; articles contributed to the "Encyclopædia Britannica" (in the ninth edition the articles, "Archæology," "Canada," "Chatterton," "Edinburgh," "Federal Government," etc.); and various scientific monographs. In 1853 Dr. Wilson accepted the Chair of History and English Literature in University College, Toronto, and in 1880 became President of the College.

FIFTH BOOK OF THE ROYAL READERS.

SPECIAL CANADIAN SERIES.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS.

Introductory Notes.

1. The distinction between prose and poetry cannot be expressed in a brief definition ; it can better be understood from a careful study of the extracts given below from **Mr. F. H. Myers (p. 17)**, and **Professor Masson (p. 20)**.

2. Poetry may be classified on the basis of either subject or form ; but from the frequent blending of one subject or form with another, we must often be content to describe poetry by its *prevailing* character.

3. Of the various classifications of poetry that have been proposed, the following is one of the simplest and most comprehensive :—

I. Narrative Poetry, embracing :

(*a*) The Epic, as the *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained* of Milton ; the *Iliad and the Odyssey* of Homer ; the *Æneid* of Virgil ; and, on a far lower literary plane, Pollock's *Course of Time* ; also the Mock-Epic, as Pope's *Rape of the Lock ;* (*b*) the Metrical Romance, as Scott's *Marmion* and *Lady of the Lake.* Spenser's *Faerie Queene* has a didactic purpose grafted on a metrical romance ; so *Hudibras* and *Don Juan* are metrical romances with a satirical purpose ; (*c*) the Ballad, as *Chevy Chase*, Cowper's *Loss of the Royal George*, Macaulay's *Lay of Horatius*, Campbell's *Burial of Sir John Moore ;* (*d*) the Tale, in which plot and incident are more elaborate than in the Ballad,—what is simply suggested in the Ballad being here developed,—as Chaucer's *Tales*, Tennyson's *Enoch Arden*, Burns' *Tam O'Shanter*, Longfellow's *Evangeline.*

II. Lyric Poetry, including (*a*) the Song, religious and secular ; (*b*) the Ode, representing the loftiest phase of intense feeling. This betrays itself in the irregular metres, as Milton's *Ode on the Nativity*, Wordsworth's *Intimations of Immortality*, Dryden's *Alexander's Feast* ; (*c*) the Elegy (the subject rather than the form is here to be considered), as Milton's *Lycidas*, Gray's *Elegy*, Shelley's *Adonais*, Tennyson's *In Memoriam* ; (*d*) the Sonnet, for which see **p. 93.**

III. Dramatic Poetry, including Tragedies, Comedies, Histories.

IV. Descriptive Poetry, as Thomson's *Seasons.*

V. Didactic Poetry (having *instruction* as its primary object), as Wordsworth's *Excursion*, Young's *Night Thoughts.* Lord Byron characterized Rogers' *Pleasures of Memory* as "one of the most beautiful didactic poems in our language."

VI. Pastoral Poetry, including the ordinary form of the Idyll (see **p. 467**). Thomson's *Seasons* may be brought under this head as well as under *Descriptive* poetry. Pastoral in the sense here intended, includes poetry descriptive of external nature, and of domestic life, manners, &c. ; and a thread of narrative often runs through the pastoral poem. Examples :—Milton's *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso ;* Tennyson's *Idylls of the King ;* Burns' *Cotter's Saturday Night ;* Keats' *Endymion* (pastoral with a Greek myth inter-

woven); Beattie's *Minstrel;* Tennyson's *Princess* and *Gardener's Daughter:* Allan Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd* ; parts of Cowper's *Task.*

VII. SATIRICAL POETRY in a great variety of metres, as Prior's *City and Country Mouse* (a parody on Dryden's *Hind and Panther*); Butler's *Hudibras;* and much of Swift's poetry.

VIII. HUMOROUS POETRY, in various metres, as Goldsmith's *Elegy on the death of a Mad Dog;* Cowper's *John Gilpin;* the *Ingoldsby Legends,* &c.

4. VERSIFICATION.—Verse is distinguished from prose by the regular recurrence of similarly accented syllables at short intervals. If we mark accented syllables by – and unnaccented syllables by ˘, all the possible combinations or "feet" in dissyllabic or "common" measures are:

˘ – called the	Iambus (as bĕgin)	marked in Latham's notation			*x a*
– ˘ "	" Trochee (as bāttlĕ)	"	"	"	*a x*
˘ ˘ "	" Pyrrhic (as beau	tĭfŭl) "	"	"	*x x*
– – "	" Spondee (as brōad eārth) "		"	"	*a a*

Of trisyllabic feet or triple measures those generally acknowledged in English are:

˘ ˘ – called the	Anapæst,	marked in Latham's notation			*x x a*
– ˘ ˘ "	" Dactyl	"	"	"	*a x x*
˘ – ˘ "	" Amphibrach	"	"	"	*x a x*

Verses are said to be SCANNED when they are divided into their component feet, or are so marked as to shew the position and number of metrical accents in the lines:—

"At the close | of the day | when the ham | let is still | " (Beattie's *Hermit.*)

Lines are described as monometer, dimeter, trimeter, tetrameter, pentameter, hexameter, heptameter, according as they contain 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 feet or measures. When lines have their full complement of syllables they are described as *acatalectic;* when the number is deficient, as *catalectic;* when excessive, as *hypercatalectic,* or *hypermeter.* In Latham's notation an excess of syllables is indicated by +, a deficiency by –, appended to the descriptive formula. The above line from Beattie's *Hermit* may be described either as *Anapæstic tetrameter,* or, using Mitford's terms, as *a verse of four accents in triple measure.* In the following line, though the first foot is an iambus, *the most frequently recurring foot is the anapæst,* and the line would therefore be described as anapæstic.

"And mor | tals the sweets | of forget | fulness prove | ."

These lines, which are from Keats' *Endymion* (see p. 13),

"Upon | the sides | of Lat | mos was | outspread |

A migh | ty for | est for | the moist | earth spread | "

would be described as (1) *Iambic Pentameters;* or (2) as *verses of five accents in common measure*; or (3) as Pope loosely phrased it, a *decasyllabic* couplet. Tennyson's **Locksley Hall** (p. 134) may be scanned as *Trochaic* measure; or if we set off the first syllable as a foot, we get an Iambic line and better rhythm. This question is avoided (or evaded) by describing the lines as verses of eight accents in common measure.

The metrical accent is to be carefully distinguished from the elocutionary stress or emphasis. In the first line above quoted from *Endymion:*

Upon the sides of Latmos was outspread, we must of course, in *read-*

ing, be careful not to emphasize "upon." This frequent conflict between metrical accent and the emphasis led Coleridge to introduce in his *Christabel* what he erroneously supposed was an entirely new basis of scansion, the number of emphatic syllables in a line. The total number of syllables in the lines of that poem varies from 7 to 12; but Coleridge regards the number of emphases (or "accents" as he calls them) as uniformly 4:—

"'Tis the mídd|le of night by the cástle clóck
And the ówls have awákened the crówing cóck;
Tú—whit!——tú—whoó!
And hárk, again! the crówing cóck
How drówsily it crów."

There is no difficulty in scanning these lines in the ordinary way:

'Tis the mid | dle of night | by the cas | tle clock, &c.

Except in particular lines of the poem, the iambic movement prevails, and the verse may therefore be classified as irregular *Iambic Tetrameter*.

As studies in Trochaic movement, see **Longfellow's Hiawatha, p. 370**; and **Swinburne's By the North Sea, p. 167.**

Campbell's well known poem, *The Exile of Erin*, is generally cited as an example of Amphibrachic verse:

There cáme to | the beách a | poor éxile | of Érin,
The dew on | his thín robe | was héavy | and chíll | ;

but Dr. Bain points out that it may be scanned as *continuous* Dactylic metre:

There | cáme to the | beách a poor | éxile of | Érin
The | dew on his | thín robe lay | héavy and chíll.

The last two syllables of the first line taken with the first syllable of the second line may be conceived to form a Dactyl. On this view, Dactylic verse would be much more frequent in our poetry than has been generally supposed.

As an acknowledged example of Dactylic verse, we have *The Bridge of Sighs*, which is called Dactylic by Hood himself.

Táke her up | tenderly | &c., (*Dactylic Dimeter*).

For Dactylic Hexameter see **Longfellow's Evangeline, with introductory note, p. 235**, see also portions of Tennyson's *Maud*:—

"Maud with her | venturous | climbing and | tumbles and | childish | escapes" | &c.

Other imitations of the Ancient Classical Metres:—

Ancient elegiacs (alternate hexameter and pentameter):

"In the hex | ameter | rises the | fountain's | silvery | column |
In the pen | tameter | aye | falling in | melody | back |
—*Coleridge.*

Tom Hood censures these oft quoted lines because (1) the first feet of both lines are less dactyls than anapæsts; (2) because the cæsura (see 8, below) is not the worthier cæsura; (3) because, according to ancient rule, a monosyllable was inadmissible as the final word of a pentameter.

Alcaics (from Tennyson, who has enriched our language with many new forms of melodious verse):

To Milton.

"O mighty-mouthed inventor of harmonies,
O skilled to sing of Time or Eternity,
God-gifted organ voice of England,
Milton, a name to resound for ages." &c.

Various Horatian metres are imitated in Father Prout's *Reliques*.

5. RHYME is a recurrence of sound in the closing syllable or syllables of different verses. Rhyme may be *single*, as "source," "course"; *double*, as "story," "glory"; *triple*, as "readily," steadily." The rule is laid down by Guest and other critics that in double and triple rhymes the unaccented syllables must rhyme *perfectly*, and not,—as we generally find them in Butler's *Hudibras* and in Swift's *Letter to Sheridan*,—with accents misplaced.

In Shelley's *Cloud* we find in alternate lines the middle word rhyming with the final one:—

"I bring fresh *showers* for the thirsting *flowers*
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light *shade* for the leaves when *laid*
In their noon-day dreams."

So in Father Prout's *Bells of Shandon* (see FOURTH BOOK, p. 24); and occasionally in **Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, p. 352-8.**

Verses having this peculiarity are called *Leonine*, from Leoninus, the inventor, who was a canon of the Church of St. Victor in Paris, in the 12th century.

6. The term BLANK VERSE is distinctively applied to rhymeless iambic pentameter verse, though rhymeless verse may be found in other measures; *e.g.* in Longfellow's *Hiawatha*, which is trochaic. Examples of Blank Verse proper: **Milton, p. 21; Wordsworth, p. 36; Shakspeare, p. 48; Byron, p. 66; Cowper, p. 387.**

7. MOST FREQUENT RHYME COMBINATIONS:—

a. Rhyming iambic tetrameters, often varied with rhyming iambic trimeters: **Wordsworth, p. 116; Newman, p. 158; Burns, p. 215; Scott, p. 220-3; Moore, p. 251.** Varied with rhyming pentameters, **Byron, p. 231-2.**

b. If two rhymeless iambic tetrameters alternate with two rhyming iambic trimeters, we get a 4-line stanza in *Service Metre* or *Ballad Metre* which also may be thrown into the form of a 7-iambic couplet. For an example of Ballad Metre with occasional Leonine verses (5), see **Coleridge, p. 352-8.**

c. Heroic couplets,—iambic pentameters rhyming in successive lines: **Keats, p. 14; Pope. p. 23; Burns, p. 295; Dryden, p. 335-9.**

d. Elegiac Stanza,—iambic pentameters rhyming alternately, and the sense closed with every fourth line: Dryden's *Annus Mirabilis*, and his *Heroic Stanzas on the Death of Oliver Cromwell;* Gray's *Elegy* (FOURTH READER, p. 287).

e. Rhyme Royal,—seven iambic pentameters, the first five rhyming at varying intervals, and the last two in succession. Examples may be found in Chaucer; this combination was also frequently used by the early Elizabethans.

f. Ottava Rima,—eight iambic pentameters, the first six rhyming alternately, the last two in succession. Examples: **Shelley, p. 15**; **Keats, p. 156.** *Ottava Rima* was introduced by Surrey from the Continent, where it has long been a favorite measure. Pulci used it for his *Morgante Maggiore*, and Byron for his translation of the same, and in his *Don Juan;* Ariosto for his *Orlando Furioso*; Tasso for his *Gierusalemme Liberata;* the great poets of Spain and Portugal for their epics.

g. Spenserian stanza,—eight iambic pentameters rhyming at intervals, closed with a rhyming hexameter or "Alexandrine." The latter name was applied to a 6-iambic line from the fact that early romances on Alexander the Great were written in this metre. Drayton's *Polyolbion* is written in Alexandrines. The Spenserian stanza is used by Spenser (*Faerie Queene*), Beattie (*Minstrel*), and Byron (*Childe Harold*). For examples, see **Byron, pp. 64, 266.**

h. The Sonnet. For the origin of the Sonnet, see **Symonds, p. 91**; for structure and examples see **p. 93.** Elsewhere throughout the FIFTH READER will be found many magnificent examples of the Sonnet; see also Blanco White in FOURTH READER, p. 236.

i. The ode proper is distinguished by its irregular measures (cf. 3, II); for critical examinations of this form of poetry, see **p. 172, 164.**

8. CÆSURA OR METRICAL PAUSE.—Beside the pause which occurs at the end of each line of poetry,—and which indeed originally caused poetry to be written in "verses" rather than in continuous lines,—a metrical pause or "Cæsura" also occurs once, or sometimes oftener, in the body of every harmonious verse. The Cæsura may or may not coincide with a *punctuated* pause; but in the best poets it coincides with a natural pause in the sense. The English Cæsura differs from the Latin and the Greek in never dividing a word; it uniformly follows an emphatic word or syllable unless that syllable be the first of a long word or be followed by short monosyllables. In Pope's versification the constant recurrence of the cæsura at or near the middle of the lines, and generally after long syllables (see **Pope, pp. 23, 347, 389**) gives a cloying sweetness. Shakspeare, Milton, Wordsworth, and Keats afford a rich variety in their cæsuras. Take for example this famous passage from the *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. sc. 1:—

> "The quality of Mercy | is not strain'd.
> It droppeth | as the gentle rain from heaven
> Upon the place beneath. | It is twice bless'd;
> It blesseth him that gives, | and him that takes;
> 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; | it becomes
> The throned monarch | better than his crown;
> It is an attribute | to God himself."

9. PRINCIPAL FIGURES OF SPEECH (alphabetically arranged): I. *Allegory*, a narrative with figurative meaning, e.g. Spenser's *Faerie Queene;* Landor's **Love, Sleep, and Death, p. 459-461.** II. *Alliteration*, the recurrence, at short intervals, of the same letter. III. *Allusion*, "Fling but a stone, the giant dies," an *allusion* to David and Goliath. IV. *Anacolūthon*, a broken sentence. V. *Anagram*, transposition of the letters of a word so as to form a new word: e.g. live, *vile, evil.* VI. *Anaphŏra*, the repetition of a word or words at the beginning of successive sentences or clauses. Frequent in **Pope**, see **pp. 23, 24, 348.** VII. *Antithesis*, contrast. VIII. *Antonomasia*, the use of a proper for a common name or *vice versa*; or the description of a person by his employment, &c., e.g., "some village Hampden," *Hampden* for *patriot.* IX. *Apologue*, a fable; story with a moral. X. *Aposiopēsis*, leaving a sentence unfinished for artistic effect. XI. *Apostrophë*, a direct address substituted for a narrative in the 3rd person. XII. *Asyndĕton*, the

omission of connectives, e.g. "I came, saw, conquered"— opposed to *Polysyndĕton*, or a multiplicity of connectives. XIII. *Circumlocution*, the use of an unnecessary number of words to convey an idea. XIV. *Climax*, the ascent of a subject from a lower to a higher interest; opposed to *Anti-Climax*, which is the descent from a higher to a lower. XV. *Ellipsis*, an omission of one or more words, e.g., "Impossible!" XVI. *Enallagĕ*, the use of one part of speech for another, or of one number, mood, &c., for another. XVII. *Epigram*, a pointed saying, often expressed in terms that seem to be contradictory. XVIII. *Epizeuxis*, emphatic repetition of a word. XIX. *Erotēsis*, passionate interrogation. XX. *Euphemism*, a gentle term used to describe what is disagreeable. XXI. *Hyperbăton*, change of proper grammatical order. XXII. *Hyperbolĕ*, exaggeration. XXIII. *Irony*, the use of language whose intended meaning is the opposite of the literal. XXIV. *Litotes*, a strong affirmation by means of a double negation. XXV. *Metaphor*, an implied comparison. XXVI. *Metonymy*, the description of anything by means of some accompaniment, e.g., *redcoats* for "soldiers." XXVII. *Onomatopœia*, an imitation of sound or motion (see **Pope, p. 23**) in the words used. XXVIII. *Oxymōron*, the use of terms apparently contradictory for purposes of emphasis. XXIX. *Paronomasia*, a play upon words, a pun. XXX. *Paraphrase*, the expansion of a passage as opposed to *translation* and close rendering. XXXI. *Personification*, the attributing of life and mind to inanimate things. XXXII. *Simile*, a comparison directly expressed. XXXIII. *Synecdochĕ*, a putting a part for the whole (or *vice versa*); e.g., Ten *sail* for ten ships. XXXIV. *Tautology*, saying the same thing twice. XXXV. *Transferred Epithet*, the application of an epithet to something kindred rather than to its own proper word, e.g., "Hence to his *idle* bed." XXXVI. *Vision*, the calling up of a scene in bodily presence, as in Byron's Dying Gladiator, **I see before me, &c., p. 64.**

10. GENERAL QUESTIONS.

[The Questions are upon the Text, Notes and Supplementary Memoranda.

Tho following questions are suggested as applicable to the Reading Lessons generally:—

I. Give a brief literary analysis of the passage or passages indicated.

II. Reconstruct in your own words one or more of the passages thus analysed.

III. Now read with proper emphasis and expression, so as to bring out distinctly the author's meaning.

IV. Who is the author of the selection; and when did he live?

V. At what age (if the data are furnished) was this selection first published? Mention anything else from the author's pen.

VI. After consulting your *Manual of English Literature* and the **Memoranda of Living Authors (p. 481)** give a brief outline of the author's career.

VII. Mention any incidents in the author's history, or any personal peculiarities, that may have tinted his style, influenced his point of view, or controlled his general treatment of the subject. Try whether you can discover any evidence in the passage now before you.

VIII. What Figures of Speech (9) occur in the selection, and which of them most frequently?

IX. Endeavor to express the author's special qualities of style.

X. Point out what appear to you excellences in the way of (*a*) harmonious succession of words; (*b*) clearness of expression; (*c*) vigor of thought; (*d*) vivid or picturesque description; (*e*) effective contrasts, &c.

XI. Point out what appear to you defects (if any) in the way of :—

(*a*) discordant succession of words ; (*b*) obscurity or ambiguity ; (*c*) weak or common-place treatment ; (*d*) turgid or bombastic writing ; (*e*) circumlocution ; (*f*) tautology ; (*g*) diffuseness ; (*h*) mixing of metaphors ; (*i*) grammatical errors, &c.

XII. Explain the literary and the historical allusions.

XIII. If a topographical description occurs, draw a sketch-map to illustrate the narrative.

XIV. Give the grammatical analysis of the sentences indicated.

XV. Arrange the words of a given passage into groups according to the languages to which they have been traced.

XVI. Distinguish those words (if any) which have undergone (*a*) changes of form, or (*b*) changes of meaning, since their first appearance in our language.

[On questions of philology the student will do well to consult Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary.*]

II. ADDITIONAL QUESTIONS FOR POETICAL READINGS.

[Consult the **Introductory Notes.**]

XVII. In what metre is this passage written? Point out metrical irregularities (if any) and account for them.

XVIII. If in rhyming verse, what name is applied to the stanza or other rhyme-combination? By what authors has it been used?

XIX. Point out false or defective rhymes (if any) ; also double or triple rhymes (if any).

XX. In the passage indicated (especially if blank verse) mark the position of the cæsuras.

12. SUNRISE IN THE LATMIAN FOREST.—John Keats—13.

Example of Literary Analysis.

I. Position and extent of the forest :	Upon the sides of Latmos was outspread A mighty forest;
Why outspread and mighty :	for the moist earth fed So plenteously all weed-hidden roots Into o'erhanging boughs, and precious fruits.
II. Mysterious recesses in the forest :	And it had gloomy shades, sequestered deep,
1. Withdrawn from human gaze :	Where no man went;
but 2. Accessible to lambs :	and if from shepherd's keep A lamb strayed far a-down those inmost glens,
which, however, (*a*) never returned to the fold :	Never again saw he the happy pens Whither his brethren, bleating with content, Over the hills at every nightfall went.
but (*b*) under Pan's protection passed unharmed among the beasts of prey :	Among the shepherds 'twas believed ever That not one fleecy lamb which thus did sever From the white flock, but passed unworried By any wolf or pard with prying head,
and (*c*) joined Pan's own flocks :	Until it came to some unfooted plains Where fed the herds of Pan :
(*d*) for such a loss the shepherd was well recompensed :	ay, great his gains Who thus one lamb did lose.

III. The forest pathways, many in number, and traversing varied landscapes, but all leading to a lawn.

Paths there were many,
Winding through palmy fern, and rushes fenny,
And ivy banks; all leading pleasantly
To a wide lawn,

IV. The lawn in the forest:

1. Hemmed in by vistas of trees:

Whence one could only see
Stems thronging all around between the swell
Of tuft and slanting branches;

2. Vaulted by the blue sky, which was fringed with tree-tops, and often flecked by a dove's wing or a passing cloud:

who could tell
The freshness of the space of heaven above,
Edged round with dark tree-tops? through which a dove
Would often beat its wings, and often too
A little cloud would move across the blue.

V. The altar of Pan the god of Shepherds:

Full in the middle of this pleasantness
There stood a marble altar,

1. Decked for the morning sacrifice:

with a tress
Of flowers budded newly;

2. And in honor of the expected presence of Apollo, the sun-god, the adjoining sward was strewn with daisies by last evening's dew.

And the dew
Had taken fairy fantasies to strew
Daisies upon the sacred sward last eve,
And so the dawned light in pomp receive.

VI. Approach of Apollo, the sun-god:

For 'twas the morn: Apollo's upward fire

1. The cloud effects. The murky clouds become burnished silver in this refiner's fire; wherein even the care worn spirit might forget its dross, and melt into airy radiance:

Made every eastern cloud a silvery pyre
Of brightness so unsullied that therein
A melancholy spirit well might win
Oblivion, and melt out his essence fine
Into the winds:

2. The effect on plants:	rain-scented eglantine Gave temperate sweets to that well-wooing sun;
3. The effect on birds:	The lark was lost in him
4. The effect on springs:	cold springs had run To warm their chilliest bubbles in the grass;
5. The effect on man himself:	Man's voice was on the mountains;
6. The effect upon all nature:	and the mass Of nature's lives and wonders pulsed tenfold, To feel this sunrise and its glories old.
VII. Child worshippers:	All suddenly, with joyful cries, there sped A troop of little children garlanded; Who gathering round the altar, seemed to pry Earnestly round as wishing to espy Some folk of holiday:
VIII. Approach of the choristers heralded by soft music:	nor had they waited For many moments, ere their ears were sated With a faint breath of music, which even then Filled out its voice, and died away again. Within a little space again it gave Its airy swellings, with a gentle wave, To light-hung leaves, in smoothest echoes breaking, Through copse-clad-valleys,—ere their death, o'ertaking The surgy murmurs of the lonely sea.

13. Taking the Analysis as the framework of your composition, describe in prose the Latmian Forest, using your own language throughout.

14. Explain the application of the epithets in these phrases: **rain-scented eglantine** (sweet-briar); **sacred sward**; **palmy fern**; **rushes fenny**; **airy swellings**; **light-hung leaves**; **surgy murmurs**; **unfooted plains.**

15. When was *Endymion* published? How long before the poet's death? Where is the scene of the poem laid?

16. **A-down**; **pard**; **fantasies** (older form of *fancies*); **pleasantness** (for old English *pleasaunce* in the sense of *pleasure-ground*);—in using these and similar forms, what Elizabethan author did Keats imitate?

17. Illustrate from the extract the following figures: Hyperbaton, Transferred Epithet, Onomatopœia, Personification, Metaphor.

18. Sketch an outline map of Asia Minor, showing the position of Caria, R. Mæander (modern Mendere) and Mt. Latmos (south of Mæander, near mouth.)

19. **Believed ever**; **thus did sever**,—an instance of double rhyme; give others from the extract and assign a reason for their use.

20. (P. 15). **And wild roses and ivy serpentine**; contrast this with *And roses wild and ivy serpentine.* Shew that Shelley's arrangement of words (1) affords a greater variety in feet; (2) avoids a too close recurrence of the diphthongal sound of *i*; (3) yields a more melodious cæsura by providing a pause after a dissyllable, instead of a monosyllable; (4) prevents the voice from resting on *d* which was already used alliteratively in the preceding line.

21. (P. 16). Quote phrases from Wordsworth's poem to illustrate the "exquisiteness of expression" remarked by Palgrave. Explain **two-fold shout, visionary hours.**

22. (P. 17-19). What was Wordsworth's theory of poetic diction? Examine, in Mr. Myers' manner, Wordsworth's poem, **To the Cuckoo, p. 16**, and show how far it diverges from the poet's own theory.

23. (P. 20-22). Who was the author of *Comus* and *Samson Agonistes?* Briefly summarize Professor Masson's views respecting poetic diction.

24. (P. 22). Consult note on **p. 93** and explain the metrical structure of Burns' **Sonnet.** What irregularity occurs in the last line? How would you name such a line? Illustrate from this sonnet the figures Apostrophe, Personification, Metaphor, Transferred Epithet.

25. (P. 23-29). Illustrate from Pope these terms: Alexandrine, Expletive, Open Vowels, Onomatopœia. What is an Alexandrine, and why is it so named? What stanza regularly closes with an Alexandrine? Mark the position of the cæsura in the first fourteen lines of the extract from the **Essay on Criticism**; how does Pope differ from Shakspeare, Milton, Wordsworth, or Keats in the management of his cæsuras?

26. What critics chiefly influenced Pope in the formation of his style? Illustrate what is meant by the "poverty" of Pope's rhymes. Give some common quotations from Pope's poems. What explanation has been given of the frequency with which Pope violates rules of grammar? Who is meant by "The Stagirite," and why is he so named? What other form of the word?

27. (P. 27-30). What is the office of consonants? What does Mr. White mean by "**boning**" our words? Give some examples from the daily conversation of school-boys. What change has occurred since A.D. 1600 in the pronunciation of *i, ion, ei, ea, th, soul, my, uncle.*

28. (P. 31-35). Relate the circumstances connected with the founding of Westminster Abbey; what contemporary source of information have we on the subject? After referring to your *Manual of English Literature*, give some account of the Saxon Chronicle. Where were the early Saxon Kings of England buried? When did London become the capital of England?

Give the names of some of the illustrious men who lie buried in Westminster Abbey. What learned name does Sir Thomas Browne give to his *Popular Errors?*

29. **(P. 36-39).** Over how many years did Wordsworth's poetical authorship extend; and—accepting Matthew Arnold's dictum—between what years do we find his best work? Under what conditions does Wordsworth reach his highest excellence? Examine after the manner of Mr. Myers **(p. 19)** how far Wordsworth's own conception of poetic diction is fulfilled in these extracts. What class of words, according to Prof. Alexander, express genuine warmth and feeling; and what class are merely phosphorescent?

30. **(P. 40-42).** Draw a sketch-map showing the lake-fountains of the Nile, the Congo, and the Zambesi. Trace briefly Stanley's expedition "Through the Dark Continent." What previous experience had he obtained of Africa?

31. **(P. 42-44).** Under what circumstances were these three **Sonnets on the Nile** written? Contrast the artistic treatment; the imagery and historical allusions; the infusion of human interest. What was Shelley's greatest achievement in sonnet-writing? What suggested Rossetti's **Sonnet? "Keat's withered"** &c., explain the allusions.

32. **(P. 44—Rossetti).** Cicero, the great Roman orator, had opposed the policy of Marcus Antonius, and attacked him with great virulence in his Philippics. On the formation of the Second Triumvirate, Cicero was put to death by Antony's soldiers, B.C. 43. The thought running through the sonnet may be thrown into this form: Fulvia's needle at Rome was the symbol of sweet speech scorned, as seen in Cicero's fate; and may not Cleopatra's Needle at London stand also as the symbol of sweet speech scorned; for witness the fate of Keats, Coleridge, and Chatterton!

33. **Thrid** here used as the past participle of *thread;* hadst stitched great skirts of time, *i.e.*, hadst completed great cycles of years. The obelisks attributed to Cleopatra were really the work of the ancient Egyptian king Thothmes III.

Hid dead hope. The battle of Actium (B.C. 31) ended the hopes of Antony and Cleopatra. They both committed suicide.

34. **(P. 44—Shelley).** Czymandias (or Osymandias) an old Egyptian king mentioned by Diodorus Siculus; supposed to be identical with Ramĕses I. See No. 35.

35. **(P. 45-54). Aboo-Simbel** (or Ipsambul), a village of Nubia, on west bank of Nile.

The **Colossi of the Plain.**—Two gigantic sitting figures carved each out of a single block of reddish sandstone, They stand on the paved approach of the temple of Amenophis III, and represent that king himself. One of them became famous as the "Vocal Memnon" from emitting soon after sunrise a musical tone like the snapping of a harp-string.

Canopic vases.—Canōpus, a great city whose ruins are now seen west of Aboukir.

Lycopolis.—a city of Upper Egypt on west bank of Nile.

Memnonium (now more usually called the Rameseum) a magnificent memorial temple begun by Seti I. in honor of his father Ramĕses I. This is supposed to be the temple of Osymandias mentioned by Diodōrus Sicŭlus. The vast sitting Colossus of polished rose-granite, once the chief glory of the temple, now lies in fragments on the soil of the courtyard.

36. **(P. 45-54).** Between what dates B.C. did Ancient Egypt reach her greatest splendor? Enumerate the principal architectural monuments that have reached our time.

37. Under the influence of what belief (see **pp. 47-53**) were the dead embalmed, and were personal ornaments and articles of food deposited in the tombs?

38. State the circumstances which led to the discovery of the remarkable antiquities described by Miss Edwards. Name some of the delicacies of an Egyptian feast; and some of the articles of the royal toilet (see pp. 47, 49).

39. By what evidence was the date of the coffins at Dayr-el-Baharee approximately fixed? What is their estimated age?

40. Describe the geographical position of the Pyramids; give some account of their construction and dimensions. Notice some of the speculations as to their object. What are Professor Rawlinson's views on the subject?

41. Over what subjects did the ancient literature of Egypt range? Critically considered, what are its qualities? Give some account of the Egyptian novels (a) as to style; (b) as to artistic machinery. What peculiarity marks the *form* of narration?

42. **(P. 48.—Shakspeare).** The Cydnus, a river of Asia Minor, rising in Mt. Taurus, flowed through Tarsus into the Cilician Sea. The scene here described occurred B.C. 41. Shakespeare took his raw material from North's translation of Plutarch's Lives.

43. **Burnt on the water,**—glowed like fire on the water. **Cloth-of-gold of tissue**—a phrase common in early English and here taken from North; the meaning is *cloth-of-gold on a ground of tissue.* **O'er picturing that Venus, &c.,**—as much surpassing pictures of lovely women as those pictures are wont to surpass the originals. **What they undid, did,**—the fans, while cooling her cheeks restored color to them by the warm tints of the fans themselves. **Nereides** (4 syllables)—water-nymphs, daughters of the sea-god Nereus (2 syllables).

44. **Tended her i' the eyes, and made their bends adornings.** All the commentators have balked at this passage, and no two agree in their interpretation. We suggest this simple explanation: *took their orders from her glance, and in bowing compliance added a new grace to the scene.*

45. **Tackle,**—here *sails.* **That yarely frame the office,**—that with nimble fingers perform the duty of steering. **Which, but for vacancy,**—which, if Nature permitted a vacuum.

46. **(P. 54-57).** How long since the death of J. S. Mill? To what studies was he chiefly devoted; and what are his great works? Enumerate the most frequent defects in his style. When is he at his best? Arrange in order of seniority (with dates) the following writers: Grote, Macaulay (see p. 228), the two Austins, Dr. Bain, Roebuck, Thiers, and J. S. Mill.

47. **(P. 57—Tennyson Turner).** Trace, after the poet's beautiful ideal, the process of literary composition from the colorless water to the precious opal.

48. **(P. 58-67).** What is the origin of the word Coliseum? Correct the spelling accordingly. By what name was the structure originally known to the Romans? When were gladiatorial combats discontinued?

49. Sketch the career of the Spanish statesman Castelar.

50. Explain the following allusions in Byron: (a) **While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;** (b) **The bald first Cæsar's head;** (c) **From its mass palaces have been reared;** (d) **Arise ye Goths, and glut your ire!** Answer the questions in No. 11.

51. **Minium** meant sometimes *red lead,* sometimes *vermilion.* **Dacia** corresponded to modern Hungary and Moldavia.

52. **(P. 67-69—Withrow).** How long were the Catacombs used for Christian burial? What number of bodies are they estimated to inclose? What domestic memorials have been found?

53. Where do we find the earliest account of a visit to the Catacombs? When in modern times was a knowledge of their position recovered?

54. **(P. 70-76).** Describe the general plan of a gentleman's villa among the Romans of the first century, A.D. Describe a Roman dinner party.

55. Under what circumstances was Pompeii destroyed? When were explorations on the site first begun?

56. (P. 75-80—Lubbock). How would Lubbock explain the arctic climate of the temperate zone during the glacial period? When does man's presence first become discernible in Europe?

57. Explain the phrases **Bronze Age, Stone Age, Iron Age.** To which Age would the American Indians, as found by Cartier, belong? What subdivisions have been made of the Stone Age?

58. (P. 81-86). Describe the situation, uses and architecture of the Alhambra. How far are Irving's *Tales of the Alhambra* fictitious? What historical allusions occur in the extract?

59. (P. 86—Shelley). Apply questions in No. 11.

60. (P. 87-91—Helps and Ruskin).—What testimony does Ruskin himself bear to Helps' influence upon his style? Compare the two writers (a) in their preference for words of Anglo-Saxon origin; (b) in vigor of thought; (*c*) in energy of expression; (*d*) in picturesque description. What were Helps' sources of information; and how long was he engaged on his *Spanish Conquest?* In how many special forms does Ruskin here affirm the general proposition "Man is the Great Destroyer"?

61. (P. 91-92—Symonds). Condense into a brief statement the indebtedness of English Literature to Italy. What is meant by **The Renaissance?** Who wrote the first English Sonnet?

62. (P. 93-97). Explain **Visionary brow** (Wordsworth); **Starshine clear** (Watts); **Shot the welkin's height** (Rossetti); **the heavens stoop and gloom** (Kemble). Revert to the Sonnets on pp. 43-4, and examine their structure in respect of the number and arrangement of rhymes. What is meant by the terms "Petrarchan" and "Shakspearean" sonnets?

63. Arrange in order of seniority (with dates) the sonnet writers represented in the first 100 pages of this Reader.

64. (P. 98-105). Apply the questions in No. 10. Explain the purpose of the colors and markings in birds and in beasts of prey. What birds are commonly met in the North-West? Notice the characteristic difference between an artificial mechanism and an animal organism.

65. (P. 106-110). Apply the questions in Nos. 10 and 11. For Lecky's qualities as an historian, see p. 340. On the subject of the U. E. Loyalists, compare FOURTH READER p. 149; and write a brief paper, developing chiefly *the hardships of the Loyalists* (a) at their homes in the revolted American Colonies, (b) at their new homes in Canada.

66. (P. 111-113). In the language of fur-traders, *portage* ("carrying place") is applied to that part of a route where the canoes must be unloaded and the canoes themselves as well as contents carried to the next navigable water; *décharge* ("unloading place") describes a place where the impediment to navigation can be overcome by lightening the canoes. For **Mrs. Jameson,** see FOURTH READER, p. 183.

66. (P. 114-122—Shakspeare). On what ground does Swinburne pronounce against Marlowe's authorship of *King John?* Develop the thought in the following: **brooded watchful day; although unqueened yet like a queen; his lion's whelp; yesty waves.**

68. (P. 123-133). Apply questions in Nos. 10 and 11. Sketch the characteristic scenery of the North-West; and then describe the first attempt at British Colonization in Manitoba.

69. (P. 133-136—Tennyson) Give examples of picturesque epithets from these poems and fill in the pictures that you conceive to have been before the poet's mind. Where instances of onomatopœia occur, analyse the means by which the artistic effects are produced.

70. (P. 137-8). For *Evangeline* and Blomidon see pp. 235-6. For the *Earthly Paradise* compare the FOURTH READER, p. 147.

71. (**P. 139-143**). What is Matthew Arnold's ideal of poetry? (Compare note on **p. 336**), Give illustrations of his nature painting.

72. (**P. 143-4**). For Froude's qualities as an historian, see **p. 340.**

73. (**P. 145-148**). Give some account of Buchanan's poetic aims and methods. Illustrate from Pope's **Ode,** *metaphor, climax. crotesis, apostrophe, vision.*

74. **P. 149-151**). Give the results of Sir John Lubbock's recent researches into the domestic habits of ants.

75. (**P. 152—Shakespeare**). Explain **sequent evil; Nativity crawls to maturity; crooked eclipses; delves the parallels.**

76. (**P. 153-164**). Trace the various effects of Labor-Unions. Explain **ancestral merchandize** (Keats); **corridors of time** (Longfellow); **soul's dark cottage** (Waller); **animated torrid-zone** (Emerson); **leafless blooms** (Emerson); **chorded shell** (Dryden). Describe the course of instruction in the Agricultural Schools of Sweden.

77. (**P. 165-170**). Restore the old spelling in **Ethelbald, Egbert, thane, Bede.** When was the "making of England" accomplished? Analyse and develop these phrases from Swinburne: **lonely wind; sea-saturate land; glimmering sea-shine; cloud-clogged sunlight.**

Examine, after Professor Azarias, Shakspeare's **For, if thou path, thy native semblance on.** What were the characteristic qualities of the Aryan mind?

78. (**P. 170-1**). Give the leading incidents of Napoleon's campaign in Egypt. When did he acquire the name of the "Little Corporal"? Illustrate what Carlyle here calls the **silent strength** of the man.

79. (**P. 172-3**). Examine the metrical *undulations* in Coleridge's *Ode to France;* remark the magnificent sweep of this billow: **By each rude shape and wild unconquerable sound.** What is the ordinary defect of the English ode?

80. (**P. 173-5**). Briefly narrate after Freeman,—but using your own diction,—the harrying of the Northern shires by William I. What was the provocation? Test Freeman's vocabulary by substituting, in a dozen lines, words of classical origin for his Saxon or Teutonic words; and remark on the loss or the gain to the narrative.

81. (**P. 176-8**). Explain in Longfellow's Sonnet **gargoyled, parvis, portal.** Name some of the chief cathedral cities and towns in England with the counties in which they are found. Write brief notes on the battles of Lichfield and Neville's Cross. Trace the subsequent career of Macaulay's nephew **Georgy** (see **p. 494**).

82. (**P. 180-2**). Accepting Principal Shairp's views, where do we find Shelley at his best; but, even there, what is his essential weakness? Notice the principal poets who have taken Prometheus as their subject. Give an outline of this Greek legend.

83. (**P. 182-3**). On what ground is the first place of excellence in rhymed verse assigned to Coleridge's *Kubla Khan*? Relate the poet's own account of the circumstances under which it was composed.

84. (**P. 185-7**). Describe Southey's historical book-keeping. What is meant by the *bibliography* of a subject? Contrast Southey's plan of work with Landor's. Repeat Southey's triad on style. What was his forte?

85. (**P. 187-9**). Quote any thought or epithet in Southey's sonnet that rises above commonplace. Revert to Theodore Watts, p. 93; then in Cowper's sonnet remark the flow in the first eight lines ("octave"); and the ebb in the last six ("sestet"). For **sweet my child** (Rossetti) see FOURTH READER *Questions and Suggestions.* No. 19.

86. (**P. 189-196**). See **pp. 491-2** and give an account of Schliemann's career, studies and explorations. With what heroic personage does he connect the

remains found at Mycenæ? In what ancient poets do passages occur illustrating these discoveries?

87. Lord Houghton (*Life of Keats*) pronounces the sonnet **On First looking into Chapman's Homer** "as noble in thought, rich in expression, and harmonious in rhythm as any in the language"; illustrate these qualities by quotation. Contrast, after Mr. Lang, the music of ancient with that of modern poetry.

88. (**P. 196-204**). In what authors must we look for the sources of Keats' inspiration? What are the ascertained facts in the inquiry? Characterize the poet's style. On what grounds are we justified in ranking Clough among English poets? Explain in Keats: **Orient chamber**; **Provençal song**; **sad Vertumnus**; **soother than the creamy curd**; **cold serpent-pipe**; **van of circumstance**; **trailing airily.** On what ground would Ruskin rank the finest passage in Keats below *Guy Mannering*? Give an example of what Ruskin means by **self-examining verse.**

89. (**P. 205-7**). Give after Max Müller examples of transformed languages, European and Oriental. Compare **p. 28**, and draw up a short vocabulary of English words which have changed their pronunciation since the Elizabethan Age.

91. (**P. 208-9.**) In forming an estimate of Chatterton, what *personal* elements enter with the question, and should be constantly considered?

90. (**P. 210-214**). Under what circumstances was this letter of Montcalm written; and what is his forecast (*a*) as to the French tenure of Canada; (*b*) as to the English tenure of the New England Colonies? Describe Montcalm's last hours. Shew that Mr. Lemoine is correct in describing Lower Canada as a Norman Colony. Compare FOURTH BOOK, p. 89, and name an official who by his peculations and extravagance largely contributed to the French disaster of 1759. In the extract from Heavysege's **Saul** do any phrases or turns of expression betray the poet's Shakspearean studies?

92. (**P. 215-224**). In the selection from Burns observe (*a*) that each stanza runs on a different metaphor,—a trout, a floweret, a lark,—but that each metaphor is consistently worked out within its own stanza; also (*b*) that all the stanzas converge to the same disastrous issue, and that there is thus an artistic unity in the poem. Where has Mr. Black laid the scene of the *Princess of Thule*? What character forms the central figure of the novel? Observe the artistic handling of sky effects.

93. **Where are the poets, &c.** Compare **p. 494**, and give the names of our chief contemporary English poets. Explain **Olympian heights**; **singing shafts**; **stately argosies.** Give an example from Scott's poetry of the **magic use of words**; what is the more ordinary characteristic of his style, and in what descriptive passages does he reach his greatest power. Name his favorite metre. Trosachs, or Trossachs, a wild romantic mountain vale between Lochs Achray and Katraie in Perthshire.

94. (**P. 224-6**). Trace on a map the route taken by the *Vega*; what was the object of the expedition; how long was it absent; and with what success was it attended?

95. (**P. 226-7**). Sketch in outline the plot of Browning's poem, *The Ring and the Book*. As a companion piece to the **Apostrophe** see Mrs. Browning's **Sonnet from the Portuguese, p. 334.**

96. (**P. 228-234**). Describe after Lord Macaulay the historical method of Herodotus. How has recent research affected the earlier critical estimate of this Greek historian? In what Greek historian do we find reported the speeches of Pericles? Amid the conflicting evidence as to the character and policy of this statesman, on what point are all the witnesses unanimous? What is Grote's estimate of Pericles? What change has taken place in the political condition of Greece since Byron's lines were written? Indicate the

geographical position of Athens, Memphis, Doris, the Peloponnesus, Libya, Mt. Olympus, Olympia (the scene of the Olympic games), Thermopylæ.

97. (P. 235-240). How far does Longfellow's romance of *Evangeline* rest upon an historical basis? Narrate the actual occurrences. Whose narrative of those occurrences has the poet accepted as his foundation? By what French-Canadian poet has a translation of *Evangeline* been made? Compare No. 4, and give some account of the metre in which *Evangeline* is written. **The peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries**: how many of the English Henries ruled over Normandy? When was the Province lost to England? What outlying fragments of the old Norman domain are still retained?

98. Sketch an outline map of the Maritime Provinces and mark the position of: **Acadia**; **Bay of Fundy**; **Basin of Minas**; **Beausejour**; **Blomidon**; **Grand Pre.** Explain: **voyageur**; **coureurs-des-bois**; **Angelus**; **Summer of All-Saints.**

99. (P. 241-246). Describe, after Principal Dawson, the tide-wave in the Bay of Fundy. What special facilities are afforded there for the study of foot-prints in geological strata? How did the researches of Sir William Logan serve to explain the formation of coal-beds? Sketch, after Kingsley, a *contemporary* coal-bed in process of formation. Where are the chief coal-fields of Great Britain, Canada, and the United States?

100. (P. 247-251). Sketch the career of Sir Francis Drake, making the expedition against Cadiz the central point in your narrative. Detail the circumstances that led to the disgrace and finally to the execution of Raleigh. Frame a genealogical table showing the relationship of Mary Queen of Scots; Elizabeth; James I; and Arabella Stuart. Name the statesmen and the men of letters who were contemporary with Sir Walter Raleigh. Who is (1882) our latest authority on the reigns of the first two Stuarts; and what are his qualities as an historian?

101. (P. 252-4). Coleridge wrote of himself: "Poetry has been to me its own 'exceeding great reward'; it has soothed my afflictions, it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments, it has endeared solitude, and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the Good and Beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me." Apply this explanation of the poet's habit of thought in your analysis of the **The Hymn before Sunrise.** In the closing apostrophe remark the fine example of anaphŏra.

102. (P. 254-261). Describe Gibbon's literary method and his conception of history. Sketch on an enlarged scale the Bosporus (commonly spelled Bosphorus) and mark the places named in Gibbon's description. In **Nicomedia** both *i*'s are long and consequently accentuated in pronunciation. The **Tanais** is in modern geography R. Don; the **Borysthenes**, the Dneiper; the **Euxine** is the Black Sea.

103. (P. 261-2). Relate in outline the Scandinavian myth of Balder. By what writer has it been used in recent English Literature? Revert to Hutton's analysis of Arnold's nature-painting (**pp. 140-1**) and illustrate the critic's remarks by quotations from Balder's *Funeral-Ship.*

104. (P. 263-7). What fluctuations have occurred in the estimate of Byron's poetry? Quote Byron's opinion of Burns. What *additional* contradictions entered into Byron's own character? **His verse and prose are alike biographical**: illustrate Professor Nichol's statement from the stanzas on the Lake of Geneva.

105. (P. 267-271). What is the characteristic difference between barbarian power and civilized government? Illustrate by historical contrasts. What was the primary object of Mr. Wood's excavations at Ephesus? Mention any interesting or valuable results of his labors. Give some account of the Great Temple.

106. (P. 272-5). **Fantasia,**— a musical caprice ; **roulade,**—a rapid flight of notes ; **aria,** an air or song. **Paganini (Niccolo):** the famous violinist, 1784-1840, born at Geneva ; he could play a sonata on a single string, and could produce with his instrument most startling and unearthly effects.

107. (P. 276). Compare p. 145 and contrast Buchanan with Swinburne.

108. (P. 276-280). **Areopagitica**—*i.e.*, a discourse to the High Court of Parliament ; a name suggested by the Areopagitic discourse of Isocrates, in which the Athenian orator urges the High Court of Athens (*Areopagus*) to restore the Constitution of Solon as reformed by Cleisthenes. The Athenian Court got its name from meeting on Mars' Hill (Areopagus) ; compare *Acts of the Apostles* xvii, 19, 22.

Methinks. *Me* is a dative form, and *thinks* is from the Anglo-Saxon *thincan* "to seem," not from *thencan*, "to think. **Noise** : here in the archaic sense "a company of musicians." Cf. Dekker, (A.D. 1608), "Those terrible noyses with threadbare cloakes." For this Miltonic outburst compare p. 412, note.

109. Sketch, after Taswell-Langmead, the struggle in England for the Liberty of the Press. Consult your *English History* and relate the affair of Wilkes and the *North Briton.*

110. (P. 280-6). Which of Macaulay's *Essays* are instanced by Dr. Punshon as particularly illustrating his artistic skill ? Explain : **Nemesis ; Sibyllines ; Pre-Raphaelism ; Lake Poets.**

111. (P. 286). How does Landor condense this statement : "Macaulay reminds one, now of the chivalrous Scott, now of the manly and large-hearted Burns." **Lar,** or **Lars,** usually the prefix to the name of the eldest son among the Etrurians, while a younger son was called *Aruns ;* whence Lar came to mean *Lord.* See Macaulay's *Horatius.*

113. (P. 287-290.) Compare FOURTH READER, p. 96. Where in Dicken's works do we find the following characters ?—*Little Nell, Mr. Winkle, Tiny Tim, Mr. Snodgrass ?* **Angel face** : explain the allusion.

113. (P. 291-4). Describe the characteristic scenery of the Yosemite Valley ; when and under what circumstances was the Valley discovered ?

114. (P. 295-6). Conceive Burns as writing a prose narrative of his own life and make these Epistles the frame-work for a brief chapter of his Autobiography. Explain: **Imp her wing ; left us darkling ; The gift still dearer, as the giver, you.**

115. (P. 297-300). What earlier writers chiefly influenced Johnson in the formation of his style ; and what are its peculiarities ? What estimate is placed by Leslie Stephen on Johnson's principal works ?

116. (P. 301-304). Name the plays upon which Goldsmith's reputation as a dramatic writer rests. What change has critical opinion undergone as to passages in the *Good-Natured Man* ?

117. (P. 304). For the pronunciation of **Trafalgar,** compare Byron, *Childe Harold,* Canto IV., Stanza 181 :

> "They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
> Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar."

Give the historical context of the victory at Trafalgar, and describe the incidents of the engagement.

118. (P. 305-8). Narrate after Professor Stubbs the events that led up to the signing of Magna Carta. Draw a sketch map of the Thames Valley marking the chief places of historical interest.

119. (P. 308-310). What geographical names enter into the narrative of Joan of Arc ? Lay them down on a sketch map of France.

120. (P. 311-313). What is the scope of Lord Lytton's poem *Lucile ?* What does he mean by **the secular phantom of snow ?** Observe the anapæstic movement in the metre.

121. **P. 313-315).** Give some account of the recent applications of electricity to purposes of illumination.

122. **(P. 315-319).** Compare **p. 307** and draw an outline map to illustrate the Wars of the Roses. Also exhibit in the form of a genealogical table the claims of the rival families. How far is Shakspeare's portrait of Richard III. supported by historical research? What is our earliest source of information for the reign of Richard III.?

123. **(P. 319-321).** Consult your *English History*, and explain the "Corn-law Agitation." What personal advantages did Cobden possess for directing such a movement? What was the strongest quality in his public speaking?

124. **(P. 321).** What is the historical basis for Byron's **Sonnet on Chillon**?

125. **(P. 323-5).** How far is the phrase "vegetable mould" scientifically exact? Describe a worm's outfit of sense-organs.

126. **(P. 325-7).** Where in "George Eliot's" works do we meet the following characters and places: *Maggie*, *Dinah*, *Silas*, *Tito*, *Martin Poyser*, the *Hall Farm*, the *Rainbow Inn*? What painter's manner is suggested by the novelist's landscapes? What stern moral lesson is enforced in her plots?

127. **(P. 328-332).** What account did Sir Walter Scott give of his interview with Burns? How far does Principal Shairp agree with Carlyle in the latter's estimate of Scottish song as a vehicle for vigorous fancy? "Two things combined to make Burns the supreme master of genuine song." Develop and justify this statement. What important reform did Burns accomplish in Scottish minstrelsy? Explain the *permanent* interest that attaches to his songs as contrasted with those of other poets who were at one time equally popular.

128. **(P. 333-4).** What is the metaphor in the second stanza of Sangster's Ode. In Tennyson Turner's beautiful Sonnet observe the flow in the "octave," the ebb in the "sestet" (see **p. 93**). **Silver without soil**,—untarnished silver. Parse **times**. Who wrote the *Sonnets from the Portuguese*; what forms the subject?

129. **(P. 335-340).** Remark on the management of the pronouns "you, your," in the first selection from Dryden, and observe that the whole passage reaches a climax in the final words, **worship you**. **Methinks**, see above, No. 108. Give an account of the following works of Dryden: *Absalom and Achitophel*; *Astræa Redux*; *MacFlecknoë*. What is Mr. Saintsbury's estimate of the *Ode on Mrs. Killegrew*?

130. **(P. 340-344).** Enumerate our leading contemporary historians with a brief characterisation of each. What does Bacon mean by "dry light"? Where do we find the original **Dryasdust**?

131. **(P. 345-6).** Give some account of George Smith's Assyrian researches. What were the attainments of the Assyrians in Mathematics and Astronomy so far as may be judged from the library of Sardanapalus?

132. **(P. 347-9).** In what class of writing is Pope in his happiest vein?

133. **(P.349-359).** When and where did the *Ancient Mariner* first appear in published form? Who was the other contributor to the volume, and what was the artistic division of labor? Amid what scenery was the *Ancient Mariner* composed; and how may the albatross have been suggested? Observe that the ballad stanza is here occasionally varied with Leonine verses: "At length did *cross* an *albatross*, &c."

134. **(P. 359-361).** Why did Cesnola's earlier researches prove comparatively unfruitful? What languages are represented in the Cyprian inscriptions? To what date B.C. is the inscribed armlet referred?

135. **(P. 361).** In Longfellow's *Sonnet* explain **passing hour**. Show that **great circles** must not be taken in the scientific sense. Develop the metaphor that runs through the last three lines. What is the grammatical connection of **rush**?

137. (P. 362-377). Compare the first set of **Papers, pp. 123-133** and sketch in chronological order the principal explorations of the Canadian North-West. Name the authors of: *The Great Lone Land; From Ocean to Ocean; Journey to the Northern Ocean* (1795); *The Wild North Land; The North-West Passage by Land; Voyages to the Frozen and Pacific Oceans* (1801); *Newfoundland to Manitoba* (1881); *Saskatchewan and the Rocky Mountains* (1875); *Sketch of the North-West of America* (1878); *Manitoba: Its Infancy, Growth, and Present Condition* (1882).

137. Relate the circumstances attending the formation of the Selkirk Settlement. Sketch a map of the lake-region of the North-West.

138. (P. 370-2). *Hiawatha* appeared in October, 1855. It is written in rhymeless 8-syllable trochaic verse, the metre used in *Kalewala*, the great national epic of Finland, fragments of which were published by Topelius in 1822, and extensive collections of runes were published by Lönnrot in 1835 and 1849. Longfellow has been accused of borrowing from the same source the general structure of his poem, but his rendering of Indian thought and feeling is undeniably close and faithful.

139. (P. 377-383). What is Shakspeare's conception of Richard II? Explain the grounds on which Coleridge ranks *Richard II.* as the first of Shakspeare's historical plays. Identify *Barkloughly Castle*; what dramatic suggestion is probably intended? Ben Jonson summed up Shakspeare's classical attainments in "Little Latin and less Greek"; how does this affect Shakspeare's use of Greek words? Account for the double form *apricock, apricot.*

140. In *Richard II*, Act iii, Scene 2, explain: **How brooks your grace the air; plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting; ere her native king; wandering with the antipodes; and there the antic sits; with self and vain conceit; humored thus.**

141. (P. 384-5). When did the poet Moore visit Canada? what were the literary fruits of his tour? (see p. 477). Where is the scene of this poem laid, and what is his explanation of the spectre-ship?

142. (P. 385-6). Trace after McGee the distinctive features of the British Constitution. In whose reign was the House of Commons instituted? When was the system of governing by Cabinets introduced? (See *English History.*)

143. (P. 387-391). What, according to Dr. Goldwin Smith, are the limitations of Cowper's poetry? How far does this estimate agree with the poet's own statement of his claims? Contrast Cowper's landscapes with Thomson's and with Pope's.

144. (391-3). In Mrs. Browning's service-metre an amphibrach is substituted for an iambus in the 7th foot. Observe that a cæsural pause occurs after the 4th foot in each line, so that the lines may be broken up as follows:

"It is a place where poets crowned
May feel the heart's decaying—
It is a place where happy saints
May weep amid their praying." &c.

Resolve in this way any two of the stanzas into 8-line stanzas. Where is Cowper buried?

145. (P. 393-6). What character forms the centre of interest in the *Light of Asia?* How far back in time is the scene carried?

146. (P. 396-9). What were the charges against Warren Hastings: where where were the proceedings conducted; who managed the impeachment for the Commons; and what was the result of the trial?

147. (P. 400). Describe the characteristic qualities of Macaulay's style and illustrate them from the preceding selection.

148. **(P. 401-403).** Test Mr. McCarthy's estimate of Lecky by the latter's portrait of Edmund Burke.

149. **(P. 403-413).** What names has Milton given to his poems on Mirth and Contemplation; and how far is the latter correctly expressed in Milton's title? What inexactness has been pointed out in the poet's knowledge of birds and plants?

150. In *Allegro* explain: **Hebe's cheek; unreproved pleasure; towred cities; rain influence; learned sock;** explain the allusions in lines **145-150.**—**Orpheus** (two syllables). Discuss the construction of lines **45-48,** and the difficulties that arise from a literal interpretation.

151. In *Penseroso* explain: **trickt and frounc't; Attic boy; Ushered with a shower still; with minute drops from off the eaves; shadows brown that Sylvan loves; of pine or monumental oak; day's garish eye;** the lines **147-150; to walk the studious cloister's pale; high embowed roof; massy proof; storied windows richly dight.**

152. In *Lycidas* explain: the subject of the poem; **the clear spirit doth raise; the blind fury with th' abhorred shears; the glistring foil; perfet witness; the pilot of the Galilean lake; the iron shuts amain; scrannel pipes;** the double reference in **two handed engine at the door; return Alpheus; Sicilian muse; swart star sparely looks; rathe primrose; Doric lay.**

153. **(P. 413-419).** What modern author has admittedly influenced Mr. Ruskin's style? (See **p. 87.**) Explain the various names applied in different parts of Canada to the genial hazy weather that generally falls in the early weeks of November.—Keats *Ode* depicts an English autumn as it presented itself to his fancy at Winchester towards the end of September, 1819. Write a study of the epithets used in this *Ode*, expanding the thought condensed in each.

154. **(P. 420-3).** Express in prose Swinburne's comparison of Carlyle and "George Eliot."

155. **(P. 424-433).** Give an outline of DeQuincey's Allegory, and of its meaning as applied to human life. On what grounds does Trollope pronounce *Henry Esmond* the best of Thackeray's novels? What are its special artistic merits?

156. **(P. 433-450).** Notice briefly recent researches into the parasitical origin of disease.—Draw a sketch-map showing the basins of the Pelly and Mackenzie Rivers.—Give an account of the engagement at the Alma.

157. **(P. 451-461).** Illustrate from Shelley what Rossetti means by "the poetical treatment of ordinary things." What is known of Empedocles and his philosophy? Describe the most important of the recent applications of electricity, with the names of the discoverers. What is the meaning which underlies Landor's Allegory of *Love, Sleep and Death?*

158. **(P. 462-471).** The abrupt transition from the 4th to the 5th stanza of Wordsworth's *Ode* is accounted for by the poet's own statement that the 4th was written in 1803, the 5th in 1805. In the 5th stanza there is a reference to that vague belief in a pre-existent state which, after floating in many minds for ages, took definite form in Plato's philosophy.—What is the earliest existing collection of Arthurian legends?

REVIEW.

Refer to their sources, giving context, the following quotations which occur in this READER :—

1. " Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
   To scorn delights and live laborious days."
2. " He prayeth best who loveth best."
3. " As darkness shows us worlds of light
   We never saw by day !"
4. " When the stars twinkle through the loops of time."
5. " Nothing, if not critical."
6. " Laughter holding both his sides."
7. " It beggared all description."
8. " Let's talk of graves, and worms, and epitaphs."
9. " 'Tis like a pardon after execution."
10. " Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."
11. " The third day comes a frost, a killing frost."
12. " Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !"
13. " Along the cliff to fall, and pause and fall, did seem."
14. " Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."
15. " Pine or monumental oak."
16. " Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting."
17. " Have swept the lines where beauty lingers."
18. " Farewell, a long farwell to all my greatness !"
19. " Let us sit upon the ground
    And tell sad stories of the death of kings."
20. " As idle as a painted ship
    Upon a painted ocean."
21. " Some unmeaning thing they call a thought."
22. " A man's a man for a' that."
23. " Through the corridors of time."
24. " The dead but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
    Our spirits from their urns."
25. " Some to church repair,
    Not for the doctrine, but the music there."
26. " Wind, and light, and wind, and cloud, and wind."
27. " Shadwell never deviates into sense."
28. " Married to immortal verse."
29. " The surge and thunder of the Odyssey."
30. " This is my own, my native land.

31. "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw."
32. "And tamed the glowing white with green."
33. "Say is not this Thermopylæ?"
34. "Barbaric pearl and gold."
35. "Water. water,everywhere
Nor any drop to drink."
36. "Warble his native wood-notes wild."
37. "Best paper credit! last and best supply
That lends corruption lighter wings to fly."
38. "Cold on Canadian hills or Minden's plain."
39. "Build the lofty rhyme."
40. "Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness."
41. "I see before me the gladiator lie."
42. "Let's choose executors and talk of wills."
43. "Most musical, most melancholy."
44. "They learn in suffering what they teach in song."
45. "Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire."
46. "In the worst inn's worst room with mat half-hung."
47. "Hills peep o'er hills and Alps on Alps arise."
48. "The grave is not its goal."
49. "Wears his blushing honors thick upon him."
50. "Drink
With eager lips the wind of their own speed."
51. "Down the ringing grooves of change."
52. "Sister spirit, come away!"
53. (Of Byron)—"A sulky dandy."
54. "Jonson's learned sock."
55. "Bring the rathe primrose."
56. "While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand."
57. "Her voice is all those tuneful fools admire."
58. "Tears of perfect moan."
59. "Better fifty years of Europe
Than a cycle of Cathay."
60. "Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye."
61. "Blithe and debonair.
62. "Swinging slow with sullen roar."
63. "The Angel of Death has been abroad throughout the land; you may almost hear the beating of his wings."
64. "Although unqueened, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king."
65. "Lisp of leaves and ripple of rain."
66. "Linkëd sweetness, long drawn out."

67. "Though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up."
68. "The Parliament of man,—the federation of the world."
69. "Save the cricket on the hearth."
70. "Storied windows richly dight."
71. "O thou wondrous mother-age!"
72. "This is sharp medicine, but it is a sound
cure for all diseases."
73. "Shall fold their tents like the Arabs
And as silently steal away."
74. "He nursed the pinion that impelled the steel."
75. "A dim, religious light."
76. "Should auld acquaintance be forgot."
77. "Yet human at the red-ripe of the heart."
78. "Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art"
79. "Yearning for the large excitement
That the coming years would yield."
80. "Day's garish eye."
81. "A little learning is a dangerous thing."
82. "Daisies, those pearled Arcturi of the earth."
83. "Nurse of swart nations since the world began."
84. "When he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again."
85. "A noble and puissant nation."
86. "Enthronëd in the market-place, did sit alone
Whistling to the air."
87. "My eyes are dim with childish tears."
88. "Clime of the unforgotten brave."
89. "You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth."
90. "The sound must seem an echo to the sense."
91. "The melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound."
92. "Swam full-faced like a silly silver-fish."
93. "Wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command."
94. "A noble wreck in ruinous perfection."
95. "True ease in writing comes from art, not chance.
96. "Behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility."
97. "Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles."
98. "Roundly smooth, or languishingly slow."
99. "To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new."
100. "For the mighty wind arises,
Roaring seaward, and I go."